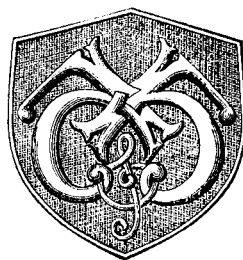


THE
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A MAGAZINE OF
Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXIII.



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PRUDENCE PALFREY.

I.

IN WHICH PARSON WIBIRD HAWKINS
RETIRES FROM BUSINESS.

PARSON WIBIRD HAWKINS was in trouble. The trouble was not of a pecuniary nature, for the good man had not only laid up treasures in heaven, but had kept a temporal eye on the fluctuations of real estate in Rivermouth, and was the owner of three or four of the nicest houses in Hollyhock Row. Nor was his trouble of a domestic nature, whatever it once might have been, for Mrs. Wibird Hawkins was dead this quarter of a century. Nor was it of the kind that sometimes befalls too susceptible shepherds, for the parson had reached an age when the prettiest of his flock might have frisked about him without stirring a pulse.

His trouble was the trouble of all men who, having played their parts nearly if not quite to the end, persist in remaining on the stage to the exclusion of more fiery young actors who have their pieces to speak and their graces to show off. These hapless old men do not perceive that the scene has been changed meanwhile, that twenty or thirty or forty years

are supposed to have elapsed; it never occurs to them that they are not the most presentable poets, lunatics, and lovers, until the audience rises up *en masse*, and hoots them, gray hairs and all, from the foot-lights.

Parson Wibird Hawkins had been prattling innocently to half-averted ears for many a summer and winter. The parish, as a parish, had become tired of old man Hawkins. After fifty years he had begun to pall on them. For fifty years he had christened them and married them and buried them, and held out to them the slightest possible hopes of salvation, in accordance with their own grim theology; and now they wanted to get rid of him, and he never once suspected it, — never suspected it, until that day when the churchwardens waited upon him in his study in the cobwebbed old parsonage, and suggested the expediency of his retirement from active parochial duties. Even then he did not take in the full import of the deacons' communication. Retire from the Lord's vineyard just when his experience was ripest and his heart fullest of his Master's work, — surely they did not mean that! Here he was in his prime, as it were;

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only seventy-nine last Thanksgiving. He had come among them a young man fresh from the University on the Charles, he had given them the enthusiasm of his youth and the wisdom of his nature manhood, and he would, God willing, continue to labor with them to the end. He would die in the harness. It was his prayer that when the Spirit of the Lord came to take him away, it might find him preaching His word from the pulpit of the Old Brick Church.

"It was very good of you, Deacon Wendell, and you, Deacon Twombly," said the poor old parson, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a large red silk handkerchief dotted with yellow moons; "it was, I must say, very considerate in you to think that I might wish to rest awhile after all these years of labor; but I cannot entertain the idea for a moment."

He had got it into his head that the deacons were proposing a vacation to him, were possibly intending to send him to Europe on a tour through Palestine, as the South Parish, Episcopal, had sent the Rev. Josiah Jones the year before.

"Not," he went on, "but I should like to visit the Holy Land and behold with my own eyes the places made sacred by the footsteps of our Saviour, — Jerusalem, and Jordan and the Mount of Olives, — ah! I used to dream of that; but my duties held me here then, and now I cannot bring myself to desert, even temporarily, the flock I have tended so long. Why, I know them all by face and name, and love them all, down to the latest ewe-lamb."

The latest ewe-lamb, by the way, was Deacon Twombly's, and the allusion made him feel very uncomfortable indeed. He glanced uneasily at Deacon Wendell, and Deacon Wendell glanced covertly at him, and they both wished that the duty of dismissing Parson Hawkins had fallen upon some of the other wardens. But the duty was to be performed. The matter had been settled, and the new minister all but decided on, before the deacons went up to the parsonage that afternoon. Even before the king was cold, his subjects had in a manner thrown up their caps for the next in succession. All this

had not been brought about, however, without a struggle.

Some of the less progressive members of the parish clung to the ancient order of things. Parson Wibird had been their main-stay in life, sickness, and death for full half a century; they had sprung to manhood and grown gray under his ministrations, and they held it a shame to throw him over now that his voice was a little tremulous and his manner not quite so vigorous as it was. They acknowledged he was not the man he used to be. He wrote no new sermons now; he was turning the barrel upside-down, and his latest essay dated back as far as 1850. They admitted it was something of a slip he made, in resurrecting one of those by-gone sermons, to allude to General Jackson as "our lately deceased President"; but then the sermon was a good sermon, enough sight better than those sugary discourses without a word of sound doctrine in 'em, which they had listened to from fliberty-jiberty young ministers from the city. There was one of them the other day, — the sabbath Parson Hawkins was sick, — who preached all about somebody named Darwin. Who was Darwin? Darwin was n't one of the Apostles.

"Fur my part," said Seth Wiggins, the butcher, "I 'll be shot ef I don't stan' by the parson. He buried my Merriah Jane fur me, an' I don't forgit it nuther."

As it was notorious that the late Maria Jane had led Mr. Wiggins something of a dance in this life, the unconscious sarcasm of his gratitude caused ill-natured people to smile.

Uncle Jedd, the sexton of the Old Brick Church, threatened never to dig another grave if they turned off Parson Wibird. Uncle Jedd had a loose idea that such a course on his part would make it rather embarrassing for River-mouth folks. "Ther' is graves an' ther' is holes," Uncle Jedd would say; "I makes graves, myself, an' I 'm th' only man in th' county thet can."

Unfortunately the parson's supporters constituted the minority, and not an influential minority. The voice of the parish was for the dismissal of the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, and dismissed he should be.

Deacons Wendell and Twombly found their mission perplexing. "We tried to let him down easy, of course," remarked Deacon Zeb Twombly, relating the circumstance afterwards to a group of eager listeners in Ordione's grocery-store; "but, Lord bless you, you never see an old gentleman so unwillin' and so hard to be let down." The parson persisted in not understanding the drift of the warden's proposition until, at last, they were forced to use the most explicit language, and in no way soften the blow which they suspected rather than knew would be a heavy one, however adroitly delivered. But when, finally, he was made to comprehend the astounding fact that the first Brick Church of Rivermouth actually wished him to relinquish his pastorate, then the old man bowed his head, and, waving his hands in a sort of benediction over the two deacons, retreated slowly, with his chin on his breast, into a little room adjoining the study, leaving the pillars of the church standing rather awkwardly in the middle of the apartment.

II.

A PARSON OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Ever since the death of his wife, some twenty-five years previous to the events I am relating, Parson Hawkins had lived in the small house at the foot of Horseshoe Lane. The house stood in the middle of a garden under the shadow of two towering elms, and was so covered by a network of vines, honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, that the oddities of its architecture were not distinctly visible from the street. Though the cottage was not built by the parson, its interior arrangements were as eccentric and inconvenient as if he had designed it. It consisted of three or four one-story Ls which had apparently been added to the main building at various periods, according to the whim or exigency of the occupant. At the right of the hall, which paused abruptly and went up stairs, so to speak, was the parson's study; opening from this was a smaller chamber, the sanctum sanctorum, lined to the ceiling with theological

works; and beyond this again, though not communicating with it, was the room where the parson slept. At the left of the hall was the parlor, redolent of mahogany furniture and the branches of pungent spruce which choked the wide chimney-place summer and winter, for the parlor was seldom used. Then came the dining-room, and next to that the kitchen. Leading from the former were two sleeping-chambers, one occupied by Salome Pinder, the parson's housekeeper. The second story of the main building had been left unfinished on the inside. Viewed from the garden gate, the zigzag roofs, touched here and there with patches of purple and gold moss, presented the appearance of a collection of military cocked-hats.

It was altogether a grotesque, ruinous, tumbledown place, and people wondered why Parson Hawkins, who was a forehanded man, should have given up his stately house on Pleasant Street and moved to Horseshoe Lane, and why he remained there. But Salome Pinder understood it.

"The parson, you see," said Salome, "is gittin' a leetle near in his old age. He 'pears to git nearer an' nearer ev'ry year. When Miss Hawkins was alive, why, bless you! there was n't nothin' too handsom nor expensive for her, an' I won't say she was over an' above grateful, for she was n't; but she's dead, the poor creeter, an' the best of us lack more 'n wings to be angels. The day after the funeral the parson says, 'S'lome,' says he, 'we'll move into the cottage, it's quite good enough for me.' 'Nothin''s too good for you, Parson Wibird,' says I. But he did n't feel content in the great house, an' it was sort o' lonely; so move we did, to the disappointm't of some, — I don't mention no names, — who thought that mebbe the parson would invite 'em up to Pleasant Street permanent. P'rhaps the Widder Mugridge was the most disappointed. But, Lord love you, the parson ain't one of them that is always runnin' after wimmin folks. He's ben married oncet."

That was very true, and that Parson Hawkins's matrimonial venture was not

altogether of an encouraging complexion seems likely; for he declined to repeat the experiment. For several years after the translation of Mrs. Hawkins, the parish supposed he would take another helpmeet, and, in fact, more than one seductive cap had been sedately set for him; but the parson had shown himself strangely obtuse. He was not an old man at that time, but he loved quiet, and perhaps his life had not been too tranquil under Mrs. Hawkins's *régime*. Besides, as Salome said, the parson was becoming a little near, not in a general way, but in his personal expenses. The poor knew how broad and practical his charity was. His closeness manifested itself only in matters pertaining to his own comfort. He seemed to regard himself as an unworthy and designing person, who was obtaining food and clothes under false pretences from Parson Hawkins. These economical tendencies had flowered out occasionally in his wife's time, but had been promptly taken up by the roots. Whenever his coat showed signs of wear or his hat became a trifle dilapidated, Mrs. Hawkins had made him buy a new one. It was whispered in and out of the parish that once, when the parson protested against replenishing his wardrobe, Mrs. Hawkins, who appears to have been a person of considerable executive ability, settled the question by putting the parson's best waistcoat on the kitchen fire. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, for, though nothing occurs in Rivermouth without being known, a great many things are known there that never occur at all.

This may have been one of them; but it is certain that after Parson Hawkins took up his abode in the small house he neglected himself frightfully. His linen was always scrupulously neat and fresh, for Salome saw to that; but he wore his coats until the seams stood out pathetically, like the bones of the late Mr. Jamison, the Living Skeleton, who used to travel with Van Amburgh's circus, and must have given Death very little trouble to make a ghost of him. Of course Salome could not put the old gentleman's coats into the kitchen stove when they

became shabby. The parson's thriftiness increased with his years, and no doubt sorely cramped Salome, who had a New England housewife's appreciation of bountiful living, and to whom a riotous number of mince-pies was a necessity at Thanksgiving. She uttered no complaint, however, and was quick to resent any reflection on her master's domestic parsimony.

"We could live on the fat of the land if we wanted to," said Salome to Mrs. Waldron, who had dropped in of an afternoon to gossip. "The parson he's a rich man as time goes, an' the pore oughter be thankful for it. He feeds the widder an' the fatherless, instead of a-stuffin' hisself."

"I wantner know, now!"

Salome's homely statement was strictly accurate. However severe the internal economy at the small house in Horseshoe Lane, the poor were not scrimped. The Widow Pepperell had her winter fuel regularly; and the two Clemmer boys, whose father had leaned against a circular saw in the Miantonomoh Mills, knew precisely where their winter jackets were coming from. Even wayside tramps — there were no professional mendicants in Rivermouth — halted instinctively at the modest white gate. Doubtless the parson helped many a transparent impostor on his winding way. There was a certain yellow dog that used to walk lame up to the scullery door for a bone, and then run away with it very nimbly on four legs. Sandy Marden's Skye-terrier was likely enough only a fair type of many that shared the parson's bounty.

He had been a prosperous man. When he first came to Rivermouth he purchased a lot of land at the west end of the town, as a pasture for a horse which he neglected or forgot to buy. The "minister's pasture" became a standing joke. It turned out a very excellent joke in the end. Several times he was tempted to sell the land for less than he gave for it; but it had cost him little, and he thought that perhaps it might be worth something more by and by; so he held on to it. As the town grew, fashion drifted in that direction. Then Captain Pendexter put up

his haughty Gothic mansion at the head of Anchor Street. That settled the business. A colony of French-roof houses sprang up as if by magic along Josselyn Avenue, and the "minister's pasture" was about as valuable a piece of property as there was in Rivermouth. So it came to pass that Parson Hawkins was a moderately rich man. The people thought the parson was pretty shrewd, when perhaps he was only pretty lucky: if he had been shrewd he would have sold the land long before it was worth anything. Another speculation he entered into at this time was not so successful. If the local tradition is correct, Colonel Trueworthy Dennett's daughter Dorcas got the best of that bargain.

But for many years now the parson's lines had fallen in pleasant places. The tumult and jar of life never reached him among his books in the seven-by-nine library in Horseshoe Lane. The fateful waves of time and chance that beat about the world surged and broke far away from the little garden with its bright row of sentinel hollyhocks and its annual encampments of marigolds and nasturtiums. To be sure he had had, four or five years before this chronicle opens, what he regarded as a grievous affliction. The wardens, contrary to his wishes, had removed the old pine-wood pulpit and replaced it with an ornate new-fangled black-walnut affair thick with grotesque carvings like a heathen idol. The old pulpit was hallowed by a hundred associations; it had been built in King George's time; eminent divines whose names are fresh in our colonial history had stood under that antiquated sounding-board: but, after all, what did it matter to him whether he expounded the Scriptures from pine or black-walnut, so long as he was permitted to teach his children the way and the life? His annoyance was but transient, and he came to look upon it as a vanity and vexation of spirit on his part. But now a real trouble had come to him.

While the two deacons were engaged with the parson in the study that May afternoon, Salome Pinder moved about the hall and the dining-room with strange restlessness. Few things went on in the

cottage without her cognizance. Not that Salome was given to eavesdropping; but the rooms were contracted, the partitions thin, and words spoken in even the usual conversational tone had a trick of repeating themselves in the adjacent apartments. The study-door was ajar, and Salome could scarcely help catching scraps of the dialogue from time to time.

Long before the deacons took their departure she knew very well what had happened. In fact, when she saw Deacon Twombly and Deacon Wendell coming up the garden walk, she felt their visit to be ominous. Salome knew of the dissatisfaction that had been brewing in the parish for months past. That Parson Hawkins never dreamed of it shows how unfitted he was to serve longer. The appearance of the executioners, with warrant and bow-string, was the first intimation he had of his downfall.

Salome was appalled by what had taken place, though in a degree prepared for it. She was so flustered that she neglected to open the front door for the retreating deacons, but left them, as the parson had done, to find their way out as best they might.

It was some time before she could gather strength to cross the hall and look into the study. The parson was not there; he was in the little inner room, and the door was locked. Salome tried the latch and spoke to him several times without getting a reply. Then the parson told her gently to go away, he was engaged, he would talk with her presently. But Salome did not go away; she sunk into a chair and sat there with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, — a more abject figure, perhaps, than the old parson on the other side of the door.

The scent of the lilacs blew in at the open window, and the leaves of the vines trailing over the casement outside made wavering silhouettes on the uncarpeted floor of the study. The robins sang full-throated in the garden, as if there were no such thing in the world as care. Salome listened, and wondered vaguely at their merriment.

The afternoon sunlight slipped from the caves and the shadows deepened under the great elms. The phantom leaves at Sa-

lome's feet had vanished; the songs of the robins had died away to faint and intermittent twitterings, and the early twilight crept into the study. Now and then she fancied she heard the parson moving in the little room; he seemed to be walking to and fro at intervals, like some poor caged animal. She could not tell.

It was nearly dark when the garden gate swung to with a sharp click, and a quick, light footstep sounded on the gravel-walk. Salome rose hastily from the chair, and reached the street-door just as some one stepped upon the porch.

It was a girl of nineteen or twenty, but looking younger with her hair blown about her brows by the fresh May wind. She held in one hand a chip-straw hat which had slipped from its place, and with the other was pushing back an enviable mass of brown hair, showing a serious, pale face, a little flushed at the cheeks with walking. It was a face which, passing it heedlessly in the street, you would be likely to retain in your memory unconsciously. The wide gray eyes, capable of great tenderness and great haughtiness, would come back to you vividly, maybe, years afterwards. The girl was not a beauty in the ordinary sense, but she had what some one has described as a haunting face. Who has not caught a chance expression on some face in a crowd,—a lifting of the eye, a turn of the lip, an instantaneous revelation of strength or weakness,—and never forgotten it? I have a fancy, which I do not thrust upon the reader, that the person who casts this spell on us would exert a marked influence over our destiny if circumstance brought us in contact with him or her. He or she would be our good angel or our evil star.

As the girl stood there now on the porch, she looked little enough like playing the part of a Fate. With her heavy hair blown in clouds over her eyes, she looked rather like a Shetland pony.

"O Miss Prue! is that you, honey?" cried Salome. "Do jest step in an' speak to the parson; he's in a peck of trouble."

"I was afraid so, Salome. Where is he?" asked the girl, pushing open the door of the study and seeing it unoccupied.

"He's locked hisself in the sanctum," whispered Salome.

"Locked himself in?"

"Yes, an' there he's ben ever sence them plaguey deacons went away, more'n two hours."

"Maybe he will not care to see me just now, Salome?"

"Mebbe, — dunno; but do jest speak a word to him."

"If you think I had better?"

"I do, honey."

"How strange, — to lock himself in!"

Then Prudence Palfrey crossed the study, and tapped softly on the panel of the inner door.

III.

MR. DENT AND HIS WARD.

And there we must leave her, with uplifted hand and listening ear, while the reader is made acquainted with the personages who figure in this little drama, and is put into possession of certain facts necessary to a clear understanding of it.

Among those who had been instrumental in removing Parson Hawkins from the pastorate of the Brick Church was Mr. Ralph Dent, a retired brewer of considerable wealth and much local influence. He was not, as a general thing, deeply concerned in parish affairs; he contributed liberally to every worthy charitable project, and was always to be seen in his pew at the morning service; but it was of comparatively small moment to him whether the parson's discourse was long or short, brilliant or dull, for he invariably went to sleep. Mr. Dent, for reasons which will appear, did not admire Parson Hawkins warmly; but if Mr. Dent had loved him he would have gone to sleep all the same. There are men who cannot, to save themselves from perdition, keep awake in sermon-time.

So Mr. Dent had no objection to Parson Hawkins as a parson; but he was aware that many in the parish had rather strong objections. The congregation embraced a large number of young people, chiefly women, who always like their minister sleek and interesting, and they were not content with what had satisfied their

grandparents. The old pastor was visibly breaking up, and a new man was wanted. Now it chanced that Mr. Dent, in one of his periodical visits to New York, had made the acquaintance of a Mr. James Dillingham, a young gentleman of fortune and aristocratic Southern connections, who was travelling in the North for his health. Mr. Dillingham had been educated for the ministry, but, owing to ill-health, and perhaps to his passion for travel, had never been settled permanently over a society. A quick friendship sprang up between the two men, despite the disparity of their years, for Mr. Dillingham was not more than twenty-eight, and Mr. Dent was well on in the second half of that ridiculously brief term allotted to moderns. In the course of various conversations, Mr. Dillingham became interested in Rivermouth, and thought that perhaps he would visit the lovely New England seaport before returning South. He would certainly do so, if he undertook his proposed pilgrimage to Quebec. But the Canadian tour, and even his return South, were involved in considerable uncertainty. The bombardment of Fort Sumter by the South-Carolinians had brought matters to a crisis; war was inevitable. Mr. Dillingham's property was largely invested in Western and Northern securities, fortunately for him; for, though he was Southern born and bred, he had no sympathy with the disunionists of his native State. In the mean time it might be necessary for him to make the North his home. It flashed on Mr. Dent that here was the very man for the Old Brick Church. Young, wealthy, in good social position, and of unusually winning address, he would be a notable acquisition to Rivermouth society. He broached the subject indirectly to his friend, who was not at first disposed to discuss it as a possibility; then Mr. Dent urged the matter warmly, and had nearly carried his point, when he was obliged to go back to Rivermouth.

At Rivermouth he laid the case before the wardens; they opened a correspondence with Mr. Dillingham, which resulted in his agreement to preach for them on the last Sunday in May following. "Then,"

he wrote, "we will be in a position to decide on the best course, should the vacancy occur to which you allude in your letter." This was satisfactory. Mr. Dillingham was not to be drawn into an inconsiderate engagement. But then Mr. Dillingham was rich, and not like those poor, drowning clergymen, dragged down by large families, ready to clutch at such frail straws of salary as Rivermouth could hold out. Upon this it was decided to relieve Parson Hawkins of his charge, and take the chances of securing Mr. Dillingham.

Throughout the matter Mr. Dent had acted on impulse, as the most practical man sometimes will, and had been in no way swayed by personal animosity towards Parson Hawkins, for he felt none. But when all was said and done, a misgiving shot across him. What would Prue say? She all but worshipped the old parson. Mr. Dent himself, as I have more than intimated, did not worship the parson. There had been an occasion, a painful passage in Prue's life, when it seemed to Mr. Dent that Parson Hawkins had stood between him and the girl. All that was past and nearly forgotten now; but the time had been when he thought the minister was alienating Prue's affections from him.

Prudence Palfrey was Mr. Dent's ward. His guardianship had a certain tinge of romance to it, though perhaps no man was less romantic than Mr. Dent. He was a straightforward, practical man, naturally amiable and accidentally peppery, who had had his living to make, and had made it by making beer. A romantic brewer would be an anomaly. There is something essentially prosaic in vats and barrels; but this did not restrain Mr. Dent in early life from falling in love with Mercy Gardner, — for brewers are human, though they may not be poetical, — nor is it likely that the brewery, which was then a flourishing establishment, had anything to do with her refusal to marry him. She married his book-keeper, Edward Palfrey, and went to the Bermudas, where Palfrey had obtained a clerkship in an English house. There, after five years, he fell a victim to an

epidemic, and the widow, with her three-year-old girl, drifted back to Rivermouth. Dent bore a constant mind, and would probably have married his old love; but Mrs. Palfrey died suddenly, leaving Prue and what small property there was to his charge.

He had been faithful to the trust, and had had his reward. The pretty ways and laughter of the child had been pleasant in his lonely home, for he never married. Then the straight, slim girl, looking at him with Mercy Gardner's eyes and speaking to him with Mercy Gardner's voice, had nearly consoled him for all: and now the bloom of her womanhood filled his house with subtle light and beauty. In all his plans Prue's interest was the end. Whatever tenderness there was in his nature turned itself towards her. For her sake he acquired a knowledge of books, and became an insatiable reader, as men always do who take to books late in life. He sold out the brewery, not so much because he was tired of it as that he did not want the townspeople to be able to say that Prudence Palfrey was only the brewer's girl. When she was of age to go into society, the best houses in town were open to Mr. Dent and his ward, — the Goldstones', the Blydenburghs', and the Grimses', — which might not have been the case if the old brewery had not faded into the dim and blessed past. It must be understood that there are circles in Rivermouth into which a brewer in the present tense could no more penetrate than a particularly fat camel could go through the eye of a remarkably fine cambric-needle, — charmed circles, where the atmosphere is so rarefied that after you have got into it the best thing you can do, perhaps, is to get out of it again. It is not well to analyze the thing closely. It is all a mystery. One is pained to find that the most exclusive people have frequently passed their early manhood in selling tape or West India groceries in homeopathic quantities. This is not an immoral thing in itself, but it is certainly illogical in these people to be so intolerant of those less fortunate folks who have not yet disposed of their stock. However, this is much too vast

and gloomy a subject for my narrow canvas.

Mr. Dent was proud of social position for Prue's sake. There was no girl like her in Rockingham County. When he bought Willowbrook, a spacious house with grounds and outbuildings, a mile from the town, she sat at the head of his table like a lady as she was, for she had honest New England blood in her veins. That Prudence was as dear to him as if she had been his own daughter, he fully believed; but how completely she had curled about his heart, like a vine, he did not discover until his nephew, John Dent, fell in love with her and all but married her out of hand. This must also be told while Prue is kept waiting at the parson's study-door.

IV.

DRAGONS.

When Prudence was turning seventeen, — that is to say, nearly three years before that afternoon in May when she is introduced to the reader, — John Dent had come to Rivermouth. He had recently graduated, with not too many honors, and was taking a breathing-spell previous to setting out on his adventures in the world; for he had his dragons to overcome and his spurs to win, like any young knight in a legend. Poverty and Inexperience, among the rest, are very formidable dragons. They slay more young men every year than are ever heard of. The stripping knight, with his valise neatly packed by the tearful baroness, his mother, sallies forth in a spick-and-span new armor from the paternal castle, — and, snap! that is the last of him. Now and then one comes back with gold-pieces and decorations, but, ah! for the numbers that go down before the walls of great towns like New York and Boston and Chicago!

John Dent's family had formerly lived in Rivermouth, where he had lost his mother in infancy. At this time his father was associated in the proprietorship of the brewery, from which he subsequently withdrew to engage in some Western railroad enterprise. When Mr. Benjamin Dent moved to Illinois, John

was a mere child; he had not been in Rivermouth since; his vacations had been passed with his father, and he had only the vaguest memory of his childhood's home. It was a cherished memory, nevertheless; for an unwavering affection for the place of one's nativity seems to be one of the conditions of birth in New England. It was during John Dent's last term in college that his father had died, leaving his railroad affairs hopelessly complicated. Though communication between the two brothers had been infrequent of late years, the warmest feeling had existed on both sides, and Mr. Ralph Dent was eager with purse and advice to assist his nephew in any business or profession he might select.

John Dent was quite undecided what to do with himself. When some outlying personal debts were paid off there would be enough left to keep him afloat a year. Within that year of course he must have his plans definitely settled. He had come to Rivermouth to talk over those plans with his uncle, and a room had been provided for him at Willowbrook.

"Look here, Prue," Mr. Dent had said, laughingly, the day his nephew was expected, "I won't have you making eyes at him."

"But I will, though!" Prudence had cried, glancing back over her shoulder, "if he is anything like his uncle."

But John Dent did not resemble his uncle, and Prue did not make eyes at him. She found him very agreeable, nevertheless, a frank-hearted young fellow with dark hair and alert black eyes,—in every way different from the abstracted young student her fancy had taken the liberty to paint for her. He smoked his uncle's *cabañas* as if he had been born to them, and amused Prue vastly with descriptions of his college life and with the funny little profiles of his college chums which he drew on blotting-paper in the library. If he could have been examined in caricature, or allowed to graduate from the gymnasium, he would not have come off so poorly for honors.

Prudence had rather dreaded the advent of the gloomy scholastic, and had been rather curious about him also. They

had played together at a period when Prue was learning to walk and John Dent wore pinafores. They had not met since then. It was odd for her old playfellow to be an utter stranger to her now. What sort of man was that little boy whom she had lost so long ago in the misty fairyland of babyhood? A solemn young man in black, she had fancied. She had pictured him prowling about the house and lawn, brooding like the young Prince of Denmark, not on psychological subtleties indeed, but on sordid questions as to how on earth he was going to get his living. How he was going to get his living did not seem to trouble John Dent in the least.

Reading one of Thackeray's novels in a hammock on the piazza, or strolling in the garden after supper, with his cigar glowing here and there among the shrubbery like a panther's eye, he did not appear much appalled by prospective struggles for existence. The Dents were always that way, Mr. Ralph Dent remarked; free and easy, with lots of latent energy. Put a Dent in a desert, and he would directly build some kind of a manufactory. A brewery likely enough.

And indeed there was something under John Dent's *insouciance* which seemed to give the assurance that when the time arrived he would overthrow the wicked giants and slay the enchanted dragons with neatness and despatch, like a brave modern knight in an English walking-coat and a mauve silk neckerchief drawn through an amethyst ring. Uncle Ralph thought there was a good deal to the boy, — and so did Prue.

He was superior to any young man she had ever seen. She had seen few, to be sure, for Rivermouth is a sterile spot in which to pick up a sustenance, and her young male eagles generally fly from the nest as soon as they are fledged, some seaward and others to the neighboring inland cities. They are mostly sickly eagles that are left. So Prue had encountered few young men in her time, and those she had not liked; but she did like John Dent.

John Dent had come to Rivermouth bearing about his person some concealed

wounds inflicted by the eldest daughter of his Greek professor; he had, in fact, been "stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with a love-song," as Mercutio phrases it; but before ten days were gone at Willowbrook these wounds had somehow healed over, leaving scarcely a cicatrice on his memory.

Given a country-house, with a lawn and a pine grove, and two young people with nothing in the world to do, — let the season be springtime or winter, — and it requires no wizard to tell the result. Prue, with her genuine fresh nature and trim figure and rich hair and gray eyes, was easy to like, and very much easier to love. I am not trying to find reasons for these young people. If people who pair were obliged to have good reasons for pairing, there would be a falling off in the census.

It came to pass, then, at the end of four weeks, that John Dent found himself thinking night and day of his uncle's ward. He knew it was a hopeless thing from the start. He was twenty-three, penniless, and without a profession. Nothing was less tenable than the idea that his uncle would permit Prudence to engage herself to a man who might not be in a position these five years to give her a home. Then as to Prudence herself, he had no grounds for assuming that she cared for him. She had been very frank and pleasant, as was permissible to the nephew of her guardian; her conduct had been from the beginning without a shadow of coquetry. She had made no eyes at him.

Prudence would not have been a woman and eighteen if she had not seen somewhat how matters were going with the young gentleman. She did not love him, as yet; but she liked him more than any one she had ever known. She knew as well as he that anything beyond friendship between them would be unfortunate. She determined to afford him no opportunity to speak to her of love, if he were so unwise. She would keep him at such a distance as would render it difficult for him to indulge in the slightest sentiment with her. Prue had passed to her eighteenth birthday without so much as a flirtation; but she at once set to work managing John Dent with the cool skill

of a seaside belle in her second season. It is so a young duck takes to water.

There were no moonlight walks on the lawn any more; but it fell out so naturally that John Dent saw no diplomacy in it. Household duties, which she could have no hand in conjuring, rose up between them and the pine grove. People from the town, very stupid people, dropped into the drawing-room of an evening, or his uncle failed to drop out. When they were alone together, and frequently when Mr. Dent was present, Prue would rally him about the professor's daughter whom he had mentioned incidentally early in his visit. She suspected a *tendresse* in that direction, and in handling the subject developed powers of sarcasm quite surprising to herself. She was full of liveliness those days.

John Dent was not lively now; he was gradually merging into that saturnine and melancholy-eyed student whom Prue had so dreaded.

Mr. Ralph Dent was struck by this phenomenon. It seemed to him latterly that his ward laughed too much and his nephew not enough. It had been the other way. Mr. Dent was, as I have said, a practical man, except in this, that he expected other people to be practical. He did not dream that his nephew would have the audacity to fall in love with Prue. But the change that had come over the two gave Mr. Dent a twinge of uneasiness. Perhaps he had not been wholly wise in having John Dent at Willowbrook.

The more he reflected on Prue's high spirits and his nephew's sudden low ones, the less he admired it. If there had been any nonsense between them, he would put a stop to it before it went any further.

Running through the Willowbrook grounds was a winding rivulet spanned by a rustic bridge, at the farther end of which, under a clump of willows, stood a summer-house, — an octagon-shaped piece of lattice-work with four gilt balls suspended from a little blue spire on the roof: a Yankee's idea of a pagoda. Here John Dent was thoughtfully smoking a cigar one morning when he saw his uncle cross the birch-bark bridge and come towards him. Mr. Dent stepped into the

summer-house, seated himself opposite the young man, took out his cigar-case, and went directly to the business in hand.

"Jack," said Mr. Dent, "I hope you have n't been talking any nonsense to Prue."

"I don't think I understand you," said Jack, with a little start. "I haven't, to my knowledge, been talking any nonsense to her."

"For the last week or so you have not seemed like yourself, and I fancied that perhaps something had happened between you and Prue, — a little tiff maybe."

"Nothing in the world, sir."

Mr. Dent, like Hamlet, wanted something "more relative than this."

"You are sure you have not been making love to her, Jack?"

"I have certainly not been making love to Miss Palfrey, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Dent drew a breath of relief. If his nephew had one trait stronger than another, it was truthfulness. Mr. Dent was satisfied that no mischief had been done so far, and he intended to preclude the possibility of mischief. "How stupid of me," he reflected, "to put the notion into the fellow's head!" He would cover his maladroit move by getting his nephew into a New York banking-house or an insurance office at once. The sooner Jack made a start in life the better. Mr. Dent bit off the end of his cigar, and, taking a light from the young man, said, "Of course, Jack, I did n't seriously think you had."

With this he rose and was about to leave the summer-house.

"Are you going to town, uncle?" inquired John Dent, looking up.

"Yes."

"I'll walk a bit of the way with you, if you like."

"Certainly, Jack."

As the garden gate closed on uncle and nephew, Prudence looked out of the bay-window over the hall door, and her busy, intelligent needle came to a dead halt halfway through a piece of cambric muslin. She was aware that her guardian was going to town; but it was not one of John Dent's habits to take long walks with his uncle. Prue pondered the circumstance

for a minute or so, and then the needle went on again as busily as before.

"Uncle Ralph," said John Dent, as they reached a rise of ground overlooking the spires and gables of Rivermouth and the picturesque harbor, where a man-of-war lay at anchor with its masts and spars black against the sparkling atmosphere, "I had half resolved to say something to you this morning, but after your question in the summer-house I feel it my duty to say it."

"What is that, Jack?"

"I told you I had not been making love to Miss Palfrey, but I am bound to tell you that I love her all the same."

"What! why, I never heard of such madness!" And Mr. Dent stopped short in the middle of the road.

"I did n't suppose it would meet with your approval, sir."

"My approval? I tell you I never heard of such insanity!"

"I know it is unfortunate," said John Dent, humbly; "but there are things which no man can help."

"But a man should help falling in love with a girl when he is not able to provide birdseed for a canary."

"The birdseed will come in good time; it always does."

Mr. Dent's glance, by the merest accident, rested on the red-brick Almshouse which loomed up on the left. John Dent followed his glance, and colored.

"Do you expect a young woman to waste the bloom of her life waiting for you, and finally go with you over there?"

"The girl who will not wait a year or two, or ten years, for the man she loves, is not worth working for," said John Dent, nettled.

Then Mr. Dent cursed his blindness in bringing these two together.

"And Prue loves you?" he gasped.

"I did n't say that, sir."

"What in the devil did you say, then?"

"I said I loved her. I think she does n't care a straw for me."

"But you spoke of her waiting for you a year or two."

"That was merely a supposititious case."

"Have you hinted anything of this to Prue?"

"No, sir."

"Then I depend on your honor not to. I won't have it! I won't have it!" And Mr. Dent stood there quite white with anger.

"You will bear in mind, Uncle Ralph, that I need not have told you this."

"That would have been dishonorable."

"It would have been dishonorable, sir; and so I came to you directly, without breathing a word to Miss Palfrey. I did not forget I was under your roof."

Certainly John Dent had not been dishonorable, however mad. Mr. Dent knew that his nephew was wrong in falling in love with his ward, and that he himself was right in being indignant; yet he was conscious that his young kinsman had in a fashion disarmed him.

"This is exceedingly awkward," he said, after a silence. "I was very glad to have you at Willowbrook, but with this extraordinary avowal—"

John Dent interrupted him: "Of course my visit is at an end. I knew that. I shall leave to-day."

"What are your plans?"

"I have none, that is, nothing definite."

"I mean, where are you going?"

"O, I shall take a room somewhere in the town for the present."

Mr. Dent did not like that. The nice sense of honor which had sealed the young man's lips while beneath the avuncular roof might take wing under different circumstances. Rivermouth was a strong strategical position from which to lay siege to Willowbrook. Mr. Dent did not like that at all.

"Why waste your time in Rivermouth? There is no opening for you there. Why not go to Boston, or, better still, to New York" (or to Jericho, Mr. Dent interpolated mentally), "where there are countless chances for a young man like you?"

"I can live more economically in the town. Besides, I do not intend to settle in any of our Eastern cities. I shall go to some new country where there are wider and less crowded fields for enterprise,

where fortunes are made rapidly. I wish to make my pile at once."

"Quite a unique case," Mr. Dent could not refrain from remarking.

"Then," continued John Dent, shedding the sarcasm placidly, "I shall come back and ask Miss Palfrey to be my wife, if her heart and hand are free."

"You will do me the favor to delay the question until you come back," cried Mr. Dent, whose wrath was fanned into flame again. "If you insist on idling about Rivermouth, I insist on your promise that you will not explain your views to Miss Palfrey."

"I will not make any promises," returned John Dent, "because I have an unfortunate habit of keeping them."

Was it possible that Prue was tangled, even ever so slightly, in the meshes of the same net that had caught this luckless devil-fish? After his nephew's confession, Mr. Dent was prepared for almost anything.

Mr. Dent said: "But unless you do give me some such assurance, I shall be constrained to forbid your visits to the house, and that would cause people to talk."

"Even with that alternative I cannot make you any promise. To be candid, I have not at this moment the faintest intention of telling Miss Palfrey what my sentiments are. It is not likely I shall see her again, since you have walled up the doors of Willowbrook," he added, with a smile. "Uncle Ralph, let us talk sense."

"Thanks for the compliment implied."

"Don't mention it," said Jack, politely.

"Look here, Jack," said Mr. Dent, resting his hand on his young kinsman's shoulder, "I do not want to shut my doors on you. It annoys me beyond measure to have my brother Ben's boy flying in the face of reason in this way, and setting himself up in antagonism to me, his best friend. Come, now, Jack, don't be a simpleton. Go to New York, look up some business or profession to your taste, and you shall have any capital you require, if you will give over this foolishness about Prue."

"I could not do it, Uncle Ralph. I love her!"

He had said that before quietly enough. The words were spoken passionately this time, and they went through Mr. Dent's heart with inexplicable sharpness.

"I love her, and I should despise myself if I could be bought. All the chances are against me, I know; but if I cannot have her, I can at least try to be worthy of her."

"Stuff and nonsense! How many girls have you fallen in love with before now?"

"Seven or eight, first and last, as nearly as I can remember," replied young Dent, candidly; "but there was no Prudence Palfrey among them. I think that when a man loves a girl like her, he loves but once."

"All this comes of your verse-writing and moonshine. I don't know where you got them from. Your father was a plain, practical man, and kept his head cool. When I was a young fellow —"

"You fell in love with Mercy Gardner," cried John Dent, "and never loved any but her."

Mr. Dent winced a little at this thrust, and parried it.

"But I could not have her, and I made the best of it, like a sensible man. You cannot have her daughter, and you are making the worst of it, like an obstinate fellow."

"But I am not sure I cannot have the daughter — some time."

"I tell you so."

John Dent decapitated a thistle with one impatient stroke of his cane. Off came his uncle's head — by proxy!

"When Miss Palfrey tells me with her own lips to go about my business, then it will be time enough for me to draw on those stores of philosophy and hard common-sense which are supposed to be handed down in the Dent family."

Mr. Dent's anger flashed out at that, and it must be owned his nephew was exasperating.

"I command you never to speak to her of this!"

"But I must, one of these days."

"You refuse positively to quit Rivermouth?"

"At present I do."

"And you will make no promise relative to Miss Palfrey?"

"I cannot do that, either, sir."

"Then you cannot call at the house, you know," cries Mr. Dent. "I forbid you to speak to her when you meet her, on the street or elsewhere, and I'll have nothing to do with you from this out!"

And Mr. Dent turned on his heel and walked rapidly down the road in the direction of Willowbrook, forgetful of those two ounces and a half of scarlet Saxony wool which he had been commissioned by Prue to purchase at Rivermouth.

"How poor are they that have not patience!" said the young man to himself; then he added, a second after, "How poor are they that have not prudence!" probably meaning Prudence Palfrey.

John Dent looked at his cigar. It had gone out. He threw the stump among some barberry-bushes by the stone-wall, and set his face towards the town.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding-vow,
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant past,
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is the last!

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns and quaint stone-built homes, —

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

And lo! from all the country-side come neighbors, kith and kin;
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the wedding-guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-hunted, travel-worn,
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-Eight who saw with me the fall,
Midst roaring flames, and shouting mob, of Pennsylvania Hall;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of tyrants pale,
Singing of freedom through the grates of Moyamensing jail!

And, haply, with them, all unseen, old comrades gone before
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open door, —

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's daring zeal,
The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart of Neall.

Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthies tried and true,
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all their hearts in one.
God give them now, whate'er their names, the peace of duty done!

How gladly would I tread again the old-remembered places,
Sit down beside your hearth once more and look in the dear old faces!

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are teaching,
For honest lives that louder speak than half our noisy preaching;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark and evil time
When the Golden Rule was treason, and to feed the hungry, crime;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, church and state, joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you! — What you did for that sad, suffering one,
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our Lord was done!

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Longwood's bowery ways
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above.
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

John G. Whittier.

FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

On entering the Regent Hotel at Leamington the first object that attracts attention, after the stuffy old porter who hobbles about to see some one else handle your luggage, is a small frame, over the smoking coal-fire, which contains the following notice, decorated with an old cut of a fox's mask :—

MERRY & CO.'S HUNTING APPOINTMENTS,
AND GUIDE TO THE DIFFERENT COV-
ERTS.

December 30, 1872.

WARWICKSHIRE, — at 10.45.

Days.	Meet at	Miles.	To go through
	M. Goldicote House.	11.	Weilerbourne and Loxley.
Tu.	Radway Grange.	12.	Tachbrook and Kineton.
W.	Snitterfield.	7.	Warwick and Stratford Road.
Th.	Red Hill.	13.	Warwick and Snitterfield.
F.	Pebworth.	16.	Warwick and Stratford.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE, — at 11.

M.	Solihull.	14.	Warwick and Hatton.
Tu.	Cublington Gate.	2.	Lillington.
Th.	Stoneleigh Abbey.	4.	On Kenilworth Road.
F.	Tile Hill.	9.	By Kenilworth Castle.

PYTCHLEY, — at 10.45.

M.	Naseby.	26.	Princethorpe and Rugby.
Tu.	Hazlebeach.	31.	Dunchurch and Crick.
W.	Dingley.	33.	Rugby and Swinford.
F.	Cransley.	36.	Maidwell.
S.	Swinford.	19.	Princethorpe and Rugby.

ATHERSTONE, — at 11.

M.	Coombe.	12.	Bubbenhall and Wolston.
W.	Harrow Inn Gate.	20.	Coventry and Nuneaton.
F.	Brinklow Station.	12.	Bubbenhall and Wolston.
S.	Corley.	14.	Stoneleigh and Coventry.

BICESTER, — at 10.45.

M.	Fenny Compton.	12.	Radford and Ladbrook.
Tu.	Trafford Bridge.	19.	Southam and Wormleighton.
Th.	Hellidon.	14.	Southam and Priory Marston.
S.	Steeple Claydon.	40.	Gaydon and Banbury.

Twenty-two meets in the week, all within easy reach, by road or rail. Let us dine and decide. At table we will leave the *menu* to the waiter; but let him bring for consideration during the meal the list of *meets*. "Brinklow Station, twelve miles": that seems the most feasible thing in the catalogue for the morrow, and who has not heard that the Atherstone is a capital pack? But then the Pytchley is even better known, and the train reaches

Rugby in time for the meet. Let the choice be decided with the help of coffee and cigars and possible advice, during the soothing digestive half-hour in the smoking-room. Dinner over, wander away through the tortuous, dim passage that leads to the sombre hall where alone in English inns the twin crimes of billiards and smoking are permitted, and, while writhing under the furtive glances of the staid and middle-aged East-Indian who evidently knows you for an American, and who is your only companion, decide, with your nation's ability to reach conclusions without premises, whether it shall be Pytchley or Atherstone. Don't ask your neighbor: he is an Englishman, and have we not been told that Englishmen are gruff, reticent men, who wear thick shells, and whose warm hearts can be reached only with the knife of a regular introduction? However, you must make up your mind what to do, and you need help which neither the waiter nor the porter can give; the "gentlemanly clerk" does not exist in England (thank heaven!) and you have not yet learned what an invaluable mine of information "Boots" is, — faithful, useful, helpful, and serviceable to the last degree. I salute him with gratitude for all he has done to make life in English hotels almost easier and more homelike than in one's own house. It is safe to advise all travelers to make him an early ally, to depend on him, to use him, almost to abuse him, and, finally, on leaving, to "remember" him. Not yet having come to know the Boots, I determined to throw myself on the tender mercies of my stern, silent companion, and I very simply stated my case. My stern, silent companion was an exception to the rule, and he told me all I wanted to know (and more than I knew I needed to know) with a cordiality and frankness not always to be found among the genial smokers of our own hotels. His voice was in favor of the Atherstone as being the most acceptable thing for the

next day. Ford, the veterinary surgeon of Leamington, had, on several occasions, done good service for friends who had gone before me over the hedges of North Warwickshire, and I went to him for advice about a mount. Here I found that I had made a mistake in not engaging horses in advance. To get a "hunter" for the next day would be impossible, but he would do what he could for a few days hence. All he could promise for the morning would be to lend me a horse of his own, a thoroughbred mare, not up to my weight, but tough and wiry, and good for any amount of road-work. He kindly volunteered to arrange for our going by the first train to Coventry, only a couple of miles from Brinklow (it turned out to be nine miles), so that we should arrive fresh on the ground. At seven o'clock in the morning he came to my room to say that everything was arranged, and that I should find the mare at the station in an hour. Swallowing a glass of milk as a stay-stomach, — my usual habit, — I put myself, for the first time since the war ended, into breeches and boots, and drove to the station. On a turn-out stood a "horse-box," one of the institutions of England, — a three-stabled freight-car for the transportation of horses. Paying five shillings for a horse-ticket to Coventry (only twice the cost of my own seat), I saw the mare snugly packed into one of the narrow stalls and made fast for the journey. Passing through a beautiful farming country, we came in due time to the quaint old town of Coventry, where several horse-boxes, coming from Birmingham and other stations, were discharging their freight of well-bred hunters. As we rode from this station another hard-shelled Englishman in brown top-boots and spotless white leather breeches accosted me pleasantly, reminding me that we had come from London together the day before, and asking, as he had recognized me for an American, if he could be of service to me.

"Pray how did you know that I am from America?"

"Only by your asking if you should change 'cars' at Rugby. An Englishman would have said 'carriages.'"

"Very well, I am glad my ear-mark was no greater. Can you direct me to an hotel where I can get a bite before I go on?"

"Certainly: you will find the Angel very comfortable; take the next street to the right, and you will soon reach it. Good morning; it is nine miles to the meet, and I will move on slowly. Command me if I can help you when you come up."

I did find the Angel comfortable, (as what English inn is not?) and soon fortified myself with cold pheasant and sherry, — a compact and little-burdensome repast to ride upon, — served in a cosy old coffee-room by the neatest and most obliging of handmaidens.

On the road I fell in with straggling groups of horsemen, in red coats and black coats, leather breeches and cords, white tops and black; all neat and jaunty, and all wearing the canonical stove-pipe hat. My little mare was brisk, and I had no hard riding to save her for, so I passed a dozen or more of the party, getting from each one some form or other of pleasant recognition, and finally from a handsome young fellow on a very spicy mount, "Excuse me, are you going to Brinklow? You must turn to the right."

Confound these Englishmen, thought I, where is their traditional coldness and reserve? And I reined up for a chat.

My companion came from the vicinity of Birmingham. Like so many of his class, he devotes three days a week to systematic hunting, and he was as enthusiastic as an American boy could have been in telling me all I wanted to know about the sport. To get hold of a grown man who had never seen a foxhound seemed an event for him, and my first instructions were very agreeably taken. Our road ran past the beautiful deer-stocked park of "Coombe Abbey," where the green grass of a moist December and the thick clustering growth of all-embracing ivy carried the fresh hues of our summer over the wide lawn and to the very tops of the trees about the grand old house. The few villages on our way were neither interesting nor pleasant, but the thatched farm-houses and cottages, and the wonder-

ful ivy, and the charming fields and hedges were all that could have been asked.

And then the roadsides! and the stiles and the foot-paths, and the look of age and richness of the well-kept farms; and again and everywhere the ivy clinging fast to each naked thing, and clothing it with luxuriant beauty!

There is in all our hearts an inherited chord that thrills in the presence of this dear old home of our race. Not this sport and not these scenes, but the air, the tone, the spirit of it all, — these are as familiar to our instincts as water to the hen-brooded duckling.

Brinklow Station has the modern hideousness and newness of railroad stations everywhere in country neighborhoods, and it was pleasant to leave it behind and follow the gay crowd down a sloping and winding road into the real country again, and into a handsome and well-kept park, beyond which there stood a fine old house of some pretension, and well set about with terraced lawn and shrubbery, — a charming English country-seat.

Here my eyes were greeted with the glory of my first "meet," and a glory it was indeed! Pictures and descriptions had suggested it, but they had only suggested it. This was the reality, and it far exceeded my anticipation. The grounds were fairly alive with a brilliant company of men and women, — happy and hearty, and just gathered for the day's sport. Red coats, white breeches, and top-boots were plenty, and the neat holiday air of the whole company was refreshing and delightful. Scattered about singly and in groups, mounted, on foot, and in carriages, were a couple of hundred people of all ages and of all conditions. Chatting from the saddle and over carriage-doors, lounging up and down the Drive, or looking over the hounds, the company were leisurely awaiting the opening of the ball. They had come from a circuit of twenty miles around, and they appeared to be mainly people who habitually congregate at the cover-side throughout the hunting-season, and to be generally more or less acquainted with each other. The element of coquetry was not absent; but coquetry is apparently not a natural product of the

English soil, and that sort of intercourse was not conspicuous. The same number of handsome young men and women would be more demonstrative at a similar gathering in America. A similar gathering, however, would not be possible in America. We have no occasion on which people of all sorts come so freely and so naturally together, interested in a traditional and national sport, which is alike open to rich and poor, and meeting, not for the single occasion only, but several times a week, winter after winter, often for many years. Noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, manufacturers, professional men, snobs, cads, errand-boys, — everybody, in short, who cared to come seemed to have the right to come, and, so far as the hunt was concerned, seemed to be on an equal footing. Of course the poorer element was comparatively small, and mainly from the immediate neighborhood. The *habitués* of a hunt are seldom below the grade of well-to-do farmers. Servants from the house were distributing refreshments, riders were mounting their hunters, grooms were adjusting saddle-girths, too fiery animals were being quieted, and there was generally an air of preparation about the whole assemblage.

A little at one side, kept well together by the huntsman and a couple of whippers-in, were the hounds (the Atherstone pack), about forty of them, or, technically, "twenty couples," strong-limbed, large-eared, party-colored, wholesome-looking fellows. They attracted much attention and elicited frequent commendation, for they were said to be the very finest pack in England, — as was also each of the three other packs that I saw. To the unskilled eye, and simply viewed as dogs, they were not remarkable; but it was a case in which the judgment of an unskilled person could have no value.

The horses appealed to me much more strongly. Certainly I had never seen together the same number of the same average excellence; and some of them were fit to drive one wild with envy. There was, on the whole, less of the "blood" look than would be expected by a man who had got his ideas of the hunting-field from Leech's drawings, but there was a good deal of it.

nevertheless, and in its perfection too; and where it was wanting there was plenty of bone to make up for it.

At eleven the hounds were led out to the cover, and the whole field followed slowly and irregularly and at some distance. There were about one hundred and fifty mounted for the hunt. Perhaps one third of these wore scarlet coats, white breeches, and top-boots; another third had black coats and some of them black boots; and the remainder of the field was made up of half a dozen ladies, a few stout old gentlemen of seventy or so on stout old cobs of discreet age, little boys on smart ponies, farmers and tradesmen and their clerks mounted on whatever they could get, and men of every intermediate grade and with all sorts of horses. A certain amount of riff-raff, not mounted at all, but good on their pins and ready for a run, were hanging about for a chance to pick up a whip or a hat, or catch a horse, or brush a muddy coat, or turn an honest shilling in any way that might offer in the chances of the day. Some of these fellows, rigged out with the cast-off clothing of their betters, sported red coats, black velvet caps, and leather leggings. One added to all this gorgeoussness the refinement of bare feet.

The hounds were taken into the cover, a brambly, tangled wood near by, which had probably been planted and made a little wilderness to serve as a cover for foxes.

They soon found a fox, drove him to the open, and followed him out of the wood with a whimpering sort of cry which was disappointing after the notion that the "full cry" of the books had given, and which is heard in the very different fox-hunting of our Southern woods. The run lay up a steepish hill, several fields wide, and across an open country. One bold rider (not a light one) mounted on a staving black horse, went to the right of the cover, and made a splendid leap up hill, over a stiff-looking hedge, and landed at the tail of the pack. The "master" and his assistants had got away with the hounds. The rest of the field went to the left, waiting their turns through a farm-gate. Once through, some twenty of them

dashed up hill, cleared a clever hedge, and kept the pack in sight. The rest took an easier place, where a farm laborer had pulled away the stakes by which a gap had been filled. Here there was much very light jumping, and much more of waiting until predecessors had made it lighter. In the mean time other gaps were found, and it was not many minutes before all were through; but during these minutes the fox, the hounds, and the harder riding men were putting a wide space between themselves and us, who were at the tail of the field. Yet there were some in the party who did not look like laggards, and whose horses were good enough for any work such a country could give them.

Even when across the gap, these men went with the rest of us, by gates and lanes, toward a point to which it was thought by the knowing ones that the fox would double,—and the knowing ones were right. Gradually, as their judgment indicated, they left the roads and took to the fields. This course was taken by three well-mounted young ladies. I followed the gate-openers for about half an hour, when, coming out on a high-road, I concluded that, with seventeen miles to ride home, it was only just to my little mare to give the thing up and head for Leamington. The hounds were far away on my right and quite out of sight.

Having come to look on and learn, I had probably seen and heard all that day had in store for me,—surely enough for one's first day at fox-hunting. When I had ridden for a few minutes I saw, far across the fields, that the hounds had turned to the left and were making for my road. Pressing forward, I came up in time to see them cross to the front, and go scurrying away over the grass, nosing out the scent as they ran. There had been a check, and "the field" was well up. The road was lower than the fields, and was bordered by a ditch at each side. From this the ground rose a little, and on each bank stood a three-and-a-half-foot thorn hedge. Neither leap was difficult, but the one out of the road was not easy. Here I sat and saw fully a hundred horsemen, dressed in the gay colors of the hunt-field and mounted as men rarely are

mounted out of England, all, horses as well as men, eager and excited in the chase, flying over hedge and ditch into the carriage-way, and over ditch and hedge into the higher field, beyond and away headlong after the hounds, every man for himself, and every man for the front, and on they went over another hedge and out of sight. In the thick of the flight were two ladies, riding as well and as boldly as the men, and two men were brushing their hats in the road, their empty saddles keeping well up with the run. More than satisfied with this climax of my first day's experience, I trotted out for home. The result of the run I never heard, and I leave its description where I lost sight of it. A mile farther on I did see a fagged-looking fox making his rapid way across my road again, and sneaking off under the hedge toward a thicket to the right, and I halted to listen to what sounded like the huntsman's horn over the hill to the left; but possibly the conclusion I drew was not a correct one.

I wish that words could give an idea of the life and action of the headlong flight I had just seen; but the inadequacy of all I had read to convey it to me makes it seem useless to try. Photography and description may, in a measure, supply the place of travel; but he who would realize the most thrilling intensity of eager horsemanship must stand in a hedge-bound English lane and see with his own eyes, and for the first time in his life, a hundred gayly dressed and splendidly mounted fox-hunters flashing at full speed across his path; and it is worth the while to see.

Rain never fell on a more lovely country than that part of Warwickshire through which my wet way lay. For ten miles of the seventeen it rained, gently as it rains with us in April; nor is our grass more green in April than this was in Christmas week. The all-prevailing ivy was filled with berries, and the laurestine was already in bloom.

No born Englishman could have cared less for the soaking rain; and wet to the skin, tired to the bone, and stiff to the marrow, I have rarely been more exuberant than when I gradually regained the use of my legs in the half-mile walk to the

hotel, resolving that not even the glories of American citizenship should ever keep me away from England in winter, were I only able to afford the luxury of regular hunting. But the exuberance was moral rather than physical. I had not been so tired for years, — stiff as an old horse, after over thirty miles of really hard riding (the last seventeen miles in two hours). The cure was a hot bath and a dish of hot soup, followed by a log-like sleep of two hours on a sofa before a blazing hot fire, a sharp half-hour's walk, a very plain dinner, and a couple of hours' chat with my interested East-Indiaman in the smoking-room: the cure was complete; and all that was left of the day's sport was its brilliant recollection.

My second day was near Stratford-on-Avon, — on *Ay von*, the misguided English call it. The meet was to be at Goldicote House, one of the "fixtures" of the Warwickshire Hunt. There were about a hundred persons, including a few ladies, and one little bareheaded "blue-coat" school-boy (from Thackeray's school), who, with his folded umbrella, long skirt, low shoes, and yellow hose, was in for as much sport as his Christmas holiday could give him. As a further penalty for want of forethought, I was reduced to riding a friend's coach-horse. However, the reduction was not great, for whether by early instruction or by inheritance, he was more than half a hunter, and gave me a capital look at the whole day's chase; while his owner, on a most charming black blood mare, being out of condition for hard riding, kindly applied himself to urging me to severer work than one likes to do with a borrowed horse. He introduced me to a venerable old gentleman in a time-and-weather-stained red coat, velvet cap, and well-used nether gear, mounted on a knowing-looking old gray, and attended by his granddaughter. He could not have been less than eighty years old, and his days of hard riding were over; but constant hunting exercise every winter for over sixty years had protected him wonderfully well against the ravages of time, and it is rare to see an American of sixty so hale and hearty, and so cheerful and

jolly. I was told that if I would take him for my leader, I would see more of the run than I could in any other way with such a mount as I had. He seemed to know the habits of the foxes of South Warwickshire as thoroughly as he did every footpath and gate of the country, and he led us by cross-cuts to the various points to which Reynard circled, so that we often had the whole field in sight. It was not an especially interesting day, and the fox got away at last, among a tangle of railway lines that blocked our passage. My old mentor, who had given me much valuable instruction in the details of hunting, was vastly disgusted at the result, and broke out with, "Ah! it's all up with old England, I doubt; these confounded railways have killed sport. There's no hunting to be had any longer, for their infernal cutting up the country in this way. I've hunted with these hounds under fifteen different masters, but I've about done, and I sha'n't lose much, — it's all up. However, I suppose we could never pay the interest on the national debt without the railways; but it's all up with hunting." At that, he called away the young lady, bade me a melancholy "good by," and rode half sadly home. I galloped back to Stratford with my handsome old host, — a little more knowing in the ways of the field, but without yet having had a fair taste of the sport.

Seven miles from Peterborough, in the dismal little village of Wansford, near the borders of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire, is, perhaps, the only remaining old posting-inn in England that is kept up in the unchanged style of the ante-railroad days. The post-houses are gone, but the posting-stables are filled with hunters; the travelling public have fled to the swifter lines, and Wansford is forever deserted of them; but the old "Haycock" keeps up its old cheer, and Tom Percival, who boasts that he has had the Princess Victoria for a guest and has slept five dukes in one night, has little occasion to complain of neglect. The good wine that needs no bush still makes his cellar known, and no one should criti-

cise English cooking until he has dined once at the Haycock. Nowhere is the inn-maid of whom we have read so much to be found in such simple, tidy, and courtesying perfection; and nowhere, in short, can one find so completely the solid comfort of hostelry life. Half old farm-house and half wayside-inn; with a marvellous larder, through whose glass-closed side the guest sees visions of joints and jams and pastry in lavish profusion; backed by a stable-yard where boys are always exercising good horses; and flanked by a yardful of quaint clipped yews, — the old house at Wansford (in spite of its dull-looking road front) is worth a visit from those who would get out of the sight and sound of steam, and see the old, old country life of England. The visitor is not numbered and billeted and pigeon-holed, as in the modern hotel; but the old fiction of host and guest is well kept up. Your coming should be announced in advance; and you are received as in some sort a member of the family, whose ways are made to conform more or less to the wishes of yourself and your convives, mainly young swells from London, who are few, and who are there as you are, not for business, but for rest, good living, and regular sport. Three packs of hounds are within reach; and on the days when none of the meets is near, there is always the "larking" — the training of young horses — to supply a good substitute, as far as the riding goes. One who cares for hunting pure and simple, rather than for the gayer life of Leamington and Cheltenham, cannot do better than to make the season, or a part of it, at the Haycock, with regularly engaged horses for as many days in the week as he may choose to ride. It costs, — but it pays. One is none the less welcome among the guests for being an American.

I there had a day with the George Fitz William hounds. Not being, as yet, quite at home in the field, I took a wise old horse, "Cock Robin," who was well up to my weight, and who, as Percival told me, would teach me more than I could teach him. He was sent on early with the other hunters, and I took a

"hack" to ride to cover. We were a party of four, and we went through the fields and the lawns and the rain, to where the meet was fixed for eleven o'clock, at Barnwell Castle, a fine old Norman ruin, — square and low, with four large corner towers draped in magnificent ivy. It was a dreary morning, and not more than sixty were out; but among these, as always, there were ladies, and there was more than the usual proportion of fine horses. Our cover was drawn blank, and we moved to another, where a fox was found, and whence the run was sharp and too straight for a prudent novice to see very much of it; and it was some minutes before Cock Robin and his rider came up with the hounds, who had come to a check in a large wood. Throughout the day there was a good deal of waiting about different covers, between which the fox ran back and forth. Finally he broke away for a long, quick burst over the fields, which lay to the left of a farm-road down which we were riding, and which was flanked by a high and solid-looking hedge. Near the head of the party was a well-mounted blond of seventeen, who had hitherto seemed to avoid the open country and to keep prudently near to her mother and her groom. The sight of the splendid run, fast leaving us behind, was too much for her, and she turned straight for the hedge, clearing it with a grander leap than I had seen taken that day, and flying on over hedges and ditches in the direct wake of the hounds. A young German who followed her said, as we rode back to the Haycock, "It is vort to come from America or from Owstria to see zat lofely Lady — go over ze country," — and it was.

Luck often favors the timid; Cock Robin and I were quite alone — he disgusted, and I half ashamed with my prudence — when the fox, who had found straight running of no avail, came swerving to the right over the crest of a distant hill, closely followed by the hounds, and, in splendid style, by the first flight of the field. Soon he crossed a brook which was fenced in with rails, and the horsemen all had to make a long *détour*,

so that I, who had been last, now became first. I had the fox and the hounds all to myself; my horse was fresh, and the way was easy. My monopoly lasted only a moment, but it was not a moment of tranquillity. Finding an open gate and bridge, I followed the pack into a large low field, surrounded on three sides by the wide brook. The fox was turned by this and ran to the right along the bank; at the corner of the field he turned again to the right, still keeping by the edge of the stream; this gave the hounds an immense advantage, and cutting off the angle, they came so closely upon him that with still another turn of the brook ahead of him, he had but one chance for his life, and that was a desperate one for a tired fox to consider. He did not consider, but went slap at the brook, and cleared it with a leap of nearly twenty feet. The foremost hounds whimpereed for a moment on the bank before they took to the water, and when they were across Reynard was well out of sight, and they had to nose out his trail afresh. He brought them again to a check, and finally, after half an hour's skirmishing, he ran down a railway cutting in the wake of a train, and got finally away.

Incidentally, here was an opportunity for an English gentleman to show more good temper and breeding than it is one's daily lot to see. He was one of a bridgeful of horsemen watching the hounds as they vainly tried to unravel the fox's scent from the bituminous trail of the locomotive, when, full of eager curiosity, one of the ladies, middle-aged and not "native and to the manner born," but not an American, rode directly on to his horse's heels. To the confusion of my lady, the horse, like a sensible horse as he was, resented the attack with both his feet. His rider got him at once out of the way, and then returned, bowing his venerable head in regretful apology, and trusting that no serious harm had been done. "How can you ride such a kicking brute!" was the gracious acknowledgment of his forbearance.

In this storied little island one is never for long out of the presence of places on

the traditions of which our lifelong fancies have been fed. Our road home lay past the indistinct mass of rubbish, clustered round with ivy and with the saddest associations, which was once Fotheringay Castle; and as we turned into the village my companions pointed out the still serviceable but long-unused "stocks" where the minor malefactors of the olden time expiated their offences.

We reached the Haycock at three, a moist but far from unpleasant body of tired and dirty men, having ridden, since nine in the morning, over fifty-five miles, mostly in the rain, and often in a shower of mud splashed by galloping hoofs. By six o'clock we were in good trim for dinner, and after dinner for a long, cosey talk over the events of the day, and horses and fox-hunting in general. My own interest in the sport is confined mainly to its equestrian side, and I am not able to give much information as to its details. Any stranger must be impressed with the firm hold it has on the affections of the people, and with the little public sympathy that is shown for the rare attempts that are made to restrict its rights.

It would seem natural that the farmers should be its bitter opponents. It can hardly be a cheerful sight, in March, for a thrifty man to see a crowd of mad horsemen tearing through his twenty acres of well-wintered wheat, filling the air with a spray of soil and uprooted plants. But let a non-riding reformer get up after the annual dinner of the local Agricultural Association and suggest that the rights of tenant-farmers have long enough lain at the mercy of their landlord and his fox-hunting friends, with the rabble of idle sports and ruthless ne'er-do-weels who follow at their heels, and that it is time for them to assert themselves and try to secure the prohibition of a costly pastime, which leads to no good practical result, and the burdens of which fall so heavily on the producing classes — and then see how his brother farmers will second his efforts. The very man whose wheat was apparently ruined will tell him that in March one would have said the whole crop was destroyed, but that the stirring up seemed to do it good, for he had never be-

fore seen such an even stand on that field. Another will argue that while hunting does give him some extra work on the repair of hedges and gates, and while he sometimes has his fields torn up more than he likes, yet the hounds are the best neighbors he has; they bring a good market for hay and oats, and, for his part, he likes to get a day with them himself now and then. Another raises a young horse when he can, and if he turns out a clever hunter, he gets a much larger price for him than he could if there were no hunting in the country. Another has now and then lost poultry by the depredations of foxes, but he never knew the master to refuse a fair claim for damages; for his part, he would scorn to ask compensation; he likes to see the noble sport, which is the glory of England, flourishing, in spite of modern improvements. At this point, and at this stage of the convivial cheer, they bring in the charge at Balaklava, and other evidences that the noble sport, which is the glory of old England, breeds a race of men whose invincible daring always has won and always shall win her honor in the field; — and Long live the Queen, and Here's a health to the Handley Cross Hunt, and Confusion to the mean and niggardly spirit that is filling the country with wire fences and that would do away with the noble sport which is the glory of old England! Hear! hear!! And so it ends, and half the company, in velvet caps, scarlet coats, leathers and top-boots, will be early on the ground at the first meet of the next autumn, glad to see their old cover-side friends once more, and hoping for a jolly winter of such healthful amusements and pleasant intercourse as shall put into their heads and their hearts and into their hearty frames and ruddy faces a tenfold compensation for the trifling loss they may sustain in the way of broken gates and trampled fields.

I saw too little to be able to form a fair opinion as to the harm done; but when once the run commences no more account is made of what is carefully avoided when going at a slow pace, than if it were so much sawdust; fences are torn down, and there is no time to replace them; if gates

are locked, they are taken off the hinges or broken; if sheep join the crowd in an enclosure and follow them into the road, no one stops to see that they are returned: we are after the hounds, and sheep must take care of themselves. I saw one farmer, in an excited manner, open the gates of his kitchen-garden and turn the hounds and twenty horsemen through it as the shortest way to where he had seen the fox go; his womenfolk eagerly calling "Tally-ho!" to others who were going wrong. I have never seen a railroad train stopped because of the conductor's interest in a passing hunt, but I fancy that is the only thing in England that does not stop when the all-absorbing interest is once awakened.

Whatever may be the effect on material interests, the benefit of this eager, vigorous, outdoor life on the health and morals of the people is most unmistakable. Such a race of handsome, hale, straight-limbed, honest, and simple-hearted men can nowhere else be found as in the wide class that passes as much of every winter as is possible in regular fox-hunting; and to make an application of their example, we could well afford to give over many of our fertile fields to ruthless destruction, and many of our fertile hours to the most senseless sport, if it would only replace our dyspeptic stomachs, sallow cheeks, stooping shoulders, and restless eagerness with the hale and hearty and easy-going life and energy of our English cousins. Hardly enough women hunt in England to constitute an example; but those who do are such models of health and freshness as to make one wish that more women had the benefit of the amusement both there and here. It is very common to see men of over sixty following the hounds in the very *élite* of the field; they seem still in the vigor of youth. At seventy many are yet regular at their work; and it is hardly remarkable when one finally hangs up his red coat only at the age of eighty. Considering all this, it almost becomes a question whether, patriotism to the contrary notwithstanding, it would not be a good thing for a prosperous American, instead of settling down at the age of forty-five to

a special partnership and a painful digestion, to take a smaller income where it would bring more comfort, and by a judicious application of the pig-skin to rehabilitate his enfeebled alimentation.

Fox-hunting is a costly luxury if one goes well mounted and well appointed. It can hardly be made cheap, even when one lives in his own house and rides his own horses. With hotel bills and horse-hire, it costs still more. As an occasional indulgence it is always a good investment. My own score at the Haycock was as follows, — by way of illustration, and because actual figures are worth more than estimates. (I was there from Thursday afternoon until Sunday morning, went out with a shooting-party on Friday, dined out on Friday night, and hunted on Saturday.)

THE HAYCOCK INN.

	£	s.	d.
Jan. 2. Dinner and wine,	10	6	
Bed and fire,	3	6	
" 3. Breakfast,	2	6	
Apartments,* bed and fire,	5	0	
Attendance,†	1	6	
" 4. Breakfast,	2	6	
Dinner and wine,	10	6	
Apartments, bed and fire,	5	6	
Attendance,	1	6	
" 5. Breakfast,	2	6	

STABLE.

Conveying luggage from station,	2	6
Dog-cart to Sharks Lodge,	10	6
" " Oundle,	12	6
" " Peterborough,	8	0

THOMAS PERCIVAL.

	£	s.	d.
Jan. 4. Hire of hunter to Barnwell,	4	4	0
" hack " "	10	6	

Eight pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence; which being interpreted means \$ 47.30 in the lawful currency of the United States. The hunter and hack for one day cost \$ 23.52.

An American friend, living with his family in Leamington (much more cheaply than he could live at home), kept two hunters and a hack, and hunted them twice a week for the whole season (nearly six months) at a cost, including the loss on his horses, which he sold in the

* The run of the house.

† We are apt to consider this a petty swindle, but it has the advantage that you get what you pay for.

spring, of less than \$1,500. I think this is below the average expense.

The cost of keeping up a pack of hounds is very heavy. The hounds themselves, a well-paid huntsman, two or three whippers-in, two horses a day for each of these attendants (hunting four days a week, this would probably require four horses for each man), and no end of incidental expenses, bring the cost to fully \$20,000 per annum. This is sometimes paid wholly or in part by subscription and sometimes entirely by the Master of the Hounds. One item of my friend's expenses at Leamington was a subscription of ten guineas each to Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Atherstone, and Pytchley hunts. Something of this sort would be necessary if one hunted for any considerable time with any subscription pack, but an occasional visitor is not expected to contribute.

A stranger participating in the sport need only be guided by common modesty and common-sense. However good a horseman he may be, he cannot make a sensation among the old stagers of the hunting-field. Probably he will get no commendation of any sort. If he does, it will be for keeping out of the way of others, — taking always the easiest and safest road that will bring him well up with the hounds, not flinching when a desperate leap must be taken, and following (at a respectful distance) a good leader, rather than trying to take the lead himself. However promising the prospect may be, he had better not do anything on his own hook; if he makes a conspicuous mistake, he will probably be corrected for it in plainer English than it is pleasant to hear.

One of the memorable days of my life was the day before New-Year's. Ford had secured me a capital hunter, a well-clipped gelding, over sixteen hands high, glossy, lean, and wiry as a racer. "You've got a rare mount to-day, sir," said the groom as he held him for me to get up; and a rare dismount I came near having in the little measure of capacity with which Master Dick and I commenced our acquaintance, before we left the Regent. He was one of those horses whose spirits

are just a little too much for their skins, and all the way out he kept up a restless questioning of his prospect of having his own way. Still he was in all this, as in his manner of doing his work when he got in the open country, such a perfect counterpart of old Max, who had carried me for two years in the Southwest, that I was at home at once. If I had had a hunter made to order, I could not have been more perfectly suited.

The meet (North Warwickshire) was at Cubbington Gate, only two miles from Leamington, and a very gay meet it was. The road was filled with carriages, and there was a goodly rabble on foot. About three hundred, in every variety of dress, were mounted for the hunt, a dozen or so ladies among them. Three of these kept well up all day, and one of them rode very straight. The hounds were taken to a wood about a mile to the eastward of Cubbington, where they soon found a fox, which led us a very straight course to Princethorpe, about three miles to the northeast.

I had done little fencing for seven or eight years, and the sort of propulsion one gets in being carried over a hedge is sufficiently different from the ordinary impulses of civil life to suggest at first the element of surprise. Consequently, though our initial leap was a modest one, I landed with only one foot in the stirrup and with one hand in the mane; but now I saw that Dick was but another name for Max, and this one moderate failure was enough to recall the old tricks of the craft. As the opportunity would perhaps never come again, this one was not to be neglected, and I resolved to have one fair inside view of real fox-hunting. Dick was clearly as good a horse as was out that day; the leaping was less than that to which we were used among the worm fences, fallen timber, and gullies of Arkansas and Tennessee; and there was but a plain Anglo-Saxon name for the only motive that could deter me from making the most of the occasion. Mr. Lunt, the Master of the Hounds, was not better mounted for his lighter weight than was I for my fourteen stone; and his position as well as his look indicated that he would probably

go by the nearest practicable route to where the fox might lead, so we kept at a safe distance behind him and well in his wake. The hesitation and uncertainty which had at first confused my bridle hand being removed, my horse, recognizing the changed position of affairs, settled down to his work like a well-trained and sensible but eager beast as he was. From the covert to Princethorpe we took seven fences and some small ditches, and we got there with the first half-dozen of the field, both of us in higher spirits than horse and rider ever get except by dint of hard going and successful fencing.

Here there was a short check, but the fox was soon routed out again and made for Waveley Wood, a couple of miles to the northwest.

Waveley Wood is what is called in England a "biggish bit of timber," and the check here was long enough to allow the whole field to come up. As we sat chatting and lighting our cigars, "Tally ho!" was called from the other side of the cover, and we splashed through a muddy cart-road and out into the open just as the hounds were well away. Now was a ride for dear life. Every one had on all the speed the heavy ground would allow. In front of us was a "bullfinch" (a neglected hedge, out of which strong thorny shoots of several years' growth have run up ten or twelve feet above it). I had often heard of bullfinches, and no hunting experience could be complete without taking one. It was some distance around by the gate, the pace was strong, and the spiney fringe had just closed behind Mr. Lunt's red coat as he dropped into the field beyond. "Follow my leader" is a game that must be boldly played; so, settling my hat well down, holding my bridle-hand low, and covering my closed eyes with my right elbow, with the whip-hand over the left shoulder, I put my heart in my pocket and went at it, and through it with a crash! An ugly scratch on the fleshy part of the right hand was the only damage done, and I was one of the very few near the pack. Dick and I were now up to anything; we made very light of a thick tall hedge that came next in order, and we cleared it like a bird; but we

landed in a pool of standing water, covering deeply ploughed ground, the horse's fore-feet sinking so deeply that he could not get them out in time, and our headway rolled us both over in the mud, I flat on my back. Dick got up just in time for his pastern to strike me in the face as I was rising, giving me a cut lip, a mouthful of blood, and a black and blue nose-bridge. My appearance has, on occasions, been more respectable and my temper more serene than as I ran, soiled and bleeding, over the ploughed ground, calling to some workmen to "catch my horse."

I was soon up and away again. There seemed some confusion in the run, and the master being out of sight, I followed one of the whips as he struck into a blind path in a wood. It was a tangled mass of briers, but he went in at full pace, and evidently there was no time to be lost. At the other side of the copse there was a set of low bars, and beyond this a small, slimy ditch. My leader cleared the bars, but his horse's hind feet slipped on the bank of the ditch, and he fell backwards with an ugly kind of sprawl that I had no time to examine, for Dick took the leap easily and soon brought me into a field where, on a little hillock, and quite alone, stood the huntsman, dismounted, holding the dead fox high in his left hand, while with his long-leashed hunting-crop he kept the hungry and howling pack at bay. The master soon came up, as did about a dozen others, including a bright little boy on a light little pony. The fox's head (mask), tail (brush), and feet (pads) were now cut off and distributed as trophies under the master's direction. The carcass was then thrown to the pack, that fought and snarled over it until, in a twinkling, the last morsel had disappeared. This was the "death," — by no means the most engaging part of the amusement. From the find to the killing was only twenty-five minutes, into which had been crowded more excitement and more physical happiness than I had known for many a long day.

The second cover drawn was not far away. With this fox we had two hours' work, mainly through woods at a walk

and with the hounds frequently at fault, but with some good leaping. Finally he was run to earth and abandoned.

We then went to a cover near Bubbenhall, but found no fox, and then, with the same luck, to another east of Baggington. It was now nearly four o'clock, growing dusk, and beginning to rain. The hounds started for their kennels, and Dick and I took a soft bridle-path skirt-

ing the charming road that leads, under such ivy-clad tree-trunks and between such hedges as no other land can show, through Stoneleigh Village and past Stoneleigh Abbey to Leamington, and a well-earned rest.

My memorandum for that day closes: "Horse, £5 2s. 6d.; Fees, 2s.; and well worth the money."

George E. Waring.

THE TWO HOMES.

My home was seated high and fair,
 Upon a mountain's side;
 The day was longest, brightest there;
 Beneath, the world was wide.
 Across its blue, embracing zone
 The rivers gleamed, the cities shone,
 And over the edge of the fading rim
 I saw the storms in the distance dim,
 And the flash of the soundless thunder.

But weary grew the sharp, cold wine
 Of winds that never kissed,
 The changeless green of fir and pine,
 The gray and clinging mist.
 Above the granite sprang no bowers;
 The soil gave low and scentless flowers;
 And the drone and din of the waterfall
 Became a challenge, a taunting call:
 "'Tis fair, 'tis fair in the valley!"

Of all the homesteads deep and far
 My fancy clung to one,
 Whose gable burned, a mellow star,
 Touched by the sinking sun.
 Unseen around, but not unguessed,
 The orchards made a leafy nest;
 The turf before it was thick, I knew,
 And bees were busy the garden through,
 And the windows were dark with roses.

"'Tis happier there, below," I sighed:
 The world is warm and near,
 And closer love and comfort hide,
 That cannot reach me here.

Who master is must be so blest
He'll share with me his sheltered nest,
If down to the valley I should go,
Leaving the granite, the pines and snow,
And the winds that are keen as lances."

I wandered down, by ridge and dell;
The way was rough and long:
Though earlier shadows round me fell,
I cheered them with my song.
The world's great circle narrower grew,
Till hedge and thicket hid the blue;
But over the orchards, near at hand,
The gable shone on the quiet land,
And far away was the mountain!

Then came the master: mournful-eyed
And stern of brow was he.
"O, planted in such peace!" I cried,
"Spare but the least to me!"
"Who seeks," he said, "this brooding haze,
The tameness of these weary days?
The highway's dust, the glimmer and heat,
The woods that fetter the young wind's feet,
And hide the world and its beauty?"

He stretched his hand; he looked afar
With eyes of old desire:
I saw my home, a mellow star
That held the sunset's fire.
"But yonder home," he cried, "how fair!
Its chambers burn like gilded air;
I know that the gardens are wild as dreams,
With the sweep of winds, the dash of streams,
And the pines that sound as an anthem!

"So quiet, so serenely high
It sits, when clouds are furled,
And knows the beauty of the sky,
The glory of the world!
Who there abides must be so blest
He'll share with me that lofty crest,
If up to the mountain I should go,
Leaving the dust and the glare below,
And the weary life of the valley!"

Bayard Taylor.

LIDA ANN.

AN ADIRONDACK SKETCH.

It was seven o'clock P. M. at the little red brick church out on the main road, and it was in the heart of an Adirondack winter. A bell, composed of a cheap patent mixture of pig-iron, pot-metal, and lead, was sending forth its dismal metallic clangor into the dark, sleety, biting evening air. The frosted panes of the church-windows were of a dull cheesy complexion, indicating that the tallow dips used for illumination were in full flame.

Sleigh-loads of people were arriving, and by half past seven o'clock three hundred and fifty persons had been deposited at the door. When they had all gone inside, the little structure was densely packed and very warm.

Perhaps the heat aided the excitement of the hour. A spiritual agitation like the surging of a flood was sweeping over the people of the neighborhood, and stirring the remote social life of the locality to its depths. There was to be a sermon. As a preliminary to the sermon, a prayer-circle was formed.

The pastor exhorted his flock in an agitated manner, urging upon them the importance of earnestness in prayer. He declared that he was himself desperate, and did not care what people thought of him, and that, even although they should take him for a lunatic, he had come to the conclusion "to get out of the way and let the blessing come down."

Perhaps there was too much excitement. The brethren of a sister denomination said afterward, that they feared it was excitement only. But the pastor's zeal was great, and he evidently had no apprehension, except that he might fail to arouse his people from their lethargy. His words brought out in response a tall, spare man, who began praying in a vehement tone of voice. He continued to pray. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and still he prayed; and as he went on he increased in power.

There seemed not the slightest probability of his ceasing, because he reached new and more exciting themes at every step of his advance. There was a little brief whispering near the pastor, and then the brethren broke out into a hymn.

The praying brother did not cease his petition; on the contrary, he redoubled his earnestness, alluded to the sentiment of the hymn with provoking aptness and felicity, and exhorted the brethren to sing and shout "glory, glory."

The deacons of the church were finally compelled to take bodily hold of this brother and eject him from the building, as the only possible mode of bringing his protracted devotions to a conclusion. He was passed out into the cold night air, still praying and blessing the brethren, and congratulating himself upon suffering this persecution.

"Crazy Elkins," as the boys called him, or "poor Brother Elkins," as the church people termed him, having been thus disposed of, a hymn was sung, and the pastor apologized for "the excessive zeal, without knowledge, of our poor dear, and perhaps unbalanced, brother." At about this time Mr. Elkins was permitted to return and occupy a seat quietly by the stove.

The pastor announced that the hour for the sermon had arrived. He introduced to the congregation, as an evangelist who had been sent by a guiding Providence to aid them, Elder Hetchel, who was to preach the sermon upon this occasion. The pastor characterized this new-comer as one crying in the wilderness, a young evangelist of great promise.

Elder Hetchel stood up in the pulpit and preached. He was a man of reddish complexion and black curling hair. He was not young, as the pastor's words had seemed to imply, but in the meridian of life. His discourse indicated that he was an illiterate person. There was, however,

a coarse magnetism about his presence and speech that to some extent attracted the people.

After the sermon came a solemn hour, when the anxious-seats were filled and weird spiritual songs were sung.

The pastor and Elder Hetchel were not reserved in dealing with the young people upon the anxious-seats. They called them out by name as pointedly as possible before the entire congregation, and exhorted them to rise up and speak, and not to be ashamed of the cause.

Some of the young people *did* rise up and speak, and the prevailing ejaculations were stilled to catch the few faltering words which were uttered by these youths and maidens.

Among the young girls who spoke was little Lida Ann, the daughter of Deacon Fernwell, who was himself engaged with all his heart and soul in the good work.

The neat little figure of Lida Ann caught the eye of Elder Hetchel. She was still a school-girl, and wore short dresses. True she was fifteen, but then she was small of her age. She was so extremely nimble and spry that Logan, a hunter, used to say he could never think of anything but a saucy little red squirrel when he saw her tripping along to school. She was in truth as complete and perfect a mountain daisy as ever bloomed in the chill air of the Northern Adirondacks. Such she was at that evening meeting when Elder Hetchel looked upon her and listened to her little speech.

Lida Ann described her *feelings*, as the custom was, but in a manner more childish than womanly. When she concluded the account of her experience by saying that she never felt "so sentimental before in all her life," there was an amused titter among a few young fellows from Whiskey Hollow who occupied back seats. But the people generally understood that Lida Ann was only a child, and pardoned the mistake of a word; and Elder Hetchel, as Lida Ann sat down, pronounced an "Amen" with so much power and solemnity that it quite hushed the entire congregation. He exhorted the young sister to be faithful, and having once put her hand to the plough not to turn back.

The winter, with its raging storms and evening meetings and wild excitement, had passed away, and the tender wood-violet was springing up in the wilderness solitudes. It was a day of April sunshine, and the sweet, plaintive notes of the first bluebird of the season were heard among the elm-trees in the yard of Farmer Fernwell's home. Elder Hetchel, with his big red face, white necktie, and suit of sombre black, stood beside little Lida Ann in the parlor. She was dressed in a long white silk robe, and had orange-flowers in her hair. Some of Lida Ann's little playmates were there, half scared by the pomposity of the big bridegroom; and a few elderly staid church people were there also.

The Elder and little Lida Ann were married by a justice of the peace, the good pastor having discovered that he had business elsewhere on that particular day. The ceremony was quite imposing. The majestic little ways of the bride, as she endeavored to assume the airs due to that highest of social positions in the country, a minister's wife, were so exceedingly funny that they amused more than they provoked her playmates and friends.

The neighbors declared that "it was a burning shame, so indeed it was, — Lida Ann, the sweet little thing, not yet out of short dresses!"

"The boys," as the men of the locality were termed up to about forty years of age, held their special views of the matter also. Sol Davis said: "As a private opinion, between you and me, it is the wickedest thing ever cloaked over in these 'ere parts. Fernwell is too good to live in this world, but he no need to be a complete fool if he *is* so good. He no need to be so afraid of that air elder. May I be cat-a-wam-pussed if he won't swaller all the soap that old coot is a mind to give him!"

And so with much gossip Lida Ann's wedding and the honeymoon were over and gone. The June roses bloomed and July fervors came, and August sultriness, and still Elder Hetchel remained a fixture at the home of Farmer Fernwell. He apparently enjoyed life at the house of his father-in-law; and it seemed never

to have entered his mind that he was not entitled to remain there as long as he chose.

Elder Hetchel possessed one great talent, — the talent for maintaining a masterly inactivity of body. While Farmer Fernwell toiled in the field throughout the summer, the Elder stuck it out in black clothes and white choker in the parlor. His ministerial dignity and sanctity were neither compromised by too great familiarity with common things, nor contaminated by worldly pursuits. Through all the heated term he remained the same fearful object, a sombre column clad in heavy sables.

In the mean time little Lida Ann was as nimble and squirrel-like as of yore, running here and there and everywhere, vibrating in her manners between the pretty, childish ways which nature taught her and a sham dignity, which greatly amused her friends whenever she assumed it.

When the summer was over and gone, and the leaves had ripened to scarlet and yellow, and the Elder still incubated, the thing became very tedious to the father-in-law, the more so as the Elder was less popular now than in the exciting times when he had made his advent among the people. The polite practice of inviting this sensational evangelist into the pulpit to sit with the pastor on Sundays had somehow fallen into disuse of late. Perhaps this neglect was because the people thought the Elder's way a little unhappy. The Elder *had* a way in conference-meeting of curiously watching the proceedings with his eyes half closed, and a smiling expression of countenance; then, when the favorable moment came, he would suddenly spring to his feet and pronounce a few emotional words, with a great gush of tears that quite washed some of the brethren and sisters off their feet, at the first trial of it. There was sobbing all over the house. After the thing had been repeated several times, however, and there had been two or three sad attempts to imitate it, resulting in great discomfort to all concerned, it was generally voted a humbug; and when the Elder tried it again, those present resisted. It may have been this experi-

ence that led the people to speak of the Elder's style as "wishwasy."

However it was, Elder Hetchel was no longer in demand anywhere. They did not need him at the brick church, nor at the Sand Creek Road, nor down at The Bush. His only visible occupation, aside from incubating, consisted in leading the family devotions at the farm-house. This inactivity was galling to the farmer and his wife. They kept no "help," but, after the manner of this primitive region, performed with their own hands the services of their household. It was not agreeable to them to take care of this idle man thus billeted upon them by his religious tenderness and his sacred black clothes.

As winter came on again, and the Elder remained lethargic, the farmer ventured to expostulate with his son-in-law, and proposed to him a change in the domestic programme, involving another home for the Elder and his wife. The son-in-law was, of course, in tears about it immediately, and proposed to pray with the farmer upon the subject. He explained, moreover, that he had now prepared the arrows in his quiver, and expected a call. He was even then, he said, "in a state of dubiety" whether to rush forth and blow the trumpet of Zion unbidden, drawing the bow at a venture down at Skid Hollow, or to delay until he should be invited into the vineyard to labor.

It was soon midwinter, but the Elder still remained inactive as ever at the farm-house. The father-in-law's modest hints had grown into a demand that the Elder should leave, and the Elder's pathos upon the subject bade fair to become a fixed and settled melancholy.

The neighborhood, as a rule, sided with the farmer and his wife against the son-in-law. It was said by the sober-minded church people, that the Elder was acting the part of a sponge; but there were *some* who still believed in him. The young men, however, uniformly insisted that the Elder had no right to live upon Farmer Fernwell. About a dozen of them went so far, upon one cold evening in February, as to inveigle the evangelist into the school-house, upon pretence of important business, and then and there

gave him a free lecture upon the general subject of his duty as a husband and son-in-law, and citizen in that community. A quartet of the young men, profanely styling themselves "The Holy Roarers," interspersed the lecture with songs disrespectful to the Elder. Finally, warning was given to the Elder that he must speedily provide a home for his wife or leave town.

The persecuted man saw fit to leave town soon after this affair. The manner of his going seemed needlessly abrupt. He was incensed and at times peevish and irritable during the three days intervening between the school-house lecture and his departure. He intimated that some of the people of that cold region were likely to go to a warmer country, and pensively alluded to the fate of the cities of the plain. He finally left for parts unknown, very early on Monday morning, and apparently in a pet. Every one thought that he might at least have told his wife where he was going and what he intended to do.

The weeks went by, and it became evident that the Elder had "gone for good." The people generally accepted his departure quietly and gratefully; but a few insisted that a good man had shaken off the dust of his feet against the town. Little Lida Ann was as gay and happy as ever. She still maintained at times in her own childish way the dignity of a minister's wife.

Six months rolled away, and Elder Hetchel was a memory only, unheard of and uncared for. Then came a letter to Farmer Fernwell from his son-in-law. The son-in-law proposed in his letter to return to his wife and home in the beautiful and touching character of the prodigal son; and he expressed the hope and expectation that his "deer father would kil the fated caf," and make other preparations for welcome which he specified. The "deer father" did not see it in that light, but he prepared to meet his daughter's husband and to treat him as the circumstances required.

The prodigal came through the gloaming just as a sultry August day was cooling down into a delicious summer night.

He came mounted upon a fine white Canadian charger. Having secured his steed, he entered the house. He was changed somewhat in appearance. His flashy vest and large watch-seal were conspicuous. His own greeting was enthusiastic, but he was repelled by measured terms of speech and coldness of demeanor. His consternation and grief speedily reduced him to a condition of gushing tenderness. It was really trying to see a man cry so much. His tears were not merely copious, they were a vast tidal wave sweeping over his existence, and trickling down upon the hard, unsympathizing kitchen floor. Mrs. Fernwell expressed the apprehension that the Elder would be completely dissolved, so that Lida Ann would have nothing left for a husband except a few pailsful of sweetened water.

The Elder's pathos finally triumphed. He was again received into favor and welcomed home. His return was speedily made known throughout the neighborhood. On the next sabbath, when he appeared at the brick church, he was greeted with some show of kindness. He was permitted to remain in the town without molestation.

It is not pleasant to record the fact that, by slow degrees and painfully, Lida Ann's husband settled down into a shoemaker. Hard pressed by his father-in-law to do *something*, he acknowledged to a lifelong familiarity with lasts and leather and the cobbler's trade. After some hesitation and questioning as to what the neighbors would think, a room was set apart for his shop at the farm-house, and tools and leather were procured for him. He proved a skillful workman. His first triumph was a pair of high morocco shoes for Lida Ann. They were noticed a good deal because they were the Elder's work. They were pronounced by the ladies worthy of that superlative feminine adjective "splendid." A friend of Lida Ann's required a pair immediately, and soon the Elder had all the orders he could take care of.

The neighbors generously overlooked the evangelist's decline from public honors. They respected his skill and indus-

try. Farmer Fernwell also had the kindness and good sense to commend his son-in-law heartily for his labor. But Mrs. Fernwell and Lida Ann were not at all enthusiastic upon the subject. It was the coming down from a minister's wife to a shoemaker's that was humiliating. The Daisy had married not so much Mr. Hetchel as "the Elder."

Three years rolled away. Life at the farm-house was cool, calm, and homelike, with the variety which country residence and alternating seasons give. The tap-tap of the Elder's hammer in the little shop-room up stairs had become a very familiar sound. A pair of little feet, too, were just beginning upon the farm-house floor a tap-tap, which as time progressed would become an immense series, constituting the weary march of another life. The Elder was recognized now as a settled-down citizen with a wife and a bright little child recently christened with the name of Ruth. His character had come to be pretty well understood by his neighbors. He was found to be sentimental and "swashy," but otherwise a reasonable creature and good-hearted. It was necessary to look out for him at prayer-meetings and other gatherings for religious worship. He was always contriving a sensational trap to catch the brethren and sisters, and produce a religious crying-spell.

A new and startling sensation came to the neighborhood. *The spirits* invaded this remote and bleak region. It was at the beginning of a rigorous winter. Most of the church people piously hoped and expected that the spirits would be frozen out. But "the medium" was unfortunately a *native*, returning from a visit to a milder climate, and, bringing the spirits home with him, he succeeded in rendering them so comfortable that they remained.

Elder Hetchel "took to the spirits." He spent many evenings at the houses where the circle gathered, and was a zealous and influential disciple. He could not have table-tippings openly at his father-in-law's house, for Deacon Fernwell stoutly declared that he would have no such nonsense upon his premises; but the

Elder was suspected of practising alone slyly in his shop-room when he ought to have been pegging shoes. He often pleaded with his father-in-law and mother-in-law not to grieve and neglect "the dear, *dear* spirits," and he quite broke down with sobbing and tears when they finally laughed at him. He went up to his little shop-room, crushed, crying, and subdued, like a little boy who is whipped and abused at school. Mrs. Fernwell's motherly heart smote her when she saw this, and she went up after him and comforted him. The Elder was really proud of this. He told one of "the boys" (a goat in disguise) in a circle afterward, how he had "fetched the old lady," and he recommended it as a thing worth trying.

Lida Ann was between two fires. Her husband praised the spirits, and her father condemned them. To gratify her curiosity, she attended a table-tipping with her husband. From that time Lida Ann also took to the spirits. Her attention was strongly drawn to the doctrine of spiritual affinities, as it was expounded by a spiritualistic preacher who visited the new field to encourage the converts. She had grown towards a woman's estate since she became a wife, and her woman's heart was rebellious in regard to its belongings. It speedily became apparent in the circle that the Elder's little girl of a wife was particularly great upon the doctrine of affinities. It was no secret that "the dear, sweet angels were smiling upon the affinity of the souls of Sister Hetchel and Brother Skitchpin." This Skitchpin was the foreign preacher. He was very young, and, if a certain vacant expression was not felt, he was handsome. He had long curls carefully oiled and twisted into corkscrews, and an expression in his eloquent moments that seemed to the circle seraphic.

Lida Ann would have been shocked at any immorality, but there was something about "the twining of the blushing red rose with the golden bells of the lily" as described by Skitchpin that fixed the doctrine of spiritual affinities as firmly upon her young heart as if it had been fastened there by an adhesive plaster. It should be remembered that Lida Ann was only about twenty years of age, and the ro-

mance of her nature was drawing towards its prime.

It was a day of consternation and surprise when suddenly Lida Ann and the Rev. Skitchpin were found to be *missing*. The occurrence fell with a painful shock upon all the people. They had "such confidence in Lida Ann!" Logan stood up for her fiercely even yet. "No business to have married her to her great-grandfather if they did n't want her to cut up," he would say.

Ten days of suspense and great sorrow were passed at the farm-house. Then came a letter: it was signed by Slick and Spavin, attorneys, dating from Chicago. They "begged to inform Hezekiah Fernwell, Esq., that, as per previous arrangement, Rev. A. Z. Skitchpin had arrived on Friday last, and the previous affidavits of residence, etc., having been satisfactory, there was no delay in obtaining the divorce, and the couple were married on Saturday, and this letter sent as per request of the same." They enclosed with the letter a printed circular asking for patronage, and intimating that they had *peculiar* facilities for procuring divorces upon the *shortest* notice that could be desired.

This letter was a relief. Soon a letter came from Lida Ann to her mother. It was a curious mixture of romance, love, and wonder. It was apparent that the Daisy, who had never before slept away from her own father's roof-tree, and had always believed in the red brick church as paramount in architecture, was transported, dazed, and bewildered at sight of the great world.

Her elation at the fact that she would be "a minister's wife, after all, dear mother," would have been funny and childish if it had not been so sad.

Life at the farm-house after this was mournful and lonely. Three long, weary years and six months passed away, as slowly as time usually passes in lonely homes. Farmer Fernwell and his wife were becoming very gray. People were sorry for them, and they pitied the Elder, who continued to make shoes. Elder Hetchel was more sad and sober, and much less tearful and "swashy," than in former

times. The boys said that the Elder was becoming "more elderly" every day. In all this time they heard nothing from the Daisy. Summers and winters came and went, and it was now summer again.

It was a very warm July evening, just like that when, seven years before, the Elder with his Canadian charger had played his little farce of the returning prodigal. The sharp yip-yip, and at intervals the brassy whirring jar, of a night-hawk high up in the dark air, out over the meadow, broke the stillness of the hour. The trio that now sat at the farm-house door enjoying the descending coolness and fragrance of the summer night had taken deeply to heart life's lessons of sorrow, and they were patient and forgiving towards each other. Little Ruthie was tucked away, fast asleep. It was quiet all through the house, except the ticking of the clock and the chirp of a cricket.

"I think it was wrong for me to marry her though; arter all," said the Elder, with a sigh.

"No, it was not all your fault, Elder, you must not say that; and I think she loved you," said Mrs. Fernwell, kindly.

It was a familiar theme with the trio. "There comes lame Libby," said Farmer Fernwell, peering out toward the road.

The latch of the door-yard gate clicked, and the form of a woman, limping and unsteady, with a little bundle in her hand, was dimly seen coming to the door through the evening shadows. Half-way from the gate to the door she hesitated, stopped and stood crying, and then sank down.

"O my God, it is Lida Ann!" said Mrs. Fernwell.

It was true. For three bitter years, the poor, deserted, crushed, but proud Daisy had fought the fearful battle which an ignorant, lone, girlish little woman has to fight to hold on even to *life* in the wilderness of a great city. Here she was at last, footsore, sick, emaciated, ashamed, crying, and almost swooning before her own father's door. Her weak battle in a great town had brought her to this.

In a moment the trio got to her. Farmer Fernwell gathered her up in his

arms and sobbed, "Poor child, poor child!" as he carried her tenderly into the house. For a long time she had no word to say, but clung to her father's neck and hid her face upon his shoulder while she wept. The Elder stood sympathizing and trembling near by. A few honest tears trickled down his face, without his seeming to be aware of it. Mrs. Fernwell, after clinging for a while to her husband and her child as they were together, found herself weak and tottering. She had some difficulty in getting the lamps lighted, and when she had succeeded and gained a glimpse of Lida Ann's face, all shrunken and pinched and seamed with sickness and the scars of life's stern warfare, she, for the first time in her quiet career, fainted.

Lida Ann's return was an important item of news in the little neighborhood. The comments of the men revealed, for the most part, a manly generosity in judging of her conduct. The women declared that they would say nothing against Lida Ann; but they were somehow particularly struck with "the noble conduct of the Elder in taking her back so readily." He was really bespattered with feminine praises, and came as near to being generally popular as is possible to a sentimental mountebank recently reformed. A half-dozen or more little incidents, showing the romance and sentiment of his devotion to Lida Ann, were detailed with exquisite relish. He was very much surprised one morning, about a fortnight after Lida Ann's return, at finding in his room upon a table a long white cylindrical object, which proved to be a cane wrapped in white paper. It had a real gold knob for a head, and on it was engraved, "To the Rev. Walter Hetchel." A little card attached to it by a scarlet ribbon informed the Elder that *the ladies* had presented it.

The Elder *did* evince a disposition "to slop over" that morning at breakfast when discussing the cane, and began a premonitory snuffle, after the manner of his preaching days; but a hint from the deacon corrected him, and he restrained himself.

The Elder's second courtship was not very protracted. A little Chicago arrange-

ment was speedily effected, and Mrs. Skitchpin, who had heard nothing from her spiritualistic and slightly rickety husband for about three years, was again, legally, an unmarried woman. A sabbath day about five weeks after her return was fixed upon as the time for the wedding. The people felt that they all had a right to take an interest in a romance that had now become so public, and the wedding was to be at the brick church.

It was a golden day, the first of September; the earth was rich with fruitage, the pulses of the air at rest. At ten o'clock in the morning the little wedding party left the house, and started on foot for the church. The Elder, with a glossy black coat and white waistcoat, a new beaver and his presentation cane, was a very presentable bridegroom. The little woman beside him in a muslin dress was hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed. Little Ruthie, after a childish protest of more than a week, had learned to call the little woman "mamma," and now clung lovingly to her hand, and prattled and trotted along at her side.

Farmer Fernwell and his wife came close on behind. The group of five trod the little dusty highway so familiar to their feet. In the bright sunshine through the crystal air, as they walked to church, they saw with familiar eyes to the northward the declivity of the mountains, — a vast descending wooded plain, stretching downward to the great St. Lawrence Valley, and still beyond a dim horizon vanishing away at a measureless distance into the sky. Lida Ann, having seen this from a child, had never noticed it before; but now its surpassing grandeur amazed and thrilled her.

At the church there was first the usual sabbath sermon, by the pastor, and then the marriage ceremony.

Lida Ann had been secluded since her return. Few of the people had seen her. After the formal words were said, and the Elder and Lida Ann were man and wife again, and the pastor had dismissed the congregation, the kind, simple-hearted women gathered around to welcome and kiss the bride; some of "the boys" too lingered to speak a good word to the Daisy. There

were many tears. They could hardly recognize at first "little Lida" in the stern eyes and pallid face that would not flinch nor quiver. But human hearts are wondrous kind in rustic bosoms. The mothers in Israel saw how it was. Good Mother Marshton took the little bride right into her kind arms, whether the

Daisy would permit it or not, and cried over her as resolutely as though she had been at home in her own kitchen. This was hard to resist. Lida Ann's bosom began to heave painfully, the frost softened and trickled down upon the wan face, and soon the fountains were opened and she was a child again.

P. Deming.

CHANGED.

FAIR is the night, ay, fair and deep;
 The moonlight drowns the vale;
 My eyes are heavy, but not with sleep,
 And the night-moth droops her sail.

There's not so much as the breath of a breeze;
 The stars are ghostly and few;
 And out in the cold and motionless trees
 I hear the drip o' the dew.

But the haunting shadows are never still,
 They wander all night alone,
 And the sleepless insects drone and shrill
 In a lonely monotone.

Ah! long ago was a summer night
 Like this, — and yet other far,
 For the moonlight flowed, and the air hung light,
 And happy was every star;

The dew, that night, was a blissful balm,
 And seemed on my heart to fall;
 The calm was an overflowing calm,
 And love was the life of all.

Then piping choirs shrilled high, as now;
 But hushed is the sylvan flute
 Of the nightingale that dreamed on the bough;
 And a tenderer music is mute.

'T is the same save that, and yet all is strange,
 As the soul of the night were fled;
 Yes, I look and look, but can see no change,
 Except that my world is dead.

Louisa Bushnell.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

I.

"Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." — TOUCHSTONE.

Two comrades and travellers, who sought a better country than the United States in the month of August, found themselves one evening in apparent possession of the ancient town of Boston.

The shops were closed at early candle-light; the fashionable inhabitants had retired into the country, or into the second-story-back of their princely residences, and even an air of tender gloom settled upon the Common. The streets were almost empty, and one passed into the burnt district, where the scarred ruins and the uplifting piles of new brick and stone spread abroad under the flooding light of a full moon like another Pompeii, without any increase in his feeling of tranquil seclusion. Even the news-offices had put up their shutters, and a confiding stranger could nowhere buy a guide-book to help his wandering feet about the reposeful city, or to show him how to get out of it. There was, to be sure, a cheerful tinkle of horse-car bells in the air, and in the creeping vehicles which created this levity of sound were a few lonesome passengers on their way to Scollay's Square; but the two travellers, not having well-regulated minds, had no desire to go there. What would have become of Boston if the great fire had reached this sacred point of pilgrimage no merely human mind can imagine. Without it, I suppose the horse-cars would go continually round and round, never stopping, until the cars fell away piecemeal on the track, and the horses collapsed into a mere mass of bones and harness, and the brown-covered books from the Public Library, in the hands of the fading virgins who carried them, had accumulated fines to an incalculable amount.

Boston, notwithstanding its partial de-

struction by fire, is still a good place to start from. When one meditates an excursion into an unknown and perhaps perilous land, where the flag will not protect him and the greenback will only partially support him, he likes to steady and tranquillize his mind by a peaceful halt and a serene start. So we — for the intelligent reader has already identified us with the two travellers — resolved to spend the last night, before beginning our journey, in the quiet of a Boston hotel. Some people go into the country for quiet: we knew better. The country is no place for sleep. The general absence of sound which prevails at night is only a sort of background which brings out more vividly the special and unexpected disturbances which are suddenly sprung upon the restless listener. There are a thousand pokerish noises that no one can account for, which excite the nerves to acute watchfulness. It is still early, and one is beginning to be lulled by the frogs and the crickets, when the faint rattle of a drum is heard, — just a few preliminary taps. But the soul takes alarm, and well it may, for a roll follows, and then a rub-a-dub-dub, and the farmer's boy who is handling the sticks and pounding the distended skin in a neighboring horse-shed begins to pour out his patriotism in that unending repetition of rub-a-dub-dub which is supposed to represent love of country in the young. When the boy is tired out and quits the field, the faithful watch-dog opens out upon the stilly night. He is the guardian of his master's slumbers. The howls of the faithful creature are answered by barks and yelps from all the farm-houses for a mile around, and exceedingly poor barking it usually is, until all the serenity of the night is torn to shreds. This is, however, only the opening of the orchestra. The cocks wake up if there is the faintest moonshine and begin an antiphonal service between responsive barn-yards. It is not the clear clarion of chanticler that is

heard in the morn of English poetry, but a harsh chorus of cracked voices, hoarse and abortive attempts, squawks of young experimenters, and some indescribable thing besides, for I believe even the hens crow in these days. Distracting as all this is, however, happy is the man who does not hear a goat lamenting in the night. The goat is the most exasperating of the animal creation. He cries like a deserted baby, but he does not do it with any regularity. One can accustom himself to any expression of suffering that is regular. The annoyance of the goat is in the dreadful waiting for the uncertain sound of the next wavering bleat. It is the fearful expectation of that, mingled with the faint hope that the last was the last, that aggravates the tossing listener until he has murder in his heart. He longs for daylight, hoping that the voices of the night will then cease, and that sleep will come with the blessed morning. But he has forgotten the birds, who at the first streak of gray in the east have assembled in the trees near his chamber-window, and keep up for an hour the most rasping dissonance, — an orchestra in which each artist is tuning his instrument, setting it in a different key and to play a different tune: each bird recalls a different tune, and none sings Annie Laurie, — to pervert Bayard Taylor's song.

Give us the quiet of a city on the night before a journey. As we mounted skyward in our hotel, and went to bed in a serene altitude, we congratulated ourselves upon a reposeful night. It began well. But as we sank into the first doze, we were startled by a sudden crash. Was it an earthquake, or another fire? Were the neighboring buildings all tumbling in upon us, or had a bomb fallen into the neighboring crockery-store? It was the suddenness of the onset that startled us, for we soon perceived that it began with the clash of cymbals, the pounding of drums, and the blaring of dreadful brass. It was somebody's idea of music. It opened without warning. The men composing the band of brass must have stolen silently into the alley about the sleeping hotel, and burst into the clamor of a rattling quickstep, on pur-

pose. The horrible sound thus suddenly let loose had no chance of escape; it bounded back from wall to wall, like the clapping of boards in a tunnel, rattling windows and stunning all ears, in a vain attempt to get out over the roofs. But such music does not go up. What could have been the intention of this assault we could not conjecture. It was a time of profound peace through the country; we had ordered no spontaneous serenade, if it was a serenade. Perhaps the Boston bands have that habit of going into an alley and disciplining their nerves by letting out a tune too big for the alley, and taking the shock of its reverberation. It may be well enough for the band, but many a poor sinner in the hotel that night must have thought the judgment-day had sprung upon him. Perhaps the band had some remorse, for by and by it leaked out of the alley, in humble, apologetic retreat, as if somebody had thrown something at it from the sixth-story window, softly breathing as it retired the notes of Fair Harvard.

The band had scarcely departed for some other haunt of slumber and weariness, when the notes of singing floated up that prolific alley, like the sweet tenor voice of one bewailing the prohibitory movement; and for an hour or more a succession of young bacchanals, who were evidently wandering about in search of the Maine Law, lifted up their voices in song. Boston seems to be full of good singers; but they will ruin their voices by this night exercise, and so the city will cease to be attractive to travellers who would like to sleep there. But this entertainment did not last the night out. It stopped just before the hotel porter began to come around to rouse the travellers who had said the night before that they wanted to be awakened. In all well-regulated hotels this process begins at two o'clock and keeps up till seven. If the porter is at all faithful, he wakes up everybody in the house; if he is a shirk, he only rouses the wrong people. We treated the pounding of the porter on our door with silent contempt. At the next door he had better luck. Pound, pound. An angry voice, "What do you want?"

"Time to take the train, sir."

"Not going to take any train."

"Ain't your name Smith?"

"Yes."

"Well, Smith —"

"I left no order to be called." (Indistinct grumbling from Smith's room.)

Porter is heard shuffling slowly off down the passage. In a little while he returns to Smith's door, evidently not satisfied in his mind. Rap, rap, rap!

"Well, what now?"

"What 's your initials?"

"A. T.; clear out!"

And the porter shambles away again in his slippers, grumbling something about a mistake. The idea of waking a man up in the middle of the night to ask him his "initials" was ridiculous enough to banish sleep for another hour. A person named Smith, when he travels, should leave his initials outside the door with his boots.

Refreshed by this reposeful night, and eager to exchange the stagnation of the shore for the tumult of the ocean, we departed next morning for Baddeck by the most direct route. This we found, by diligent study of fascinating prospectuses of travel, to be by the boats of the International Steamship Company; and when, at eight o'clock in the morning, we stepped aboard one of them from Commercial Wharf, we felt that half our journey and the most perplexing part of it was accomplished. We had put ourselves upon a great line of travel, and had only to resign ourselves to its flow in order to reach the desired haven. The agent at the wharf assured us that it was not necessary to buy through tickets to Baddeck, — he spoke of it as if it were as easy a place to find as Swampscott, — it was a conspicuous name on the cards of the company, we should go right on from St. John without difficulty. The easy familiarity of this official with Baddeck, in short, made us ashamed to exhibit any anxiety about its situation or the means of approach to it. Subsequent experience led us to believe that the only man in the world, out of Baddeck, who knew anything about it lives in Boston, and sells tickets to it, or rather towards it.

There is no moment of delight in any

pilgrimage like the beginning of it, when the traveller is settled simply as to his destination, and commits himself to his unknown fate and all the anticipations of adventure before him. We experienced this pleasure as we ascended to the deck of the steamboat and snuffed the fresh air of Boston Harbor. What a beautiful harbor it is, everybody says, with its irregularly indented shores and its islands. Being strangers, we want to know the names of the islands, and to have Fort Warren, which has a national reputation, pointed out. As usual on a steamboat, no one is certain about the names, and the little geographical knowledge we have is soon hopelessly confused. We make out South Boston very plainly: a tourist is looking at its warehouses through his opera-glass, and telling his boy about a recent fire there. We find out afterwards that it was East Boston. We pass to the stern of the boat for a last look at Boston itself; and while there we have the pleasure of showing inquirers the Monument and the State House. We do this with easy familiarity; but where there are so many tall factory chimneys, it is not so easy to point out the Monument as one may think.

The day is simply delicious, when we get away from the unozoned air of the land. The sky is cloudless, and the water sparkles like the top of a glass of champagne. We intend by and by to sit down and look at it for half a day, basking in the sunshine and pleasing ourselves with the shifting and dancing of the waves. Now we are busy running about from side to side to see the islands, Governor's, Castle, Long, Deer, and the others. When, at length, we find Fort Warren, it is not nearly so grim and gloomy as we had expected, and is rather a pleasure-place than a prison in appearance. We are conscious, however, of a patriotic emotion as we pass its green turf and peeping guns. Leaving on our right Lovell's Island and the Great and Outer Brewster, we stand away north along the jagged Massachusetts shore. These outer islands look cold and wind-swept even in summer, and have a hardness of outline which is very far from the aspect of summer isles in summer seas. They

are too low and bare for beauty, and all the coast is of the most retiring and humble description. Nature makes some compensation for this lowness by an eccentricity of indentation which looks very picturesque on the map, and sometimes striking, as where Lynn stretches out a slender arm with knobby Nahant at the end, like a New Zealand war-club. We sit and watch this shore as we glide by with a placid delight. Its curves and low promontories are getting to be speckled with villages and dwellings, like the shores of the Bay of Naples; we see the white spires, the summer cottages of wealth, the brown farm-houses with an occasional orchard, the gleam of a white beach, and now and then the flag of some many-piazzed hotel. The sunlight is the glory of it all; it must have quite another attraction — that of melancholy — under a gray sky and with a lead-colored water foreground.

There is not much on the steamboat to distract our attention from the study of physical geography. All the fashionable travellers had gone on the previous boat or were waiting for the next one. The passengers were mostly people who belonged in the Provinces and had the listless provincial air, with a Boston commercial traveller or two, and a few gentlemen from the republic of Ireland, dressed in their uncomfortable Sunday clothes. If any accident should happen to the boat, it was doubtful if there were persons on board who could draw up and pass the proper resolutions of thanks to the officers. I heard one of these Irish gentlemen, whose satin vest was insufficient to repress the mountainous protuberance of his shirt-bosom, enlightening an admiring friend as to his idiosyncrasies. It appeared that he was that sort of a man that, if a man wanted anything of him, he had only to speak for it "oncet"; and that one of his peculiarities was an instant response of the deltoid muscle to the brain, though he did not express it in that language. He went on to explain to his auditor that he was so constituted physically that whenever he saw a fight, no matter whose property it was, he lost all control of himself. This sort of confi-

dence poured out to a single friend, in a retired place on the guard of the boat, in an unexcited tone, was evidence of the man's simplicity and sincerity. The very act of travelling, I have noticed, seems to open a man's heart, so that he will impart to a chance acquaintance his losses, his discases, his table preferences, his disappointments in love or in politics, and his most secret hopes. One sees everywhere this beautiful human trait, this craving for sympathy. There was the old lady, in the antique bonnet and plain cotton gloves, who got aboard the express train at a way-station on the Connecticut River Road. She wanted to go, let us say, to Peak's Four Corners. It seems that the train did not usually stop there, but it appeared afterwards that the obliging conductor had told her to get aboard and he would let her off at Peak's. When she stepped into the car, in a flustered condition, carrying her large bandbox, she began to ask all the passengers, in turn, if this was the right train, and if it stopped at Peak's. The information she received was various, but the weight of it was discouraging, and some of the passengers urged her to get off without delay, before the train should start. The poor woman got off, and pretty soon came back again, sent by the conductor; but her mind was not settled, for she repeated her questions to every person who passed her seat, and their answers still more discomposed her. "Sit perfectly still," said the conductor, when he came by. "You must get out and wait for a way train," said the passengers, who knew. In this confusion, the train moved off, just as the old lady had about made up her mind to quit the car, when her distraction was completed by the discovery that her hair trunk was not on board. She saw it standing on the open platform, as we passed, and after one look of terror, and a dash at the window, she subsided into her seat, grasping her bandbox, with a vacant look of utter despair. Fate now seemed to have done its worst, and she was resigned to it. I am sure it was no mere curiosity, but a desire to be of service, that led me to approach her and say, "Madam, where are you going?"

"The Lord only knows," was the utterly candid response; but then, forgetting everything in her last misfortune and impelled to a burst of confidence, she began to tell me her troubles. She informed me that her youngest daughter was about to be married, and that all her wedding-clothes and all her summer clothes were in that trunk; and as she said this she gave a glance out of the window as if she hoped it might be following her. What would become of them all now, all brand new, she did not know, nor what would become of her or her daughter. And then she told me, article by article and piece by piece, all that that trunk contained, the very names of which had an unfamiliar sound in a railway-car, and how many sets and pairs there were of each. It seemed to be a relief to the old lady to make public this catalogue which filled all her mind; and there was a pathos in the revelation that I cannot convey in words. And though I am compelled, by way of illustration, to give this incident, no bribery or torture shall ever extract from me a statement of the contents of that hair trunk.

We were now passing Nahant, and we should have seen Longfellow's cottage and the waves beating on the rocks before it, if we had been near enough. As it was, we could only faintly distinguish the headland and note the white beach of Lynn. The fact is, that in travel one is almost as much dependent upon imagination and memory as he is at home. Somehow, we seldom get near enough to anything. The interest of all this coast which we had come to inspect was mainly literary and historical. And no country is of much interest until legends and poetry have draped it in hues that mere nature cannot produce. We looked at Nahant for Longfellow's sake; we strained our eyes to make out Marblehead on account of Whittier's ballad; we scrutinized the entrance to Salem Harbor because a genius once sat in its decaying custom-house and made of it a throne of the imagination. Upon this low shore line, which lies blinking in the midday sun, the waves of history have beaten for two centuries and a half, and romance has had time to grow

there. Out of any of these coves might have sailed Sir Patrick Spens "to Norway, to Norway," —

"They hadna sailed upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
And gurlly grew the sea."

The sea was anything but gurlly now; it lay idle and shining in an August holiday. It seemed as if we could sit all day and watch the suggestive shore and dream about it. But we could not. No man, and few women, can sit all day on those little round penitential stools that the company provide for the discomfort of their passengers. There is no scenery in the world that can be enjoyed from one of those stools. And when the traveller is at sea, with the land falling away in his horizon, and has to create his own scenery by an effort of the imagination, these stools are no assistance to him. The imagination, when one is sitting, will not work unless the back is supported. Besides, it began to be cold; notwithstanding the shiny, specious appearance of things, it was cold, except in a sheltered nook or two where the sun beat. This was nothing to be complained of by persons who had left the parching land in order to get cool. They knew that there would be a wind and a draught everywhere, and that they would be occupied nearly all the time in moving the little stools about to get out of the wind, or out of the sun, or out of something that is inherent in a steamboat. Most people enjoy riding on a steamboat, shaking and trembling and chow-chowing along in pleasant weather out of sight of land; and they do not feel any ennui, as may be inferred from the intense excitement which seizes them when a poor porpoise leaps from the water half a mile away. "Did you see the porpoise?" makes conversation for an hour. On our steamboat there was a man who said he saw a whale, saw him just as plain, off to the east, come up to blow; appeared to be a young one. I wonder where all these men come from who always see a whale. I never was on a sea-steamer yet that there was not one of these men.

We sailed from Boston Harbor straight for Cape Ann, and passed close by the

twin lighthouses of Thacher, so near that we could see the lanterns and the stone gardens, and the young barbarians of Thacher all at play; and then we bore away, straight over the trackless Atlantic, across that part of the map where the title and the publisher's name are usually printed, for the foreign city of St. John. It was after we passed these lighthouses that we did n't see the whale, and began to regret the hard fate that took us away from a view of the Isles of Shoals. I am not tempted to introduce them into this sketch, much as its surface needs their romantic color, for truth is stronger in me than the love of giving a deceitful pleasure. There will be nothing in this record that we did not see, or might not have seen. For instance, it might not be wrong to describe a coast, a town, or an island that we passed while we were performing our morning toilets in our state-rooms. The traveller owes a duty to his readers, and if he is now and then too weary or too indifferent to go out from the cabin to survey a prosperous village where a landing is made, he has no right to cause the reader to suffer by his indolence. He should describe the village.

I had intended to describe the Maine coast, which is as fascinating on the map as that of Norway. We had all the feelings appropriate to nearness to it, but we could n't see it. Before we came abreast of it night had settled down, and there was around us only a gray and melancholy waste of salt water. To be sure it was a lovely night, with a young moon in its sky, —

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arms," —

and we kept an anxious lookout for the Maine hills that push so boldly down into the sea. At length we saw them, — faint, dusky shadows in the horizon, looming up in an ashy color and with a most poetical light. We made out clearly Mt. Desert, and felt repaid for our journey by the sight of this famous island, even at such a distance. I pointed out the hills to the man at the wheel, and asked if we should go any nearer to Mt. Desert.

"Them!" said he, with the merited

contempt which officials in this country have for inquisitive travellers, — "them's Camden Hills. You won't see Mt. Desert till midnight, and then you won't."

One always likes to weave in a little romance with summer travel on a steam-boat; and we came aboard this one with the purpose and the language to do so. But there was an absolute want of material, that would hardly be credited if we went into details. The first meeting of the passengers at the dinner-table revealed it. There is a kind of female plainness which is pathetic, and many persons can truly say that to them it is homelike; and there are vulgarities of manner that are interesting; and there are peculiarities, pleasant or the reverse, which attract one's attention: but there was absolutely nothing of this sort on our boat. The female passengers were all neutrals, incapable, I should say, of making any impression whatever even under the most favorable circumstances. They were probably women of the Provinces, and took their neutral tint from the foggy land they inhabit, which is neither a republic nor a monarchy, but merely a languid expectation of something undefined. My comrade was disposed to resent the dearth of beauty, not only on this vessel but throughout the Provinces generally, — a resentment that could be shown to be unjust, for this was evidently not the season for beauty in these lands, and it was probably a bad year for it. Nor should an American of the United States be forward to set up his standard of taste in such matters; neither in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, nor Cape Breton have I heard the inhabitants complain of the plainness of the women.

On such a night two lovers might have been seen, but not on our boat, leaning over the taffrail, — if that is the name of the fence around the cabin-deck, — looking at the moon in the western sky and the long track of light in the steamer's wake with unutterable tenderness. For the sea was perfectly smooth, so smooth as not to interfere with the most perfect tenderness of feeling; and the vessel forged ahead under the stars of the soft night with an adventurous freedom

that almost concealed the commercial nature of her mission. It seemed — this voyaging through the sparkling water, under the scintillating heavens, this resolute pushing into the opening splendors of night — like a pleasure trip. "It is the witching hour of half past ten," said my comrade, "let us turn in." (The reader will notice the consideration for her feelings which has omitted the usual description of "a sunset at sea.")

When I looked from my state-room window in the morning I saw land. We were passing within a stone's throw of a pale-green and rather cold-looking coast, with few trees or other evidences of fertile soil. Upon going out I found that we were in the harbor of Eastport. I found also the usual tourist who had been up, shivering in his winter overcoat, since four o'clock. He described to me the magnificent sunrise, and the lifting of the fog from islands and capes, in language that made me rejoice that he had seen it. He knew all about the harbor. That wooden town at the foot of it, with the white spire, was Lubec; that wooden town we were approaching was Eastport. The long island stretching clear across the harbor was Campobello. We had been obliged to go round it, a dozen miles out of our way, to get in, because the tide was in such a stage that we could not enter by the Lubec Channel. We had been obliged to enter an American harbor by British waters.

I approached Eastport with a great deal of curiosity and considerable respect. It had been one of the cities of the imagination. Lying in the far east of our great territory, a military and even a sort of naval station, a conspicuous name on the map, prominent in boundary disputes and in war operations, frequent in telegraphic despatches, — I had imagined it a solid city, with some Oriental, if decayed, peculiarity, a port of trade and commerce. The tourist informed me that Eastport looked very well at a distance, with the sun shining on its white houses. When we landed at its wooden dock we saw that it consisted of a few piles of lumber, a sprinkling of small cheap houses along a sidehill, a big hotel with a flag-staff, and a very peaceful-look-

ing arsenal. It is doubtless a very enterprising and deserving city, but its aspect that morning was that of cheapness, newness, and stagnation, with no compensating picturesqueness. White paint always looks chilly under a gray sky and on naked hills. Even in hot August the place seemed bleak. The tourist, who went ashore with a view to breakfast, said that it would be a good place to stay in and go a-fishing and picnicking on Campobello Island. It has another advantage for the wicked over other Maine towns. Owing to the contiguity of British territory, the Maine Law is constantly evaded, in spirit. The thirsty citizen or sailor has only to step into a boat and give it a shove or two across the narrow stream that separates the United States from Deer Island and land, when he can ruin his breath, and return before he is missed.

This might be a cause of war with England, but it is not the most serious grievance here. The possession by the British of the island of Campobello is an insufferable menace and impertinence. I write with the full knowledge of what war is. We ought to instantly dislodge the British from Campobello. It entirely shuts up and commands our harbor, — one of our chief Eastern harbors and war stations, where we keep a flag and cannon and some soldiers, and where the customs officers look out for smuggling. There is no way to get into our own harbor, except in favorable conditions of the tide, without begging the courtesy of a passage through British waters. Why is England permitted to stretch along down our coast in this straggling and inquisitive manner? She might almost as well own Long Island. It was impossible to prevent our cheeks mantling with shame as we thought of this, and saw ourselves, free American citizens, land-locked by alien soil in our own harbor.

We ought to have war, if war is necessary to possess Campobello and Deer Islands; or else we ought to give the British Eastport. I am not sure but the latter would be the better course.

With this war spirit in our hearts, we sailed away into the British waters of the Bay of Fundy, but keeping all the morn-

ing so close to the New Brunswick shore that we could see there was nothing on it; that is, nothing that would make one wish to land. And yet the best part of going to sea is keeping close to the shore, however tame it may be, if the weather is pleasant. A pretty bay now and then, a rocky cove with scant foliage, a lighthouse, a rude cabin, a level land, monotonous and without noble forests, — this was New Brunswick as we coasted along it under the most favorable circumstances. But we were advancing into the Bay of Fundy; and my comrade, who had been brought up on its high tides in the district school, was on the lookout for this phenomenon. The very name of Fundy is stimulating to the imagination, amid the geographical wastes of youth, and the young fancy reaches out to its tides with an enthusiasm that is given only to Fingal's Cave and other pictorial wonders of the text-book. I am sure the district schools would become what they are not now, if the geographers would make the other parts of the globe as attractive as the sonorous Bay of Fundy. The recitation about that is always an easy one; there is a lusty pleasure in the mere shouting out of the name, as if the speaking it were an innocent sort of swearing. From the Bay of Fundy the rivers run up hill half the time, and the tides are from forty to ninety feet high. For myself, I confess that, in my imagination, I used to see the tides of this bay go stalking into the land like gigantic water-spouts; or, when I was better instructed, I could see them advancing on the coast like a solid wall of masonry eighty feet high. "Where," we said, as we came easily, and neither up hill nor down hill, into the pleasant harbor of St. John, — "where are the tides of our youth?"

They were probably out, for when we came to the land we walked out upon the foot of a sloping platform that ran into the water by the side of the piles of the dock, which stood up naked and blackened high in the air. It is not the purpose of this paper to describe St. John, nor to dwell upon its picturesque situation. As one approaches it from the harbor it gives a promise which its rather

shabby streets, decaying houses, and steep plank sidewalks do not keep. A city set on a hill, with flags flying from a roof here and there, and a few shining spires and walls glistening in the sun, always looks well at a distance. St. John is extravagant in the matter of flag-staffs; almost every well-to-do citizen seems to have one on his premises, as a sort of vent for his loyalty, I presume. It is a good fashion, at any rate, and its more general adoption by us would add to the gayety of our cities when we celebrate the birthday of the President. St. John is built on a steep sidehill, from which it would be in danger of sliding off, if its houses were not mortised into the solid rock. This makes the house-foundations secure, but the labor of blasting out streets is considerable. We note these things complacently as we toil in the sun up the hill to the Victoria Hotel, which stands well up on the backbone of the ridge, and from the upper windows of which we have a fine view of the harbor, and of the hill opposite, above Carleton, where there is the brokenly truncated ruin of a round stone tower. This tower was one of the first things that caught our eyes as we entered the harbor. It gave an antique picturesqueness to the landscape which it entirely wanted without this. Round stone towers are not so common in this world that we can afford to be indifferent to them. This is called a Martello tower, but I could not learn who built it. I could not understand the indifference, almost amounting to contempt, of the citizens of St. John in regard to this their only piece of curious antiquity. "It is nothing but the ruins of an old fort," they said; "you can see it as well from here as by going there." It was, however, the one thing at St. John I was determined to see. But we never got any nearer to it than the ferry-landing. Want of time and the *vis inertia* of the place were against us. And now, as I think of that tower and its perhaps mysterious origin, I have a longing for it that the possession of nothing else in the Provinces could satisfy.

But it must not be forgotten that we were on our way to Baddeck; that the

whole purpose of the journey was to reach Baddeck; that St. John was only an incident in the trip; that any information about St. John, which is here thrown in or mercifully withheld, is entirely gratuitous, and is not taken into account in the price the reader pays for this article. But if any one wants to know what sort of a place St. John is, we can tell him: it is the sort of a place that if you get into it after eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, you cannot get out of it in any direction until Thursday morning at eight o'clock, unless you want to smuggle goods on the night train to Bangor. It was eleven o'clock Wednesday forenoon when we arrived at St. John. The Inter-colonial railway train had gone to Shediac; it had gone also on its roundabout Moncton, Missaquat River, Truro, Stewiack, and Shubenacadie way to Halifax; the boat had gone to Digby Gut and Annapolis to catch the train that way for Halifax; the boat had gone up the river to Frederick, the capital. We could go to none of these places till the next day. We had no desire to go to Frederick, but we made the fact that we were cut off from it an addition to our injury. The people of St. John have this peculiarity: they never

start to go anywhere except early in the morning.

The reader to whom time is nothing does not yet appreciate the annoyance of our situation. Our time was strictly limited. The active world is so constituted that it could not spare us more than two weeks. We must reach Baddeck Saturday night or never. To go home without seeing Baddeck was simply intolerable. Had we not told everybody that we were going to Baddeck? Now, if we had gone to Shediac in the train that left St. John that morning, we should have taken the steamboat that would have carried us to Port Hawksbury, whence a stage connected with a steamboat on the Bras d'Or, which (with all this profusion of relative pronouns) would land us at Baddeck on Friday. How many times had we been over this route on the map and the prospectus of travel! And now, what a delusion it seemed! There would not another boat leave Shediac on this route till the following Tuesday, — quite too late for our purpose. The reader sees where we were, and will be prepared, if he has a map (and any feelings), to appreciate the masterly strategy that followed.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MOSE EVANS.

PART I.

I.

It was most unbusiness-like in me! Yet I cannot acknowledge it to be ungentlemanly, for I had no intention of the sort. Shot enough, Heaven knows, had come from my side already; the shattered houses all around us as I spoke testified to that. My engagement to Helen Sinclair, resulting in marriage that very noon, — I recall it as I write, — itself would have prevented me.

"Allow me to say, General," that was all I did say, "it was what your royalist

ancestor did in coming over from England!"

It is to old General Theodore Throop of Charleston, South Carolina, I make the miserable remark, and in Charleston almost before the cannon are cold.

But, please let it be perfectly understood, there is to be no passing over, much less camping upon, the battle-fields of the Rebellion in these pages. I heartily agreed with Miss Sinclair that the man must be very wicked or very weak who would hinder the hand that is so surely reclothing these torn plains, and in

every sense, with grass and grain. I only record my blunder and the General's reply for — reasons !

"Yes, sir !" The General flushes, as he replies, not merely over his great face ; I see the glow run far back under the white hair of his forehead, to the very tips of the large hands rested on the head of his yellow cane ! The heart leaves no inch of the General's portly person untinged by its exasperation. "Yes, sir ! And it was by Puritan fanaticism he was driven across the Atlantic ! It is the same thoroughly detestable Puritanism which has ruined me, sir, compels me, sir, in my old age, to go to even a ruder West. I tell you, sir ! —" There is tremor as well as deepening color in the grand old soul, as he rises from his seat and grasps the ivory-headed cane as if it were a sword. "I tell you, sir ! —"

Now, what is the use ? The General was born in South Carolina. I was born, I am proud to say, in New England. It is all over, — our being born and the war. Besides, it neither merits nor demerits anything. Moreover, here is the present and the future to be practically settled. I was a land-agent at the time. I violate no confidence when I say that I was, at that date, in charge of the extensive affairs, since very lucrative, of the Great Western Land Company, having been myself the author (a friend, "old New Hampshire," being, as you will see, the largest owner) of the whole scheme. I frankly say, as land-agent I made the acquaintance of General Theodore Throop, and our conversation took place the first day I approached him in reference to exchange of real estate. I knew — who did not know ? — that the General was ruined in the ruin of Charleston by the war. As I succeeded, to our mutual advantage, in afterward showing him, he could make far more of property out West by settling it than he could ever hope for in relation to his Charleston estate.

Of course the reader has read of the magnificent mines of marl opened since the war, but lying undreamed of under the feet of the South-Carolinians till then. It is like the gold and the silver, and the value in the soil, nobler still, producing

such splendid fruits and crops, over which Californian aborigines and Spaniards wandered with idle steps so long. Why should I have told General Throop all my reasons for our bargain ? He would have despised the marl as portion of the new and detested era.

"Ever since I came here," I remarked to my young wife, — bride, in fact, — the very evening of my first conversation with General Throop, "those old lines have been ringing in my head, —

'O the holy Roman Empire !
How holds it still together,'—

miserable doggerel, and where did I get it from ?"

"Faust," my wife replies. "He sings it, or somebody does, in that wine-cellar."

"This Charleston suggests it less than does the General himself, who is himself Charleston. Such a steady grandeur in the General still, the inertia of two hundred years of position and power !" I go on to add.

"By the by, Henry, when and where did *you* make acquaintance with Goethe ?" It is some two weeks after this that my wife asks the impertinent question, doing up or undoing down her hair for the night at the glass as she does so.

"I perfectly understand, Helen, the *you* of your question," I make placid return. "*I was* a newspaper-boy from my sixth year ; *did* black boots, even, I do believe. I told you the whole story. Somehow, here, in my stay in your South, during my little runs over Europe, I have gathered something besides money."

"You know perfectly well, Henry," — my wife faces me in a magnificent background of loosened hair, — "that you are —"

"The exact opposite of General Throop. South Pole and North Pole. Old era and new. The largest good travel and reading have done me," I add, "is that I have come to see things as they exactly are !"

"You do not know how struck I was, dear," my wife said, on this occasion, after certain endearments which made it necessary to do all that wealth of hair entirely over again, "with your plans to

buy up Charleston property at its lowest ebb because — ”

“The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide toward flood,” I add. “Yes, I possess the money-making faculty, I do believe. And I happen, also, to know that General Throop possesses, apart from money and in himself, all the deference paid only to money. There is a certain something, — a James Madison, George Washington, — something in the man which compels from all a respect beyond — ”

“That is why I loved you, Henry; not your having it, dear, your being able to see and acknowledge it in our people. But it is to please me you have made your home in Charleston; all that about business is only pretence.”

But my wife was mistaken. General Throop never had reason to regret our real-estate transactions. I am living, as I write, in the former mansion of the Throops near St. Peter’s Church in Charleston. I remember so well the evening I first entered this house. My conversation with the General, with which I begin these pages, was soon after my making his acquaintance. During the months after, it was long and hard work, — extremely delicate work on my part; he came not only to see the sound sense of my business suggestions, but to take a liking for me. I wonder — it flashes upon me as I write — if that was not largely because of my sincere respect and admiration for the General himself; for I can make all allowance for one who lived in a different era from myself, — more so than Oliver Cromwell made, I feel sure, for Charles I. But is not this very making all allowance for other people itself a part, not the least excellent part of our *new* era?

“Can you not take tea with us, Mr. Anderson?” he said to me, at last, during the conversation wherewith this narrative begins. “Let us say on Thursday evening. Thursday? No, that is the Fast of Saint Sebastian the martyr, — a matter of my wife’s,” the General explained, with a slight flush. “Say Friday evening?”

Now, I knew it was to the General very much as if an inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain had made like request of a

denizen of the Faubourg St. Antoine. I was pleased at his liking me. I like the liking of any good man; so I said, “I thank you, sir, but it is not in my power.” And I suppose there was a flush on my face now. “I am a married man, General, and Mrs. Anderson is with me at the hotel,” I added.

“Ah, excuse me!” in return. For here was very grave matter. The General sat still in portly body before me in my office; really he was, on the instant, in his gloomy old parlor, laying the matter before his wife and daughter, and there, excusing himself almost immediately, he was in person two hours later.

“They will invite us, Henry,” my wife said to me that night. “I am glad of it, because I am so tired of this solitary hotel life. I knew Agnes Throop at school. But, especially since I married *you*, she has to approach me first; has to, if she *is* an angel. Besides, it gives you a firmer position in business. And then the Throops give admittance to — Charleston!” And if my wife kissed me once, she did several times in the course of the evening, singing her gayest songs at the piano in the hotel parlor, no one but ourselves being in the room; dressing herself more brightly than since we came. Amazing the value women attach to certain things! If it had been ten thousand dollars cleared in a transaction, my wife could not have been more delighted.

“Because it shows I was right in loving you, Henry,” she explained. “I knew General Throop would learn to know you. Did you tell him all?”

“There is nothing I am ashamed to tell him, I am sure,” I began.

“Because I am almost afraid, at last,” my wife said, more soberly. “You see, Henry, I know all about the Throops. There are only three of them now. Theodore, the only son, was killed by a splinter of rock in Sumter during the siege. Mrs. Throop and Agnes and — I suppose I should say — Mr. Clammeigh make up the family.”

“Mr. Clammeigh! The lawyer?” I ask.

“Tall, black-haired, exceedingly neat, very composed, perfectly fitting clothes — ”

"He is our legal adviser," I interrupt. "Very silent and cold, a perfect gentleman."

"Yes; O, of course," my wife replies, in a perplexed way. "I will tell you in a moment why I happen to know him." — It is the strangest way people have! (I make the remark here while my wife hesitates.) You cannot mention Mr. Clammeigh's name, but somehow, after a curious silence, there is somebody certain to say, "Now, you may say what you please, but I like Mr. Clammeigh!" in a defiant way, as if some one had attacked him. — "If he ever did anything wrong I never knew of it. But somehow—" And I saw that my wife, her hands resting upon the keys of the piano, was really looking at my lawyer in the full-length portrait of the mother of Washington hanging upon the wall before her and over the instrument. "They say they were engaged before the war," she added, beginning a low-tuned tinkling upon the keys as she said it.

"Engaged to Miss Throop? How do you know anything about it? I do believe you ladies had an instinct, through the globe, of the betrothal of the Emperor of China."

"Women do not always tell everything, Henry, when it is a matter of feeling and has reference to a man—I mean to another woman. Did I ever tell you that I was at a convent school with Agnes Throop?" And my wife, as she said it, played a little louder.

"I knew that you were born and educated in South Carolina," I said. "But why?"

"Because of your birth in New England, your—and my political opinions! I said to myself, Let the Throops find out who Mrs. Anderson is if they wish to; I do not care a picayune! What a fib! O, I do hope, Henry, we shall be asked!" And my wife turns to me, actually crying. "I love Agnes so, and we have not spoken to each other since we left school. And now that we are married, I want you to know her, Henry."

"Now that we are married?"

"Because you would have fallen in love with her desperately, but for that!"

"What a foolish remark! I beg pardon."

"Perfectly natural. Wait till you see Agnes, and you will understand!" my wife replies. I did wait and I did understand!

"Did you observe anything when you first mentioned Mr. Clammeigh,—in me, I mean?" my wife asked, after some long-continued tinkling upon the piano.

"Your face was from me, but I imagined at the moment you gave a little start," I said, wondering a little.

"Because," my bride replied, turning around on the screw of the music-stool, seat and all, looking me full in the face, paling a little, but her steady eyes of blue in mine,— "because I once supposed I was to—would— Henry, Mr. Clammeigh and myself were once engaged to be married!"

I rather think the pain was greater than the surprise on my part, and she saw it in my eyes.

"You remember, Henry, I told you of the fact without the name," she went steadily on, her eyes never leaving mine. "I was very young, *very* young! He is not a day older now than he was then, looks exactly the same in every respect now as then,—like a corpse! No, I mean like a wax image in a show. Never mind how it began, nor how it ended. He was teaching school near my father's plantation then. I had to conceal it from my father and brother, as they would have shot—no, they had too much sense. I did love that man then. I do not love him now." No special emphasis, but exceeding meaning in the way the words were spoken. "And I do love you, Mr. Henry Anderson, land-agent, from New England, with all my heart!" And I was perfectly satisfied, seeing, as I did, the entire woman in those loving eyes.

"It will be no barrier to our associating with them," my wife said half an hour afterward. "Mr. Clammeigh will know me. I know him. Agnes Throop will not be disturbed by me in the version of the matter her betrothed will hasten to give her. He is an admirable lawyer,—not before a jury, but for office-work,—which is all you care about in him; but

it is strange. And," my wife added, with clouded eyes, "the strangest part of all is in the future."

"How do you know, Miss Medea?" I ask.

"Wait, O Jason, and you will see!" she replies. It will sufficiently explain all this to say that we were together in Paris before our marriage and saw Rachel in the tragedy in question.

II.

In a week after the General's first allusion to the matter Mrs. Throop and their daughter made the formal call; after due return of which we *did* take tea with General Throop and his household.

"They thoroughly like you, Henry," my wife said to me after both events. "General Throop knows a genuine gentleman when he sees him, and by the instinct of a gentleman. Agnes and myself were, in an instant, as if we had parted only yesterday at the convent. And a true woman knows a true woman too. I have never met a woman—my mother died when I was an infant—to compare with Agnes Throop!"

Let me record it frankly just here: besides my dear wife, Agnes Throop is to me the woman best worth knowing of all the race. I hardly understand more of her style of beauty than I do of her dress, material and cut; but I know there was a peculiar loveliness in her—which I will not mar by attempting to describe—as indescribable as is the violet-characteristic of a violet, making that flower to differ—shall we say from a dahlia? for my wife is a brunette. Mrs. General Throop is a partial explanation of her daughter.

I understood all my wife told me of *her* as we were dressing to go there to tea, in the first half an hour after we were in the old-fashioned parlor. It is down stairs, as I write, curiously carved marble mantel and all. If I live—it is Helen's suggestion—till that next anniversary, I intend to have that same mantel carefully taken down, packed, and sent. But never mind about that just now.

It was in the cool of an early autumn,

and Mrs. Throop was standing beside the mantel the evening we took tea there for the first time, when General Throop introduced me. Dressed in black, jet cross upon her bosom, jet hair silvered with the gray of her sixty years here and there. Of course, if my wife had not prepared me for it, I should have been unprepared. As it was, I brought my business faculty into unconscious exercise as I often—invariably—do when dealing with a stranger,—yourself, if you will allow me. It is experience, I suppose, but I make final decision, in the ten minutes after introduction, whether or no you are a trained swindler, or a rich ignoramus, or an insolvent ne'er-do-well, or simply what you say of yourself. So, when I met Mrs. Throop I intrenched myself rapidly, before those terrible eyes and her most peculiar manner, in that way. Whatever we were saying with our lips, what she said with those singular eyes was this: "I understand you perfectly, sir! you are a New-Englander. You were caught by business, when the war broke out, in Alabama. You hated secession more heartily every day by reason of being conscripted. You went through battles without firing your gun, holding yourself only by main force from shooting your own Confederate officers. You are heartily glad Mr. Davis was overthrown. You are speculating in land. You love money desperately because it is power. You have awful defects and —"

It was merely by way of parry, not thrust, that I crossed swords with those inexpressible eyes by saying, only with my eyes, to myself and to her: "All your life, madam, you were too rich, and thus made selfish,—yourself became your occupation and your weariness. The long siege of Charleston and the killing of your only son has kept you at such strain of nerves, in reference to yourself more than ever, as that you cannot sleep at night,—how intensely wide awake during the day! And you are a ritualist. I blame your forms of religion for that no more than I do the particular street a man in delirium of fever dashes down, escaping from his chamber. Except this, obeying a purer gospel, you would have gone utterly out of and apart

from yourself to the sufficient Saviour, standing away from you, but bidding you come, leaving yourself behind, to him. All your perpetual observances are but the workings of the same unceasing introspection. By long-continued, tensely strained gaze inward upon your own soul you have grown into the second nature of your exceeding insight as to the inmost souls of others —”

I think I am a sensible, practical man. I do heartily despise mesmerism and spiritualism, but I have met Mrs. Throop! I find I have to abandon the making you understand anything about her. Her soul had so worn the body threadbare, as by perpetually grinding spirit against the flesh, that she was to you almost purely a soul, having to do only with the soul in you too. Yes, I will stop. The reader who has met such persons will excuse my failure in describing this lady. Mr. Clammeigh was a great relief that evening. If you desire to interest a statue of Apollo in your conversation, your work is hard, — so steadily interested in all you are saying as to his eyes, so essentially uninterested in you and all your fly-like buzz as to his soul. Because I know land, know cotton, by having come pretty thoroughly to know the man who sells the same! What did I care, however, for Mr. Clammeigh's perfect propriety, accurate excellence, gentlemanly reticence? He had to do our law work to our company's satisfaction, or there were other lawyers. As to Helen? Here, too, being only a land-agent, having no facility with my pen, I cannot make you understand how perfectly we understood Mr. Clammeigh. So far as Helen or myself was concerned, he was a corpse with all of the death of a corpse, but untouched, I do assure you, by one of the tears generally dropped upon such!

And the reader must allow me to make an explanation here. I said I have no literary facility, being merely a man of business. Now a friend, whose painful task has been to look over my manuscript, entreats me to correct my style, or at least “put in more verbs.” I have no objection to verbs, none at all, if I but knew what verbs and where to put them! My business correspondence has

not been considered uninteresting, — for the matter, however, not the manner: please accept this narrative in that way.

I am not dealing with characters, but actual persons. I know I should let them live for themselves on these pages instead of trying to portray them, but neither Mrs. Throop nor Mr. Clammeigh express themselves at all in their words; you had to know them in person. Therefore I have a dozen times given up all idea of attempting to make this narration. But how can I help myself? The whole affair is, in certain senses, the most remarkable of my life; it will cease to press upon me when I have fairly written it out, — that is, as well as I can.

“Did you observe our meeting?” my wife asked me afterward.

“No, I completely forgot about all that,” I said. “I was in the custody, at the moment, of Mrs. Throop.”

“We were both perfectly prepared for it, of course!” my wife said. “I merely remarked, when introduced, ‘We have met before, I believe.’ I thought his steady pallor turned a shade of yellow at first, I don't know. It is amazing how keenly people can live and afterward utterly die; it almost shakes my belief in the immortality of the soul,” my wife added.

“His soul seems, at least, to have withdrawn itself from the surface,” I said. “The hand of a dead man has as little warmth and pressure. I dare say you have prejudiced me. The man has come to hide himself very perfectly in himself, but it may be mere timidity; a rabbit burrows as deeply in its hole from fright as a robber in his cave for ambush.”

“Did you notice Agnes Throop?” my wife asks.

“How could I help it? At least after I passed from Mrs. Throop to the mere bodily presence of her husband. She is more frail and more beautiful than I had expected.”

“But it was touching!” my wife continues. “I did not need that special tenderness in her eyes and her kiss at meeting and parting, to see that Mr. Clammeigh had told her everything. I was more vexed and touched than I can say! It was so at the convent,” my wife continues,

after long thought. "The girl bewitched those pallid old nuns; they crossed themselves and petted and almost dreaded her. An unaccountable fascination of manner? eyes? — what is it?"

"Magnetism," I make reply, for I have not for nothing heard so many lectures in Boston. "Excess of electricity. She has instant, ready, amazing sympathy for almost every person she meets. She is giving her soul away all the time. And she requires and has everybody else's soul back in return. If she was to spend an evening in one of those five-acre parlors at Saratoga, every one of the five hundred who were thrown with her would say, — every man, child, even woman of them would say, — 'What a charming woman!' I would say myself that only love like hers could melt that man Clammeigh. Ah, how she loves him!"

"I wonder, wonder, wonder," my wife said, dreamily, and explained by adding, "O, never mind!"

"Mrs. Throop," I say, as much to myself as to my wife, "is what the French call — I know my pronunciation is wrong — a *femme exaltée*. Madame Roland in politics, Madame Krüdener in religion, possibly Madame Guyon in the same, Charlotte Corday in vengeance. In various forms it is all Joan of Arc over and over again. I never had exactly the same experience, — experience as to another individual I mean. She was to me as if my conscience had taken flesh and dress in her person and stood before me."

"And therefore you made so clean a breast of it at supper?" my wife asked.

"O, in mentioning — incidentally and very quietly, I am sure — that I was from New England; that, although you are from the South, you held through the war the same Union sentiments as myself? Yes, I think it always best to have no concealments."

"Frankness is your one weakness, dear," my wife saw fit to reply.

"I have always found it best, in society as in business, my love. It certainly places us all at our ease with each other."

"And the General and yourself are going West to look at that land?"

"Yes, the daughter naturally inherits from the mother," I say, in continuance of profound philosophical thought, and postponing, with a gesture, my wife and her question, "the power of the eyes without their ferocity, the fulness of soul without its violence. It is the father in her which tempers the mother."

"You told me that General Throop realized George Washington to you for the first time in your life. And when I was so pleased, you told me that Aaron Burr —"

"A New-Englander," I interpose.

"— had said Washington was far from being the demi-god people thought."

"And," I added, "that Adams had told a friend, waving his hand, after dinner, toward a portrait of the said Father of his Country, 'that old wooden head made his fortune by holding his tongue!' A little stolid, not swift enough for Wall Street, not having instinct for money as of a rat-terrier for vermin. It was not on carrion the eagles of those days fed, if they were slow of wing. Behind the times General Throop certainly is, absurd in his exasperation at the new era, intensely prejudiced — I do believe, however," I abruptly added, "if George Washington were to rise from the dead, he would be elected president!"

I could have proved the same, had not an old and very black woman from General Throop's entered our room at this moment with a courtesy as deep as her bright-colored handkerchief head-dress was high. She brought certain patterns of millinery matters for Helen, and I wish I had let her alone.

"Well, Aunt Mary Martha Washington," I said, — for Helen had thus made her known to me, — "how do *you* like the new things, aunty?"

"They're not the things, marster, only patterns to make 'em with," she replies, seriously, for she suspects me.

"O, I mean your being free and all that!" And I wish, as I say it, that I had known better.

"I don't like them at *all*, sir!" she says, with a grave gladness for the opportunity. "We were chillern of body-sarvents of General Washington. General

Theodore Throop, he bought us at the break-up there. All my life I've sat in our church, left-hand gallery. I've heard a thousand sermons proving we was children of Ham, made slaves by our Heavenly Father! I am religious, sir, I hope. He permits these abolitionist fool folks and things, black and white! It's sinful! It won't be for long —"

"Never mind, aunty!" Curious the command with which this Southern wife of mine checks her on the spot. It lay in certain inflections of voice, the heritage in the blood for generations. But the black woman knows I am a Yankee, as marked in her coldness to me as she is deferential to Helen thereafter'

III.

Not three weeks after this, and General Theodore Throop and myself were making together our last day's ride before reaching the lands I was endeavoring to exchange with him for his Charleston property. So far as steamer and railway could carry us on our journey we had gone. For the last week the prelocomotive horse had been our only conveyance possible to the dense forests and miry roads far west of the Mississippi. Roads, horse, cabins, coarse food, shuck beds, people as of a stone age prior even to the taming of horses, — at all these I winced in sympathy with the aversion, greater still, of the General. Not that he intimated it by a word. A hundredth part of the annoyance then endured occurring before the war, or even now in Charleston, would have kept him an Etna in perpetual eruption. I could not but admire, almost venerate and love, the thorough gentleman in my aged companion. A removal was essential to the support of wife and daughter. Such a trip would have been the business of Theodore the son; possibly would have been unnecessary had Theodore lived. But Theodore was now part of the dust — how wholly in vain! — of Sumter. The General rode by my side, feeble but erect, and resolved to make the best of everything, — an old soldier upon a campaign, a cavalier of Charles and Prince Rupert retreating be-

fore the Roundheads. And, riding with a Roundhead, too, the old General clothed himself in endurance as in his necessary coat of mail. Silent in regard to bodily inconvenience, the negroes swarming about us everywhere, less, with all his kindness, than the other insects in his regard; the war and its results a powder-magazine between us from which we both instinctively held back the torches of our tongues, — these things excepted, my companion is as genial as when in his parlor at home. Only somehow I am the host now in this very extensive parlor of the West, whose duty it is to entertain, — as hard a business as devolved on Virgil playing the host to Dante through Malbolge; for we rode upon a causeway through a vast swamp on either side, every pool thereof venomous beneath its green scum with snakes and terrible with alligators, nature itself turned vicious in the vines strangling, anaconda-like, the decrepit trees, and leaping through the air upon fresh victims. Now and then the crash of a falling tree sounding through the slimy silence, decayed trunks falling, on three occasions, across our very road!

"But some ten miles more to Brownstown," I say to the General as we ride soberly along through the live-oaks craped in moss.

"Fifty, if necessary," the General adds, cheerfully, "although I *am* a little fatigued."

"And here comes some one who can tell us," I add; for during the last twenty miles we have not been so certain we are on the right road. I turn to speak to a horseman who has joined us, but am, at first, too dazzled to speak. For, instead of some rough backwoodsman, I behold a Philadelphia exquisite! The fool is young, and not bad-looking in his waxed mustache, pomaded hair, broadcloth suit, gauntleted hands, well-brushed hat a little to one side. The instant I address him I am, in imagination, at the office of a first-class hotel in the East, confronting the exceedingly cool clerk thereof. And to him am I the dusty and tired and probably disreputable and insolvent traveller, the nuisance inevitable to his calling.

"I intended to ask about the road," I say, as soon as I can adjust myself to the occasion; "but I see you are a stranger like myself."

"Road to Brownstown nine miles." And our hotel clerk lifts his silver-handled whip to pass us, with a contemptuous cut on the flanks of his very bright bay, then consents to endure us, seeing the road is so lonely. He had not looked at my companion.

"Are you acquainted in this region, sir?" the General asks after some silence; and I observe, on the instant, that our new arrival recognizes in the General a millionaire, pecuniary or social, and modulates his entire tone and bearing. As I rein my horse in from between the two that they may ride together, I demand of myself: Culture, manner, social position,—just how do these mould the very body of a man or woman? This old General wears them like the purple of a king, bowed to as such, no man plainer in person or attire. And what amount of dress or diamonds could make this fop other than himself? Yet it does speak well for the fellow that he defers to, recognizes, unbosoms himself to the old General. We soon have his history. He was born and has lived all his life in Brownstown. His father and family live there now. He lives there himself, a regular physician. He is back but a few months from medical lectures in Philadelphia. This whole region, sir, is a miserable wilderness, fit only for alligators and negroes. He would not stay in it an hour if he could help it. The people are disgusting savages. He avenges himself "by dosing them; sir, dosing them most deucedly!" only his language is more highly colored as he warms to the companionship. Incidentally, as cool matter of course, he refers with contempt to Christianity as an exploded superstition, a species of Buddhism lingering for a little longer, chiefly in such benighted regions, sir, as we are riding through. As we journey rather slowly, the nine miles suffice to reassure us as to the tremendous strides of science, sir; in the very foremost rank of which marches Dr. Alexis Jones,—for the honor of his name, intensely illuminated upon a

cream-colored card, is also intrusted to the General, who has slowly to unbutton many wrappings to place the same in his pocket. Here a sudden turn of the road brings us upon a horse tied to a sapling a little off the edge of the highway to the left; the dismounted rider, his saddle-bags at his feet, just turning from a huge oak as we come upon him unawares, owing to the mud which deadens the sound of our horses' hoofs. The General and myself see nothing beyond this, merely bowing as we ride by. Dr. Alexis Jones is both nearer to the person and sharper-sighted; reins up a moment, then rides on, breaking into a peal of insolent laughter.

"Would you believe it, sir," he explains to the General at last, "that fellow was standing by that tree shaving! See the lather on his face? Had hung up one of those little round looking-glasses to the bark by his knife stuck in. Was going to black his boots, brush his clothes and hair,—saw all the things lying on his saddle-bags. Put on a clean shirt, too, sure as you live!" But Dr. Jones is far more profane than can be here recorded. "You see? He is fixing up before he goes into Brownstown. Like a circus, wants to make an awn-tray! Road so lonely, never thought anybody would happen along, see?" And as our companion goes off into another fit of laughter, I recall a certain hurried movement and shamefacedness in the person surprised, who seemed from my hasty glance to be a gentleman and very young.

"And I know who it is!" Dr. Jones bursts out a moment after, with an oath and a downward cut of his whip-hand which causes his horse to bound. "The preacher!—See the black clothes and the peculiar face?" Dr. Jones is evidently speaking of a species of being entirely distinct from, exceedingly inferior to, himself.

The way remaining before we enter Brownstown hardly suffices for even the rapid and condensed information imparted in this connection. There once had been a flourishing church in the little town. No regular minister had lived there for years,— "dying out, gentlemen, the whole

thing, even here as everywhere!" Terribly fallen the membership had become; horse-racing, gambling, hunting on Sundays but varieties of the apostasy into which the brotherhood had fallen, the very officers of the church participants of the same. "There is old Squire Robinson, very pillar of the ex-church, worst of all. Nice time this preacher will have there! You see, that will be his home while he stays,—yes, *while!*" The securing of a pastor being hardly by action of the apostate church itself, said pastor more probably sent by some Board of the denomination outside, "this young fellow shaving there" is to be the pastor of the scattered sheep.

"It will be fun alive," our friend adds, "to see how the thing will work! And the idea of his actually stopping to fix up before meeting his people, brushing up to go to Squire Robinson's!" Our friend sees a degree of amusement in the matter which we cannot appreciate until afterward.

"There's about only one Christian—never mind the women, their weakness, poor things!—in this Brownstown that has stood it out. New Hampshire they call him, queer old soul! I suppose he came from there. Postmaster. Office, you know, in his store. Grim as death. And this, gentlemen,"—unspeakable scorn in our friend as he waves his hand toward a neglected graveyard on the roadside as we enter the street of straggling cabins which constitutes the town,—"*this is our Laurel Hill, our City Cemetery.* Added dozens to its denizens myself since I began my practice,—practice, you observe, *practice!* And this," halting his restless horse as we get fairly into the ragged hem, so to speak, of the village, and regarding the same with disgust beyond words,—"*this is our Philadelphia!* Our Continental Hotel is that long, low, double, villainous old cabin on the right, with the tumble-down porch in front; Dick Frazier—sheriff also by profession, gambler and sot by occupation—hotel-keeper. I hope to see you again, to show you our churches, libraries, museums, galleries of art, Fairmounts, navy-yards. If you survive Dick Frazier!"

I saw that the very horse of the man was restless because laden with such an ass, glancing at me with intelligent eye which said, "Is n't he a fool? How would *you* like to carry him?" The offensiveness of the fellow being in manner more than in words.

"And here," he continued, as a man rode toward us from the village, "is a representative specimen of our lovely city,—a genuine, unadulterated Brownstownian in the original package. Hold on a moment, Evans," he added as the countryman was riding by, "allow me to make Mr. Mose Evans known to you, gentlemen! I will merely add," he continued, as the other raised his hat to us, "that Mr. Evans is"—and he spelled without pronouncing the word—"a B-o-o-r. An I-g-n-o-r-a-n-t man. In fact, my friend Mr. Evans is a f-o-o-l!" There was for a moment a perplexity upon the wholesome face of the person in question,—was it possible he could not read?—coloring and looking sharply from the rascal to myself, followed by a glance of such good-humored but absolute contempt for Dr. Alexis Jones as he bowed to General Throop in silence and rode on, that I was sorry he had not shaken hands with me. I could have kicked the puppy as, with a wave of his hat, Dr. Jones turned down a side street and rode off; but I was busy, so to speak, in being ashamed to look the old General in the face, the aspect of the town was so particularly miserable. Yet I had told him of it before; and I recalled places up the Ashley and Cooper, not many miles from sacred Charleston even, as uninviting. But the brave old soul winced nothing at all. He was on a campaign, and rode as steadily up to the wretched old tavern as if it had been a battery!

Good climate, rich lands, navigable river rolling lazy with excess of mud in sight,—yet a more miserable town could not exist. I would cheerfully describe the scenery, had there been any. My field notes, for our company, of Brown County are, "Land dead level. Sandier soil, post-oaks. Bottom-lands, live-oak; soil, black, waxy, twenty feet deep, *very* rich, but will bake and crack in summer. Cor-

duroy roads. Mud. Alligators. Bayous full of 'cotton mouths,' i. e. venomous mocassin snakes. Crops, corn, splendid cotton. Register A 1."

Personally, horror and loathing of the place seized upon me; suicide even to sojourn there! Brownstown was, in fact, the very corpse of a town which had tumbled down and died in the mud in a drunken fit! It may be a singular remark to make, yet, if it were not so entirely unadvisable to do so, I would like dearly, at this very juncture, to give my views as to the resurrection of the dead! I do not mean the rising of dead men from their graves unknown ages hence, save, at least, so far as the doctrine to that effect is incidentally established by another thing. Allow me to state, as clearly as I can, that the thing I refer to is the capability of their resurrection, and complete and eternal transformation in the case of persons dead and buried for years in a figurative, yet good Saxon sense of the word! I am greatly pressed for time in our real-estate transactions, could find no leisure or disposition to enter on this narrative were it not for the remarkable illustration it affords in reference just to that! See if I am not right!

IV.

"I suppose I do have," I wrote the week of our arrival in Brownstown to my wife, "a quick sense of the ludicrous, but I could hardly keep from laughing outright that first morning at breakfast, the idea of our George Washington being so terribly bitten of vermin! Not that he spoke of it, but I knew his experience during the night from my own. Wherein *does* the nobility of this General Throop consist, that you reject any comparison of him to Uncle Toby, say, or to Mr. Pickwick, on the instant? The wearying journey, coarse food, miserable nights, with all the tremendous work of creating a new Carolina for himself out in these Western wilds, is enough to daunt a man thirty years younger; and the old General has lost twenty pounds by the scales in 'old New Hampshire's store,' is pale, tremulous, almost tottering, but uncomplaining

and a perfect gentleman,—there *is* no other word; commanding, by his very aspect, the hats off the heads and the loose talk off the tongues of even the 'characters' of Brownstown! It is what Falstaff said of himself with a variation; the General is not only a gentleman himself, but the cause of gentlemanliness in others! We rode out to see the land the General is exchanging his Charleston property for the day after our arrival, three miles from Brownstown, and upon the bank of the river. We stayed all night, by the by, at the cabin, near by, of a Mrs. Evans, a red-faced virago, not worse, I dare say, than Queen Bess. The only member of her family is her grown son, Ike Evans, or Tom, or Bob, I have forgotten his name. He is our guide among these terrible woods,—a sort of mute, inglorious Milton; for you have read of the Oxford students who came upon that poet, when a boy, lying asleep in the summer woods in his yellow hair, and thought it was Pan. I will tell you more about this Romulus and his she-wolf of a mother, if I do not forget it.

"When, after riding over a few hundred acres of lands, rich as cream, we lighted off our horses and had our dinner upon a bluff of live-oaks overhanging the stream, I saw in his manner that he had made up his mind—the General—to close the bargain. One or two steamboats passed, as we sat, laden to the water's edge with cotton; but I think it was a remark made at breakfast by a certain Odd Archer, which went even further to settle the matter. Odd is, as he himself told us, 'a jack-leg lawyer,' the wild son of a distinguished minister of Georgia, a prodigal son heartily enjoying himself among the swine, and not having the least intention of coming to himself. 'For heaven's sake, General Throop,' he said, 'establish yourself here, and give existence and tone to society!' Dirty, drunken, worthless Odd Archer! and yet, the indescribable freemasonry of gentlemen between the General and the unprincipled scamp the moment they meet! Queer people, you Southerners, Helen!"

Thus far, and a good deal more, to my wife, awaiting results in Charleston.

The fact is, the General and myself are the sensation of the year in Brownstown. He is, in gossip there which I could not help overhearing, "the distinguished General Theodore Throop of Charleston, South Carolina, here to buy and make his home among us, sir!" I am, "O, a Yankee, anybody can see that; but I am told, gentlemen, a millionaire, president of a new railroad to run through Brownstown to the Pacific! Besides, he is in company with General Theodore Throop!" I must confess I did hear a certain Job Peters reject this statement of Odd Archer, Esq., with a certain "Er-r-r-r!" like the strong purring of a contemptuous cat, ending in an unwritable "Ah-h-h, yah—yes! May be so! A dapper little sand-peep of a New-Englander!" For General Throop *is* a much larger and more imposing presence, I will admit. I did not put Peters in my letters to my wife, but *I* do not mind such things. As to his remark in continuation,—"Yes, and he has this big General from Carolina with him as protection, darsn't come by himself!"—of course, that is not worth denying. For I could not help overhearing Brownstown, as I sat writing in the back room of—I cannot see the use of writing out his real name, when every person knows it is old New Hampshire whom I refer to, postmaster, and proprietor of the one store in Brownstown, a store "bound to have" for sale everything any and every body could want, with extraordinary variety of customers,—a little weazen old man in a snuff-colored suit, small eyes that looked perfect experience of men, large ears with very red tips; though a very mummy of a man, yet Brownstown shows well that he is industrious as a beaver, shrewd as a fox, cool as a fish, fearless as a lion.

"Old New Hampshire! Now, *that* man!"—Odd Archer, the jack-leg lawyer, explains to me during our stay, on the front porch of our hotel this cool November noon,— "O, you have seen him! Blue steel! Why, sir, I've seen our boys go in there during the war! You see they had no pay for a year,—Confederate money at that,—no clothes, feet on the ground, half starved. Go in his store, you see! When

a fellow asked to look at a pair of boots, he always held on to one while the fellow was looking at the other. 'You let go!' fellow said to him one day, the counter between them, you see. 'Why, you can look at it just as well,' he said. Because, you see, the boys had helped themselves out of stores in every other town. 'You let go!' fellow said, aiming his revolver exactly between the old man's eyes across the counter. And he never even winked,—old New Hampshire,—holding on to the boot. Well, the fellow fired, just to scare him, missing his left ear by an inch; held on none the less; there 's the hole made by the bullet now! I saw one fellow walk in there one Saturday,—I suppose the fellow's wife was almost naked at home,—draw his knife and hold it between his teeth while he just took up an armful of bolts of calico piled on the counter, and turn and walk out. Sir, that old man was over that counter and after him! Like a hornet. Pulled away this bolt, that bolt, another bolt, fellow walking fast as he could toward his piebald mare hitched to a tree. The fellow went home to his wife without one yard; old New Hampshire came in, piled up the calico again, ready for the next customer! A New-Englander, I know," apologetically, "but you can't scare *him*!" Although I have left out the oaths of the speaker, oaths uttered with relish and moral meaning!

You understand how and why Odd Archer, Esq., is the most purely wicked of all the men you meet when you know of his parentage,—Satan himself, because fallen forever from heaven! If there is a peculiarly disreputable thing in such a man, it is the singular ease and suddenness with which you find yourself an intimate friend in his very familiar converse with you on the part of the same, pulling you on and off like an old glove! And that disreputable scoundrel would talk about his father, the distinguished minister, his wonderful success in pastorate and revivals, his long-suffering efforts to reclaim his prodigal. "No, sir!" he would add, "not a bit of it. I am a gone case, past praying for!" I am satisfied there is no crime known to men the fellow would not have committed with zest had it come in

his way, greed of the very wickedness involved for the very wickedness' sake. Singular world, ours! Now General Throop was as pure a knight as Sir Galahad, and how there could be that perfect understanding between the two, as of born gentlemen among peasants, is a matter which puzzles me as much to-day as ever.

As to New Hampshire, the postmaster, I saw he was hardened to things as are the rocks of his own coast to winter and the wash of wild waves. Sitting in his back room, I often paused from my writing at the rickety black desk, to listen to what said wild waves were saying while the mail was being opened, before, and after; or while a heavy rain held the assembled "crowd" from going home. Socially, politically, morally, irreligiously, a viler torrent of talk, especially when Odd Archer is present, speaker, prompter, applauder, fouls no kennel on earth. Now, as I came to know, there remains in New England no more sincerely Christian man than is this old gentleman, — the very life and soul and leader and purse afterward of the Rev. Mr. Parkinson's church; for it was the Rev. Mr. Parkinson himself, fresh from his college, whom we had come upon at his roadside toilet. I suppose the old postmaster had, by long practice, learned to abstract himself from the living mire around him morally, as Archimedes did philosophically from the storming — himself the centre of the same — of Syracuse. My theory is, he created a New England for himself, of the space behind his counter and of the small room back of the store in which I wrote, and in which he slept and had his meals; constructed a New England out of himself as he sorted letters, made entries on his journal, closed bargains, allowing all the hatred of the government, the profanity and obscenity, to dash unfelt, unheard, upon the granite coast of his weather-beaten exterior. The Puritan aroma was to him as its Cuban flavor to best cigars, as its peculiar excellence to choicest brands of wine, — the deeper and stronger in virtue of long and close keeping. He had been away from home so many years, a bewildered Rip Van Win-

kle he would have found himself, had he revisited the scenes of his youth. I said to him one day, I could not help it, "My dear sir, you have come not to mind all this ridicule of religion by these reckless Brown County loafers, as natural to you from them as cards, whiskey, oaths, obscenity, the crack of revolvers. Suppose you are East, and hear a perfectly polished but far deadlier assault upon your Christianity by ministers of the gospel from the pulpit on Sunday, hailed with glee as great by crowds there too. Heh? Just suppose? You *cannot* suppose? Well, I'll say nothing about the eloquent and overwhelming disproving there, by the very Rulers of the Synagogue, of everything you hold dear. But it is a good thing you landed so long ago from your Mayflower upon this remote West!"

Change the figure and say this postmaster flowed hither as from the molten furnace of his Hampshire home; in that case he certainly has hardened into cold steel among these moulding sands! If he ever relaxes the corner of mouth, even, or of eye, it is, at least, no man that knows it. Harry Peters himself in his jolliest story is as much to him, and no more, than yonder crow cawing from the dead top of that girdled post-oak over the way, in Dick Frazier's field, near the tavern. For Harry is the joker of all the world lying around Brownstown, — the Sir Charles Sedley, the Rev. Sydney Smith, the Grimaldi, and the Dickens of Brown County. Brown County? Harry was elected captain during the war, member of the Legislature since, simply as being the most popular man known, on account of his fun! Joking and laughing is nature to Harry, as much as digestion and sleep. A miserable merrymaking it would be considered if Harry Peters was not there. The simple announcement on such occasions of "O, yonder comes Harry Peters!" by any one on porch or at window, sent a laugh over every face in advance. You said, the next time you met him after introduction, "Why, how are you, Harry?" and from your heart, with warm grasp of hand, as if you had known him and he you from birth in the same village. I noticed it at New Hampshire's store, that dull, dreary

downpour of a fall day I was there. A duller, drearier, dirtier set than sat on nail-kegs and tobacco-boxes that hour, making the very weather dirtier, I never saw. Suddenly, some one said in joyful accents, "Hi, Harry!" And the entrance of that lame, pale-faced, stoop-shouldered, jeans-clad farmer, ex-planter, was like a blast of oxygen from a blow-pipe, every man wide awake, laughing already!

"You never drink, Harry," I heard Odd Archer say, with many an oath, "because you never need it."

"Yes, private distillery in here, large supply of best Bourbon always on hand!" replies Harry, his palm on his bosom. Nothing in the words, — mere champagne froth; not worth writing, anything he said; tone and manner and meaning all, and as impossible to define as any other magnetism. I know a powerful preacher in New York, whose hairs stand erect around his capacious head, on exactly the same principle as with the dolls having flowing locks which are insulated for that purpose; it is excess of electricity in the one case as in the other! And Harry Peters is magnetic, electric, as the torpedo-eel is, fun and laughter the special species of his fluid! Nothing foul or profane, his fun a simple force of nature, no more immoral or moral than lightning!

Rev. Mr. Parkinson having come, we have church on Sundays thereafter. When the postmaster lifted the lid of his old desk, as I sat at it in the back room, to get me letter-paper, I caught a glimpse of a little, worn, old book therein. How well I know what *you* are! I said to myself on the instant. Mainspring, disinfec-tant, companion, sole and sufficient, in this island among very foul waters. Judæa, New England, heaven. All this old soul loves of past, future, present! Merely a little black book? Not a prophet or

apostle, or least Mary or leper in you, but is more of a living associate to this postmaster than all Brown County can afford! I wondered if, of Sundays and of nights and of mornings before his store is opened, my friend did not succeed in making out of that dismal surrounding an actual New England for himself, this living book assisting. Wondered if he had a turkey there to himself Thanksgivings. We won't mention Antæus, if you please, strengthened by touch of his mother earth: certainly the reviving force is from quite another direction in this case. But this old soul's religion must be, if figures may be multiplied, of a right royal Tyrian dye indeed, which can strike its purple so into the very fabric of the man. If some people are right, will it not be a sad stain in him eternally? But then, you see, there *is* no Eternity! What is climate and soil at last? South Carolina, for instance, is nothing whatever, except so far as it is — General Theodore Throop! That State will yet be another individual altogether when we once get at that bed of marl there six hundred feet deep and hundreds of miles long. Up to date Carolina is General Theodore Throop or nothing. I succeed the General in Charleston; am, I suppose, the typical South-Carolinian of the future. I do wonder if, in the end, the entire Republic is to be only one immense New England. I cannot say I hope so, — in every sense, I mean.

As I came out of the post-office, on my way back to Dick Frazier's and General Throop there, I stopped to shake hands with young Evans. I have already alluded, in my letter to my wife, to a sojourn with the General at his cabin near our lands. Allow me to speak more particularly here of the same; permit me, in fact, to make a new chapter of it, going back, therefore, a few days.

Wm. M. Baker.

IN KITTERY CHURCHYARD.

"Mary, wife of Charles Chauncy, died April 23, 1758, in the 24th year of her age."

CRUSHING the scarlet strawberries in the grass,
I kneel to read the slanting stone. Alas!
How sharp a sorrow speaks! A hundred years
And more have vanished, with their smiles and tears,
Since here was laid, upon an April day,
Sweet Mary Chauncy in the grave away, —
A hundred years since here her lover stood
Beside her grave in such despairing mood,
And yet from out the vanished past I hear
His cry of anguish sounding deep and clear,
And all my heart with pity melts, as though
To-day's bright sun were looking on his woe.
"Of such a wife, O righteous Heaven! bereft,
What joy for me, what joy on earth is left?
Still from my inmost soul the groans arise,
Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from mine eyes."
Alas, poor tortured soul! I look away
From the dark stone, — how brilliant shines the day!
A low wall, over which the roses shed
Their perfumed petals, shuts the quiet dead
Apart a little, and the tiny square
Stands in the broad and laughing field so fair,
And gay green vines climb o'er the rough stone-wall,
And all about the wild birds flit and call,
And but a stone's-throw southward, the blue sea
Rolls sparkling in and sings incessantly.
Lovely as any dream the peaceful place,
And scarcely changed since on her gentle face
For the last time on that sad April day
He gazed, and felt, for him, all beauty lay
Buried with her forever. Dull to him
Looked the bright world through eyes with tears so dim!
"I soon shall follow the same dreary way
That leads and opens to the coasts of day."
His only hope! But when slow time had dealt
Firmly with him and kindly, and he felt
The storm and stress of strong and piercing pain
Yielding at last, and he grew calm again,
Doubtless he found another mate before
He followed Mary to the happy shore!
But none the less his grief appeals to me
Who sit and listen to the singing sea
This matchless summer day, beside the stone
He made to echo with his bitter moan,
And in my eyes I feel the foolish tears
For buried sorrow, dead a hundred years!

Celia Thaxter.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LOCAL TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

A NEW CHAPTER OF PROGRESS.

It is known to all who have examined the subject, that a hundred years ago or less the law-makers of England entertained very generally the same opinion in regard to the theory of local taxation which is yet popularly received in the United States, namely, that in order to secure exact justice and equality it is essential to attempt to subject all property of the tax-payer — real and personal, tangible and intangible, visible and invisible — to one uniform rate of valuation and assessment. And although it must then as now have been evident to every one on reflection, that in order to do this it would be necessary to endow the assessors with more than mortal powers of perception, so as to enable them to see what was invisible and measure what was intangible and incorporeal (debts and credits, for example), and that, in default thereof, this practical application of the theory must result in absurdity and injustice, yet it is curious to note that the change in English taxation, when it came about, was not due to any such process of reasoning on the part of the people, or to any positive enactment on the part of the state, but rather to a series of legal decisions by its courts, which gradually undermined the whole system of British local assessment, until it tumbled down, as it were, imperceptibly, and gradually became replaced from necessity by a theory which approximated more closely to the principle of political economy and the dictates of common-sense. Thus, one of the first of the old-time maxims which gave way under these decisions was the fiction of law that *all* property for the purpose of taxation followed the person or domicile of the owner (in virtue of which real estate was once taxed, under the British system, where the owner resided, in place of where the property was situated, used, and protected), and its

replacement by the more rational principle that for all purposes of assessment the *situs* of property is where the property actually is: while other decisions of a similar character, following one another by intervals of years, forbade the taxation for local purposes of all evidences of national indebtedness, or “consols”; affirmed the *situs* of a vessel for taxation to be at the port of registry, irrespective of the domicile of the owner; and declared that all negotiable instruments are chattels personal, and the like; until the British system of local taxation, like the French, Belgian, and German, has come to be based on the assessment of comparatively few objects, and the avoidance in assessment to the greatest possible extent of all personal inquisition and arbitrary treatment.

So much, then, as preliminary to a circumstance of national importance and interest, to which the writer first asked the attention of the public in an article published some months ago in the columns of the *New York Nation*; and that is, that fiscal history in the Old World as thus related is repeating itself in a most curious manner in the United States, and that the abrogation and reform of the unjust and absurd systems of local taxation at present existing in most of the States, and for the effecting of which neither argument nor the lessons of experience have thus far availed anything, is in the process of gradual and certain accomplishment through the decisions of the courts of ultimate appeal and jurisdiction, — decisions given, furthermore, in each case as it were, abstractly and without any direct reference whatever to the important results certain to flow from their immediate and practical application. Among such decisions of the United States Supreme Court of recent date, with which the public are more or less familiar, the following may be cited: —

1. The denial to the States of the power to subject to any form of local taxation — direct assessment, license, or stamps — imported goods in their original packages, unbroken and unsold in the hands of the importer, on the general ground that the right to import carries with it an unrestricted right to sell. This decision, although first given by the United States Supreme Court many years ago, has been disregarded under various pretences by many State officials, especially those of Massachusetts, until within the past year, when, the question coming up under a new case, a new decision was given, so concise and unmistakable that all further misunderstanding and opposition are impossible.

2. The denial to the States of the power to tax United States bonds or other Federal instrumentalities, on the general ground that “*the power to tax involves the right to destroy*”; and again, “*that a tax on government stock is a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States.*” And as illustrative of the change in public opinion on this subject, consequent upon a better understanding of the principles involved in this decision, it may be stated that while at the present time no lawyer of repute can probably be found in the country who would be willing to maintain the independent and inherent right of a State to tax Federal instrumentalities, on the other hand, at the time of first issue of the 5-20’s in 1863, an actual canvass of the bar association of one of our principal Eastern cities showed hardly one member who, when first questioned, entertained any other than an exactly opposite opinion. But notwithstanding this admitted change of sentiment, it is at the same time interesting to note that in most of the popular discussions which have taken place during the last few years in reference to the taxing of United States securities, the position is almost always taken, that although the right to tax the Federal bonds has not been given to the States, yet it would, nevertheless, have been just and expedient on the part of Congress at the time of the creation of the present national debt to have allowed the separate States to tax

the evidences of such debt (i. e. the bonds) in the possession of their citizens, subject to a limitation, that the rate should not be different from that imposed upon other “moneyed capital.” A full consideration of the whole subject will, however, suggest a doubt whether Congress possesses the power to grant any such authorization, inasmuch as to have done so would have been equivalent to authorizing the States to do an act which is in itself unconstitutional, — a thing which it is clearly evident that Congress cannot do. Thus “*the power to tax,*” says Chief Justice Marshall, in giving the opinion of the Supreme Court denying the right of the State of Maryland to tax the Bank of the United States, “*involves the power to destroy*”; and in the case of *Weston v. The City of Charleston*, the same court, by the same eminent authority, held further, “*that if the right to impose a tax exists it is a right which in its nature acknowledges no limits. It may be carried to any extent, within the jurisdiction of the State or corporation which imposes it, which the will of such State or corporation may prescribe.*” For Congress, therefore, to have authorized the States to tax “national instrumentalities” would have been equivalent to authorizing the exercise of a right to destroy, which right, the Supreme Court has held, “cannot from its nature, when once existing, be limited.”

3. The affirmation of the principle that the *situs* of a vessel for State taxation is only at the home port where she is owned and registered, and not where the vessel may happen to be, and therefore denying in a specific case the legality of an attempt on the part of the city of San Francisco to tax the vessels of the Pacific Mail Company, whose steamers, although running on the Pacific from San Francisco to Panama, were registered in New York City. (*Hayes v. Pacific Mail Company*, 17 Howard, 713; *St. Louis v. Ferry Company*, 11 Wallace, 423).

4. The denial to any State of the power to tax “bills of lading” given for goods transported from one State to another, by stamps or otherwise, on the ground that such a tax is an interference with foreign commerce or with commerce between the

States. (*Almy v. California*, 24 Howard, 169.) The legitimate inference from this decision, which was unanimous, would further seem to be, that if bills of lading given for goods transported from one State to another are *interstate* instruments, and as such cannot be subjected to State taxation, so bills, drafts, bonds, notes, mortgages, etc., made in one State and payable in another, must be all likewise placed beyond the power of State taxation.

TAXATION OF NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS.

Following the above several decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States limiting and defining the power of State taxation, we have now another and more recent decision, no less interesting and important, and determining, it would seem definitely, the hitherto questionable *situs* for State taxation of all that large class of personal property comprised under the general term "*negotiable instruments*," i. e. State, municipal, railroad, and other corporate bonds, circulating notes of banking institutions, promissory-notes payable to bearer, etc., etc. The case which gave rise to and called forth the decision referred to is reported in the fifteenth and last volume of Wallace, under the title of "*State Tax on Foreign-held Bonds*," pp. 306, 328, and in brief may be thus stated :—

The State of Pennsylvania, by a law passed May, 1868, required the officers of every company, except banks or savings institutions, incorporated and doing business in the State, to retain a tax of *five per cent* upon every dollar of interest paid by such company to its bondholders or other creditors, and to pay over the same to the State treasurer for the use of the Commonwealth. The plaintiff in this specific case, the Cleveland, Painesville, and Ash-tabula Railroad Company, denied the legality of the tax, and, appealing to the State courts, alleged, among other things, the following in support of their position :—

"That the greater portion of the bonds of the company having been issued upon loans made and payable out of the State, to non-residents of Pennsylvania, citizens of other States, and being held by

them, the act in question in authorizing the tax upon the interest stipulated in the bonds, so far as it applied to the bonds thus issued and held, impaired the obligation of the contracts between the bondholders and the company, and is therefore repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and void."

The several State courts of Pennsylvania, however, affirmed the validity of the tax; but the case having been then carried on writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, the latter, at the close of the December term, 1872–73, reversed the judgment of the State courts, and decided in favor of the plaintiff; the opinions of the court, as expressed by Mr. Justice Field, being substantially as follows :—

1. *The power of taxation of a State is limited to persons, property, and business within her jurisdiction; all taxation must relate to one of these subjects.*

2. *The tax laws of a State can have no extra-territorial operation; nor can any law of a State inconsistent with the terms of a contract made with or payable to parties out of the State have any effect upon the contract while it is in the hands of such parties, or other non-residents of the State.*

3. *Bonds issued by a railroad company are property in the hands of the holders, and when held by non-resident of the State in which the company was incorporated, are property beyond the jurisdiction of the State.*

It will be observed under the *third* head (the language above quoted being the official prefatory syllabus of the decision) that the court lays down the rule that negotiable bonds are property, not in the place where issued, as was claimed by the authorities of Pennsylvania, and not at the domicile of the owner irrespective of actual presence as is generally claimed by State-tax officials, *but in the hands of the holders at the place where the bonds are actually situated*, whether the holders be actual *bona fide* owners or otherwise; and the following is the exact language in which this decision is expressed :—

"It is undoubtedly true that the actual *situs* of personal property which has a visible, tangible existence, and not the

domicile of its owner, will, in many cases, determine the State in which it may be taxed. The same theory" (i. e. the actual *situs* determinative) "is true of public securities consisting of State bonds and bonds of municipal bodies, and circulating notes of banking institutions: the former, by general usage, have acquired the character of, and are treated as, property in the place *where they are found, though removed from the domicile* of the owner; the latter are treated and pass as money wherever they are."

If, now, there is any meaning in words, and if the authority of the United States Supreme Court in defining the powers and jurisdiction of the States is as absolute as is generally supposed, it is clearly evident that the first clause of the above-quoted opinion effectually establishes the unconstitutionality and illegality of the theory and practice of the assessors of Massachusetts and other States, namely, that, in virtue of jurisdiction over the person and domicile, a State has a right to tax so much of the visible, tangible, personal property of its citizens, i. e. horses, cattle, stocks of goods, money, bullion, and the like, as may be *without* its territory and jurisdiction equally with that which may be *within* its territory and jurisdiction; the law of Massachusetts, for example, defining personal property for the purpose of taxation to be "goods, chattels, money, and effects, *wherever they are.*"*

If it be objected that the court, by using the expression "in many cases," does not make its rule absolute and unqualified, the answer is, that the exceptions, when understood, will be found to be of a character which prove and strengthen the rule, rather than antagonize it. Thus, as has already been noticed, the Supreme Court some time ago decided that the *situs* for taxation of vessels which move about on the high seas or navigable inland waters must be at the home port where they are

owned and registered; and it also stands to reason that the *situs* of such property as railroad cars, or other chattels which, as a condition of using, are perpetually *in transitu*, in order to avoid duplicate taxation and conflicting statutes, must be taxed, if taxed at all, under the head of the franchise of the company or owners. But in all cases where fixity or permanence are conditions of using, it may be unquestionably affirmed that the court intended to make no exceptions in its rule for determining where visible, tangible, personal property may be taxed, and where, also, it is of necessity exempted from taxation.

TAXATION AND PROTECTION CORRELATIVE.

It ought to be superfluous, but, in view of existing opinions and practices, it is nevertheless expedient to say, that the reason of this rule is founded upon a circumstance alike conformable to law and common-sense, which is, that taxation and protection are correlative terms; or, in other words, according to the political theory of our governments, national and State, and, in fact, of every government claiming to be free, that taxes are the compensation which property pays to the State for protection, or, as Montesquieu, in his Spirit of Laws has it, and as the United States courts have again and again expressed it, that "the public revenues are a portion that each subject gives of his property in order to secure and enjoy the remainder." When, therefore, a State like Massachusetts assesses property situated beyond its territory and jurisdiction, and which its laws are not competent or able either to reach or to protect, or assesses one of its own citizens in respect to such property, the act has no claim to be regarded as taxation, but is simply arbitrary taking or confiscation, and a procedure which the Supreme Court has now, at least in this case, declared to be unconstitutional and, therefore, illegal and unwarranted. But the Supreme Court of the United States has placed itself on record before in respect to the principle that protection and taxation are correlative, and in one case, which appears to have almost wholly escaped the attention of the

* In Massachusetts, within the last three years, a citizen has been threatened with arrest and imprisonment for objecting to pay taxes in that State on stocks of goods located in a store in San Francisco and paying taxes thereon in the State of California. Bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England has also been taxed to citizens of Massachusetts as personal property within a very recent period.

bar and the public, its decision is invested with an historical as well as a legal interest. Thus, in September, 1814, the country being then at war with Great Britain, the town of Castine in Maine was captured by the British and remained in their exclusive possession until after the ratification of peace, in 1815. During this period the British government exercised all civil and military authority over the place; established a custom-house and allowed goods to be imported, which goods remained in Castine after it was evacuated by the enemy. After the re-establishment of the American government, however, the United States collector of customs, claiming a right to American duties on the goods in question, demanded payment of the same from the owners or importers, and, the claim being resisted, the case went up to the Supreme Court, where Judge Story, then upon the bench, gave judgment for the defendants as follows:—

“We are all of the opinion that the claim for duties cannot be sustained. By the conquest and military occupation of Castine, the enemy acquired that firm possession which enabled him to exercise the fullest rights of sovereignty over that place. The sovereignty of the United States over the territory was of course suspended, and the laws of the United States could no longer be rightfully enforced there, or be obligatory upon the inhabitants who remained there and submitted to the conquerors. By the surrender the inhabitants passed under a temporary allegiance to the British government, and were bound by such laws and such only as it chose to recognize and impose. From the nature of the case, no other laws could be obligatory on them; *for where there is no protection, or allegiance, or sovereignty, there can be no claim to obedience.*”

But to return to the subject more immediately under consideration. The court having thus affirmed the *situs* for taxation of personal property which has a visible and tangible existence, takes then a step farther forward, and in the second clause of the opinion above quoted, asserts that “the same thing is true of pub-

lic securities, consisting of State bonds and bonds of municipal bodies and circulating notes of banking institutions”; namely, that their *situs* for assessment and taxation is wholly irrespective and apart from any whereabouts of the owner or his domicile, but is where the securities, bonds, and circulating notes actually are. So much, then, is so clear that even the most obstinate of assessors under the present arbitrary system will find it difficult in respect to the items specified to interpret the law and rule of action otherwise. But it is to be observed that negotiable railroad bonds are not, in the opinion quoted, mentioned specifically. That they, however, follow the same law as municipal and State bonds, and were intended by the court to be included in the same category, is, however, obvious, for the following reasons: 1st. The subject-matter of the case and of the decision was a railroad bond. 2d. The character of a railroad bond as a negotiable instrument is in all respects the same as a State or municipal bond. 3d. The reason which undoubtedly led the court (as it must every unprejudiced reader who thinks upon the subject) to the conclusion that State, municipal, and railroad bonds and bank-notes follow the same rule in respect to their *situs* for taxation as other personal property of acknowledged visible and tangible character is, that the property in all such instruments runs with the instrument, wholly irrespective of the residence of the owner, and consequently, in respect to title, passes by delivery. By public securities, also, the court undoubtedly means all negotiable securities which are payable to the public, that is, to bearer, whoever he may be; or, in other words, a public security, from its very nature, is subject to no previous equities between the original parties creating or issuing it, and the sum agreed to be paid is a liquidated and adjusted sum which must be paid to the public, that is, the holder; and the *situs* of such property from necessity follows the instrument to the public, and can be nowhere else than where the instrument actually is. On the other hand, if the instrument was subject to equities, the property might be where the parties creating it or owning it re-

sided. And if this position is not correct, dealings in all such securities or upon the stock exchange or in open market would be impracticable; inasmuch as the purchaser would be obliged to institute an investigation as to whether the title for each specific bond vested in the vendor or some other person; and as there is no registration of the transfer of such property, as there is in the case of real estate, the investigation must be practically impossible. So, also, in the case of circulating notes of banking institutions, if their title did not pass by delivery, or, in other words, if their *situs* as property was not under all circumstances accepted as in the hands of the holder, their use as money would be impossible; and the courts, recognizing this principle most fully, have always held that in cases where negotiable instruments or money have been stolen, and in consideration for value received have come into the hands of innocent third parties, the title to such property in the hands of the holders is perfect and irrefragable.

Again, the circumstance that State, municipal, and railroad bonds, and all other strictly negotiable instruments or public securities, even warehouse receipts payable to bearer, are subject to attachment by legal process only at the place where they actually are, and without regard to the whereabouts of the owner or his domicile, of itself also clearly defines and limits the *situs* of such property for taxation; for clearly a State which has the power to make a legal attachment operative against a given property has also the power to tax such property, while, on the other hand, a State which, through lack of possession and jurisdiction, cannot attach a specific property, certainly cannot enforce its tax laws against it, or give protection in case its rights or the rights of its owner are violated. And again, can the right to tax personal property exist in a State from which the property is so confessedly absent that there is neither right, power, nor possibility of passing title to it within the territory of the State by delivery?

That the view thus taken respecting the *situs* of negotiable instruments, and especially of railroad mortgage bonds, for tax-

ation, is in strict conformity with the opinion of the Supreme Court, is also evident from the fact that, in summing up, the court held that not only was a mortgage bond issued by a railroad chartered by Pennsylvania, and in the hands of a non-resident, property out of the State, and as such beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing power of the State, but also that the State could not tax such property even when owned by a citizen and resident, unless the bond was at the time of assessment actually within the territory of the State. And as this point is a most important one, it is desirable to ask attention to the exact language of the court establishing it.

"We are clear," says Justice Field, "that the tax cannot be sustained; that the bonds, being held by non-residents of the State, are only property in their hands, and that they are thus beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing power of the State. *Eccn where the bonds are held by residents of the State, the retention by the company of a portion of the stipulated interest can only be sustained as a mode of collecting a tax upon that species of property in the State. When the property is out of the State, there can be no tax upon it for which interest can be retained.* The tax laws of Pennsylvania can have no extra-territorial operation."

TAXATION OF OTHER PERSONAL PROPERTY, "CHoses IN ACTION."

But there is yet another interesting feature of this case to be noted; for the court, having decided the *situs* for taxation of negotiable instruments, railroad bonds, etc., took occasion also to affirm the taxable *situs* of such other personal property or evidence of indebtedness as is generally included under the term *choses in action*, using in so doing the following language:—

"But other personal property, consisting of bonds, mortgages, and debts generally, has no *situs* independent of the domicile of the owner, and certainly can have none where the instruments, as in the present case, constituting the evidences of debt, are not separated from the possession of the owner."

As thus expressed the reason given by the court for separating the *situs* for taxation of the two classes of personal property under consideration is so clear and so in accordance with common-sense as hardly to require any further explanation; and, therefore, it seems only necessary to assist the reader, who, if a tax-payer, is certainly interested in knowing the tax liability of his property, by recalling that, while in the case of negotiable instruments the title to the property runs with the instrument and passes by delivery, in case of bonds, mortgages, and promissory-notes made to particular persons, and thus non-negotiable, the title, on the other hand, does not run with the instrument, but exclusively with the person of the owner; so much so, that the attachment of a mortgage, or the possession by theft, or finding, of a note payable to a person, does not in any degree alienate or impair its original and legitimate ownership. The decision of the court, therefore, brings all classes of personal property under one harmonious and consistent rule for the purpose of taxation, legal attachment, and protection, by affirming that their *situs* as property is only where they are; which in the case of visible, tangible objects and negotiable instruments is dependent, from the very nature of things, upon actual and not constructive presence, and in the case of *choses in action* upon the domicile of the owner. And in thus deciding the court simply follows English precedents of long standing and the highest character; Lord Ellenborough in the King's Bench (*McNeillage v. Holloway*, 1 Barnwell and Allison's Reports, 218) having decided that a negotiable note was a chattel personal, and not a *chose in action*; Lord Abinger (The Attorney-General *v. Bouvens*, 4 Meeson and Welsby, 171), that all foreign government bonds payable to bearer have a *situs* where they are actually situated and are then taxable; and the House of Lords (Attorney-General *v. Hope*), that registered stocks and bonds of the United States and of the several States not passing by delivery are not negotiable instruments, and therefore not taxable as goods and chattels.

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF THIS DECISION.

It may, however, be objected that the practical effect of this decision will be to relieve all negotiable instruments from taxation, inasmuch as, removed beyond the territory and jurisdiction of the State in which their owner resides, they will not, by reason of ready concealment, be easily cognizable by the assessors of the locality in which they are deposited. But admitting the objection in full force, as in all reason we must, what then? The Supreme Court has given its opinion, clearly and unmistakably; and until this opinion is reversed it constitutes the legitimate rule of action for both assessors and tax-payers. But suppose it were possible to reverse the opinion in question, would it be expedient to do so? Would it be desirable to abandon the plain common-sense view, that the *situs* for the taxation of all personal property is where the law protects it, and where alone an assessment and a legal attachment against it can be enforced, and in its place make *situs* depend on visibility? And if visibility, what degree of visibility? Shall a diamond, a bar of gold, or a railroad bond belonging to A B residing in Boston, but openly displayed in a jeweller's or broker's window in Philadelphia, be taxable in Pennsylvania, and a similar diamond, gold bar, or bond of the same owner deposited in a drawer of the same shop or office and not so readily visible, be taxable in Massachusetts? Shall we make the *situs* of property for taxation depend upon the keenness of perception or visual organs of an assessor? Or shall we not, rather, admit that the attempt to raise revenue by taxing such property as negotiable instruments which from their very nature are in a high degree intangible and invisible, and thus easy of concealment, which, passing by delivery, are here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow, which are not taxed in any other highly civilized country, and which are in great part even in this country specifically exempted by law, — i. e. United States bonds, legal tender, national bank-notes, etc., — is in itself an absurdity and a wrong; inasmuch as to enforce a levy from one man for one spe-

cies of property, because through his honesty, ignorance, or inability to escape he can be laid hold of, and allow identically the same description of property in the possession of another man to escape because of varying circumstances beyond the control of the assessors, is not taxation in any sense, but simply arbitrary taking? The decision of the Supreme Court, of which an analysis has been given, ought therefore to be regarded, as has been assumed in the title to this article, as constituting a real chapter of progress in American local taxation, because by contributing powerfully to break down the present popular system, which, founded on an erroneous and impracticable principle, never has been and never can be executed with justice and efficiency, the time is hastened when a better system shall be accepted and inaugurated. The logic of this decision, moreover, will not only pervade courts, — State and Federal, — but it will be felt in legislative halls and will be impressed upon the conscience of the people. The Court itself, in referring to the tax under consideration, says, with great point and truth, "*It is only one of many cases, where, under the name of taxation, an oppressive exaction is made, without constitutional warrant amounting to little less than an arbitrary seizure of private property. It is, in fact, a forced contribution levied upon property held in other States, where it is subjected, or may be subjected, to taxation upon an estimate of its full value.*" Every State in the Union has in some form imposed such unreasonable and unwarrantable exactions. Personal property is generally, in this country, taxed by the absurd rule of *residence* of the owner; and thus all laws and rules of equity are violated when the rate of taxation is higher and the degree of protection and profit greater at the place of the owner's residence than at the place of the actual *situs* of the property, even if the location of the property is in the same State as the domicile of the owner. But this new decision teaches us that all personal property, if taxed at all, must be taxed in the city or town where found, and not elsewhere. The injustice and oppression is also the same as in the

case of State ex-territorial taxation, when the tax is levied upon a person for property not within the taxing town-district, and at a higher rate than the rate in the district where the property is actually located and protected. It is only a question of degree of oppression, and this authoritative opinion of the United States Supreme Court will therefore be felt beyond the boundaries of court-rooms, and cannot fail to give a new impulse to the feeling that taxation without protection is merely legalized brigandage.

RECENT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA ON THE TAXATION OF MORTGAGES.

But any review of recent progress and the history of local taxation in the United States would be imperfect which failed to notice a most able and interesting decision given in May, 1873, by the Supreme Court of California, in regard to the taxation by its State authorities of real-estate mortgages. The question was one that for a considerable time had greatly interested the people of California, and the drift of popular sentiment, outside of San Francisco, seems to have been most unmistakably in favor of their taxation. But how to do it, and at the same time not increase the burden upon the borrower who had mortgaged his land as a security for a loan of capital to improve or stock it, was a problem that not a little troubled the law-makers in Legislature assembled. One proposition brought forward contemplated a deduction from the amount of land tax of the assessment on the mortgage; but as the lands of California were found as a rule to be taxed far below their value, and the mortgages for a value far in excess of the assessors' appraisal of the land they covered, it became soon apparent that this scheme was to a greater or less extent equivalent to exempting the land and taxing the mortgage. Another proposition embodied in a bill introduced into the Assembly by a member of the name of Wileox was to make void all contracts by which borrowers agreed to reimburse lenders in the amount of the mortgage tax; while others again were exceedingly strenuous in favor of trying

the pleasing little experiment—which no community having once tried it ever desires to repeat—of providing that the person giving the mortgage should pay the taxes upon it, but be at the same time authorized to deduct the tax from the principal or interest in settling with his creditor. Pending these discussions, however, the Supreme Court, which had the question before it on a suit to which one of the savings banks of San Francisco was a party, rendered a decision, that in virtue of a clause in the Constitution of the State, requiring all taxation to be equal and uniform, the taxation of mortgages was unconstitutional and illegal; inasmuch as to tax a given property and then tax a mortgage on it, which mortgage is not in itself property, but like a deed or a lease, is a species of conveyance or acknowledgment of a conditional interest or right in the property, is not equal and uniform taxation, but an unequal and double tax on the property mortgaged. The importance of this decision, considered as an act reformatory of our popular theory of local taxation, does not require to be proved and illustrated; but as it is unquestionably a step in advance of any hitherto taken by either our Federal or State courts, and as, by reason of it, not only are mortgages now exempted from taxation in California, but also all promissory-notes and other evidences of indebtedness, it is desirable briefly to ask attention to the reasoning by which the Court was led to its conclusions.

The opinion was given by the Chief Justice Crockett, who, after reviewing the history of the case, is reported to have used the following language:—

“I come now to the point, whether a tax on land at its full value and a tax on a debt for money loaned, secured by a mortgage on the land, is in substance and legal effect a tax on the same property. We all know, as a matter of general notoriety, that almost universally, by a stipulation between parties, the mortgagee is obliged to pay the tax both on the land and on the mortgage. Practically he is twice taxed on the same value, if he has still in his possession the borrowed money to secure which the mortgage was

made. The law taxes in his hand both money and land; and by his stipulation he is required to pay tax on the mortgage debt, and also, if the money has passed out of his hands into the possession of some other tax-payer, it is taxed in the hands of the latter, so that the money bears its share of taxation, and the land its share, in the hands of whomsoever they may happen to be.”

“It is very true that a voluntary agreement on the part of the mortgagor to pay the tax on the mortgage debt cannot improve its *situs*. The State was no party to the contract, and is not bound by stipulation *inter alias*. The burdens of taxation cannot be shifted from those on whom the law imposes them by stipulations between private persons; but in the absence of such a stipulation, an inexorable law of political economy would impose upon the mortgagor the burden, in a different form, of paying the tax on the mortgage debt. Interest on money loaned is paid as a compensation for the use of the money, and a rate of interest as agreed on is the amount which the parties stipulate will be the just equivalent to the lender. If, however, by the imposition of a tax on the debt, the government diminishes the profit which the lender would otherwise receive, the rate of interest will be sufficiently increased to cover the tax, which in this way will be ultimately paid by the borrower. The transaction would be governed by the same immutable, inflexible law of trade, by reason of which import duties on articles for consumption are ultimately paid by the consumer, and not by the importer. The rate of interest on money loaned is regulated by the supply and demand which governs all articles of commerce; and the burdens imposed by law in the form of a tax on the transaction, which would thereby diminish the profits of the lender, if paid by him, will prompt him to compensate for the loss by increasing to that extent the rate of interest demanded. *If his money would command a given rate of interest without the burden, he will be vigilant to see that the borrower assumes the burden, either by express stipulation, or in the form of increased interest. This is a law of*

human nature, which statute laws are powerless to suppress, and which pervades the whole of trade governed by the law of supply and demand. Nor would the enactment of the most stringent usury laws produce a different practical result. Human ingenuity has hitherto proved inadequate to the task of devising usury laws which were incapable of easy evasion; and wherever they exist they are, and will continue to be, subordinate to that higher law of trade which ordains that money, like other articles of commercial value, will command just what it is worth in the market, no more and no less. Assuming these premises to be correct, and I am convinced that they are, it results that it is the borrower, and not the lender, who pays the tax on borrowed money, whether secured by mortgage or not; but if secured by mortgage, he is taxed not only on the mortgage and property, but on the debt which the property represents and which is held as a security for the debt."

Of the soundness of this decision there could probably be no more convincing illustration than the statement that, upon its announcement, the savings banks of San Francisco gave notice that they would immediately reduce the rate of interest on their loans secured by mortgages by the amount of the tax on the mortgage. And the *Alta-California* of May 9, in commenting upon the decision, says: "When the news arrived here yesterday morning" (that the Supreme Court had given a decision) "it was not unexpected; and the idea conveyed by the false rumors set afloat, that the decision was adverse to the savings banks, was accepted as a decision measured by expediency, and not based on sound legal principles. Special despatches received changed the result; and when it became

evident that the banks and the mercantile community had triumphed, a general feeling of satisfaction was everywhere noticeable. Merchants, bankers, and tax-payers generally received the news with the feelings of men who felt relieved from a terrible incubus."

From the experience of the past year as above related, it must, therefore, be evident, that although public opinion is slow to change, and legislative bodies are unwilling to give the subject careful consideration, yet, notwithstanding, the work of tax reform goes forward; and that the day is not far distant when the theory that in order to tax equitably it is necessary to attempt to tax everything, will be as completely ignored and scouted from acceptance in the United States as it has been in every other country, our compeers in wealth, population, and civilization. It is also interesting to note how this record of recent decisions relative to local taxation coincides with and strengthens an observation made by more than one eminent writer on legal ethics and history, namely, that the law of judicial decision is not only absolutely necessary in every free and progressive society, but that it also contributes far more to the full and free development of such society than what may be termed, in contradistinction, the law of statute or legislative enactment; and that, in the action of our Courts, as in the instances referred to and others, we are but following the precedents of England, the jurisprudence of which country is, it is well known, based upon, or rather consists of, a mass of judicial decisions; and that England in turn has followed the precedents of Rome under the Republic, when the law-creating function resided for centuries far more in the Courts than in any legislative assembly.

David A. Wells.

THE LAST OF THE VALERII.

I HAD had occasion to declare more than once that if my god-daughter married a foreigner I should refuse to give her away. And yet when the young Conte Valerio was presented to me, in Rome, as her accepted and plighted lover, I found myself looking at the happy fellow, after a momentary stare of amazement, with a certain paternal benevolence; thinking, indeed, that from the picturesque point of view (she with her yellow locks and he with his dusky ones) they were a strikingly well-assorted pair. She brought him up to me half proudly, half timidly, pushing him before her, and begging me with one of her dovelike glances to be very polite. I don't know that I am addicted to rudeness; but she was so deeply impressed with his grandeur that she thought it impossible to do him honor enough. The Conte Valerio's grandeur was perhaps nothing for a young American girl, who had the air and almost the habits of a princess, to sound her trumpet about; but she was desperately in love with him, and not only her heart, but her imagination, was touched. He was extremely handsome, and with a more significant sort of beauty than is common in the handsome Roman race. He had a sort of sunken depth of expression, and a grave, slow smile, suggesting no great quickness of wit, but an unimpassioned intensity of feeling which promised well for Martha's happiness. He had little of the light, inexpensive urbanity of his countrymen, and more of a sort of heavy sincerity in his gaze which seemed to suspend response until he was sure he understood you. He was perhaps a little stupid, and I fancied that to a political or æsthetic question the reply would be particularly slow. "He is good and strong and brave," the young girl however assured me; and I easily believed her. Strong the Conte Valerio certainly was; he had a head and throat like some of the busts in the Vatican. To my eye, which has looked at things now so long with the

painter's purpose, it was a real perplexity to see such a throat rising out of the white cravat of the period. It sustained a head as massively round as that of the familiar bust of the Emperor Caracalla, and covered with the same dense sculptural crop of curls. The young man's hair grew superbly; it was such hair as the old Romans must have had when they walked bareheaded and bronzed about the world. It made a perfect arch over his low, clear forehead, and prolonged itself on cheek and chin in a close, crisp beard, strong with its own strength and unstiffened by the razor. Neither his nose nor his mouth was delicate; but they were powerful, shapely, and manly. His complexion was of a deep glowing brown which no emotion would alter, and his large lucid eyes seemed to stare at you like a pair of polished agates. He was of middle stature, and his chest was of so generous a girth that you half expected to hear his linen crack with its even respirations. And yet, with his simple human smile, he looked neither like a young bullock nor a gladiator. His powerful voice was the least bit harsh, and his large, ceremonious reply to my compliment had the massive sonority with which civil speeches must have been uttered in the age of Augustus. I had always considered my god-daughter a very American little person, in all delightful meanings of the word, and I doubted if this sturdy young Latin would understand the transatlantic element in her nature; but, evidently, he would make her a loyal and ardent lover. She seemed to me, in her blond prettiness, so tender, so appealing, so bewitching, that it was impossible to believe he had not more thoughts for all this than for the pretty fortune which it yet bothered me to believe that he must, like a good Italian, have taken the exact measure of. His own worldly goods consisted of the paternal estate, a villa within the walls of Rome, which his scanty funds had suffered to fall into sombre disrepair. "It's the

Villa she's in love with, quite as much as the Count," said her mother. "She dreams of converting the Count; that's all very well. But she dreams of refurbishing the Villa!"

The upholsterers were turned into it, I believe, before the wedding, and there was a great scrubbing and sweeping of saloons and raking and weeding of alleys and avenues. Martha made frequent visits of inspection while these ceremonies were taking place; but one day, on her return, she came into my little studio with an air of amusing horror. She had found them *scraping* the sarcophagus in the great ilex-walk; divesting it of its mossy coat, divesting it of the sacred green mould of the ages! This was their idea of making the Villa comfortable. She had made them transport it to the dampest place they could find; for next after that slow-coming, slow-going smile of her lover, it was the rusty complexion of his patrimonial marbles that she most prized. The young Count's conversion proceeded less rapidly, and indeed I believe that his betrothed brought little zeal to the affair. She loved him so devoutly that she believed no change of faith could better him, and she would have been willing for his sake to say her prayers to the sacred Bambino at Epiphany. But he had the good taste to demand no such sacrifice, and I was struck with the happy promise of a scene of which I was an accidental observer. It was at St. Peter's, one Friday afternoon, during the vesper service which takes place in the Chapel of the Choir. I met my god-daughter wandering happily on her lover's arm, her mother being established on her camp-stool near the chapel door. The crowd was collected thereabouts, and the body of the church was empty. Now and then the high voices of the singers escaped into the outer vastness and melted slowly away in the incense-thickened air. Something in the young girl's step and the clasp of her arm in her lover's told me that her contentment was perfect. As she threw back her head and gazed into the magnificent immensity of vault and dome, I felt that she was in that enviable mood in which all consciousness revolves on a single centre, and that

her sense of the splendors around her was one with the ecstasy of her trust. They stopped before that sombre group of confessionals which proclaims so portentously the world's sinfulness, and Martha seemed to make some almost passionate protestation. A few minutes later I overtook them.

"Don't you agree with me, dear friend," said the Count, who always addressed me with the most affectionate deference, "that before I marry so pure and sweet a creature as this, I ought to go into one of those places and confess every sin I ever was guilty of,—every evil thought and impulse and desire of my grossly evil nature?"

Martha looked at him, half in deprecation, half in homage, with a look which seemed at once to insist that her lover could have no vices, and to plead that, if he had, there would be something magnificent in them. "Listen to him!" she said, smiling. "The list would be long, and if you waited to finish it, you would be late for the wedding! But if you confess your sins for me, it's only fair I should confess mine for you. Do you know what I have been saying to Camillo?" she added, turning to me with the half-filial confidence she had always shown me and with a rosy glow in her cheeks; "that I want to do something more for him than girls commonly do for their lovers,—to take some step, to run some risk, to break some law, even! I'm willing to change my religion, if he bids me. There are moments when I'm terribly tired of simply staring at Catholicism; it will be a relief to come into a church to kneel. That's, after all, what they are meant for? Therefore, *Camillo mio*, if it casts a shade across your heart to think that I'm a heretic, I'll go and kneel down to that good old priest who has just entered the confessional yonder and say to him, 'My father, I repent, I abjure, I believe. Baptize me in the only faith.'"

"If it's a compliment to the Count," I said, "it seems to me he ought to anticipate it by turning Protestant."

She had spoken lightly and with a smile, and yet with an undertone of girlish ardor. The young man looked at her

with a solemn, puzzled face and shook his head. "Keep your religion," he said. "Every one his own. If you should attempt to embrace mine, I'm afraid you would close your arms about a shadow. I'm a poor Catholic! I don't understand all these chants and ceremonies and splendors. When I was a child I never could learn my catechism. My poor old confessor long ago gave me up; he told me I was a good boy but a *pagan*! You must not be a better Catholic than your husband. I don't understand your religion any better, but I beg you not to change it for mine. If it has helped to make you what you are it must be good." And taking the young girl's hand, he was about to raise it affectionately to his lips; but suddenly remembering that they were in a place unaccordant with profane passions, he lowered it with a comical smile. "Let us go!" he murmured, passing his hand over his forehead. "This heavy atmosphere of St. Peter's always stupefies me."

They were married in the month of May, and we separated for the summer, the Contessa's mamma going to illuminate the domestic circle in New York with her reflected dignity. When I returned to Rome in the autumn I found the young couple established at the Villa Valerio, which was being gradually reclaimed from its antique decay. I begged that the hand of improvement might be lightly laid on it, for as an unscrupulous old *genre* painter, with an eye to "subjects," I preferred that ruin should accumulate. My god-daughter was quite of my way of thinking, and she had a capital sense of the picturesque. Advising with me often as to projected changes, she was sometimes more conservative than myself; and I more than once smiled at her archaeological zeal, and declared that I believed she had married the Count because he was like a statue of the Decadence. I had a constant invitation to spend my days at the Villa, and my easel was always planted in one of the garden-walks. I grew to have a painter's passion for the place and to be intimate with every tangled shrub and twisted tree, every moss-coated vase and mouldy sarcophagus and sad, disfea-

tured bust of those grim old Romans who could so ill-afford to become more meagre-visaged. The place was of small extent; but though there were many other villas more pretentious and splendid, none seemed to me more deeply picturesque, more romantically idle and untrimmed, more encumbered with precious antique rubbish, and haunted with half-historic echoes. It contained an old ilex-walk in which I used religiously to spend half an hour every day, — half an hour being, I confess, just as long as I could stay without beginning to sneeze. The trees arched and intertwined here along their dusky vista in the quaintest symmetry; and as it was exposed uninterruptedly to the west, the low evening sun used to transfuse it with a sort of golden mist and play through it — over leaves and knotty boughs and mossy marbles — with a thousand crimson fingers. It was filled with disinterred fragments of sculpture, — nameless statues and noseless heads and rough-hewn sarcophagi, which made it deliciously solemn. The statues used to stand there in the perpetual twilight like conscious things, brooding on their gathered memories. I used to linger about them, half expecting they would speak and tell me their stony secrets — whisper heavily the whereabouts of their mouldering fellows, still unrecovered from the soil.

My god-daughter was idyllically happy and absolutely in love. I was obliged to confess that even rigid rules have their exceptions, and that now and then an Italian count is an honest fellow. Camillo was one to the core, and seemed quite content to be adored. Their life was a kind of childlike interchange of caresses, as candid and unmeasured as those of a shepherd and shepherdess in a bucolic poem. To stroll in the ilex-walk and feel her husband's arm about her waist and his shoulder against her cheek; to roll cigarettes for him while he puffed them in the great marble-paved rotunda in the centre of the house; to fill his glass from an old rusty red amphora; — these graceful occupations satisfied the young Countess.

She rode with him sometimes in the tufty shadow of aqueducts and tombs, and sometimes suffered him to show his

beautiful wife at Roman dinners and balls. She played dominoes with him after dinner, and carried out in a desultory way a daily scheme of reading him the newspapers. This observance was subject to fluctuations caused by the Count's invincible tendency to go to sleep, — a failing his wife never attempted to disguise or palliate. She would sit and brush the flies from him while he lay picturesquely snoozing, and, if I ventured near him, would place her finger on her lips and whisper that she thought her husband was as handsome asleep as awake. I confess I often felt tempted to reply to her that he was at least as entertaining, for the young man's happiness had not multiplied the topics on which he readily conversed. He had plenty of good sense, and his opinions on practical matters were always worth having. He would often come and sit near me while I worked at my case and offer a friendly criticism. His taste was a little crude, but his eye was excellent, and his measurement of the resemblance between some point of my copy and the original as trustworthy as that of a mathematical instrument. But he seemed to me to have either a strange reserve or a strange simplicity; to be fundamentally unfurnished with "ideas." He had no beliefs, or hopes, or fears, — nothing but senses, appetites, and serenely luxurious tastes. As I watched him strolling about looking at his finger-nails, I often wondered whether he had anything that could properly be termed a soul, and whether good health and good-nature were not the sum of his attributes. "It's lucky he's good-natured," I used to say to myself; "for if he were not, there is nothing in his conscience to keep him in order. If he had irritable nerves instead of quiet ones, he would strangle us as the young Hercules strangled the poor little snakes. He's the natural man! Happily, his nature is gentle and I can mix my colors at my ease." I wondered what he thought about and what passed through his mind in the sunny leisure which seemed to shut him in from that modern work-a-day world of which, in spite of my passion for bedaubing old panels with ineffective portraiture of mouldy statues against screens of box,

I still flattered myself I was a member. I went so far as to believe that he sometimes withdrew from the world altogether. He had moods in which his consciousness seemed so remote and his mind so irresponsible and dumb, that nothing but a powerful caress or a sudden violence was likely to arouse him. Even his lavish tenderness for his wife had a quality which I but half relished. Whether or no he had a soul himself, he seemed not to suspect that she had one. I took a godfatherly interest in what it had not always seemed to me crabbed and pedantic to talk of as her moral development. I fondly believed her to be a creature susceptible of the finer spiritual emotions. But what was becoming of her spiritual life in this interminable heathenish honeymoon? Some fine day she would find herself tired of the Count's *beaux yeux*, and make an appeal to his mind. She had, to my knowledge, plans of study, of charity, of worthily playing her part as a Contessa Valerio, — a position as to which the family records furnished the most memorable examples. But if the Count found the newspapers soporific, I doubted if he would turn Dante's pages very fast for his wife, or smile with much zest at the anecdotes of Vasari. How could he advise her, instruct her, sustain her? And if she became a mother, how could he share her responsibilities? He doubtless would assure his little son and heir a stout pair of arms and legs and a magnificent crop of curls, and sometimes remove his cigarette to kiss a dimpled spot; but I found it hard to picture him lending his voice to teach the lusty urelin his alphabet or his prayers, or the rudiments of infant virtue. One accomplishment indeed the Count possessed which would make him an agreeable playfellow: he carried in his pocket a collection of precious fragments of antique pavement, — bits of porphyry and malachite and lapis and basalt, — disinterred on his own soil and brilliantly polished by use. With these you might see him occupied by the half-hour, playing the simple game of catch-and-toss, ranging them in a circle, tossing them in rotation, and catching them on the back of his hand. His skill was remarkable; he

would send a stone five feet into the air, and pitch and catch and transpose the rest before he received it again. I watched with affectionate jealousy for the signs of a dawning sense, on Martha's part, that she was the least bit strangely mated. Once or twice, as the weeks went by, I fancied I read them, and that she looked at me with eyes which seemed to remember certain old talks of mine in which I had declared — with such verity as you please — that a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, might be a very good fellow, but that he never really respected the woman he pretended to love; but for the most part, I confess, these dusky broodings of mine spent themselves easily in the charmed atmosphere of our fine old Villa. We were out of the modern world and had no business with modern scruples. The place was so bright, so still, so sacred to the silent, imperturbable past, that drowsy contentment seemed a natural law; and sometimes when, as I sat at my work, I saw my companions passing arm-in-arm across the end of one of the long-drawn vistas and, turning back to my palette, found my colors dimmer for the radiant vision, I could easily believe that I was some loyal old chronicler of a perfectly poetical legend.

It was a help to ungrudging feelings that the Count, yielding to his wife's urgency, had undertaken a series of systematic excavations. To excavate is an expensive luxury, and neither Camillo nor his latter forefathers had possessed the means for a disinterested pursuit of archaeology. But his young wife had persuaded herself that the much-trodden soil of the Villa was as full of buried treasures as a bride-cake of plums, and that it would be a pretty compliment to the ancient house which had accepted her as mistress to devote a portion of her dowry to bringing its mouldy honors to the light. I think she was not without a fancy that this liberal process would help to disinfect her Yankee dollars of the impertinent odor of trade. She took learned advice on the subject, and was soon ready to swear to you, proceeding from irrefutable premises, that a colossal gilt-bronze Minerva mentioned by Strabo was placidly awaiting

resurrection at a point twenty rods from the northwest angle of the house. She had a couple of grotesque old antiquaries to lunch, whom having plied with unwonted potations, she walked off their legs in the grounds; and though they agreed on nothing else in the world, they individually assured her that properly conducted researches would probably yield an unequalled harvest of discoveries. The Count had been not only indifferent, but even averse, to the scheme, and had more than once arrested his wife's complacent allusions to it by an unaccustomed acerbity of tone. "Let them lie, the poor disinherited gods, the Minerva, the Apollo, the Ceres, you are so sure of finding," he said, "and don't break their rest. What do you want of them? We can't worship them. Would you put them on pedestals to stare and mock at them? If you can't believe in them, don't disturb them. Peace be with them!" I remember being a good deal impressed by a vigorous confession drawn from him by his wife's playfully declaring in answer to some remonstrances in this strain that he was veritably superstitious. "Yes, by Bacchus, I am superstitious!" he cried. "Too much so, perhaps! But I'm an old Italian, and you must take me as you find me. There have been things seen and done here which leave strange influences behind! They don't touch you doubtless, who come of another race. But they touch me, often, in the whisper of the leaves and the odor of the mouldy soil and the blank eyes of the old statues. I can't bear to look the statues in the face. I seem to see other strange eyes in the empty sockets, and I hardly know what they say to me. I call the poor old statues ghosts. In conscience, we've enough on the place already, lurking and peering in every shady nook. Don't dig up any more, or I won't answer for my wits!"

This account of Camillo's sensibilities was too fantastic not to seem to his wife almost a joke; and though I imagined there was more in it, he made a joke so seldom that I should have been sorry to cut short the poor girl's smile. With her smile she carried her point, and in a few days arrived a kind of explorer, with

a dozen workmen armed with pickaxes and spades. For myself, I was secretly vexed at these energetic measures; for, though fond of disinterred statues, I disliked the disinterment and deplored the profane sounds which were henceforth to break the leisurely stillness of the gardens. I especially objected to the personage who conducted the operations, an ugly little dwarfish man who seemed altogether a subterranean genius, a mouldy gnome of the under world, and went prying about the grounds with a malicious smile which suggested more delight in the money the Signor Conte was going to bury than in the expected marbles and bronzes. When the first sod had been turned the Count's mood seemed to alter, and his curiosity got the better of his scruples. He sniffed delightedly the odor of the humid earth, and stood watching the workmen as they struck constantly deeper with a kindling wonder in his eyes. Whenever a pickaxe rang against a stone he would utter a sharp cry, and be deterred from jumping into the trench only by the little explorer's assurance that it was a false alarm. The near prospect of discoveries seemed to act upon his nerves, and I met him more than once strolling restlessly among his cedarn alleys, as if at last he had fallen a-thinking; he took me by the arm and made me walk with him, and discoursed ardently of the chance of a "find." I rather marvelled at his sudden zeal, and wondered whether he had an eye to the past or to the future — to the beauty of possible Minervas and Apollos or to their market value. Whenever the Count would come and denounce his little army of spademen, a set of loitering vagabonds, the little explorer would glance at me with a sarcastic twinkle which seemed to hint that excavations were a snare. We were kept some time in suspense, for several false beginnings were made. The earth was probed in the wrong places. The Count began to be discouraged and to prolong his abbreviated *siesta*. But the little explorer, who had his own ideas, shrewdly continued his labors; and as I sat at my easel I heard the spades ringing against the dislodged stones. Now and then I would pause, with an uncontrollable acceleration

of my heart-beats. "It *may* be," I would say, "that some marble masterpiece is stirring there beneath its lightening weight of earth! There are as good fish in the sea — I *may* be summoned to welcome another Antinous back to fame, — a Venus, a Faun, an Augustus!"

One morning it seemed to me that I had been hearing for half an hour a livelier movement of voices than usual, but as I was preoccupied with a puzzling bit of work I made no inquiries. Suddenly a shadow fell across my canvas, and I turned round. The little explorer stood beside me, with a glittering eye, cap in hand, his forehead bathed in perspiration. Resting in the hollow of his arm was an earth-stained fragment of marble. In answer to my questioning glance he held it up to me, and I saw it was a woman's shapely hand. "Come!" he simply said, and led the way to the excavation. The workmen were so closely gathered round the open trench that I saw nothing till he made them divide. Then, full in the sun and flashing it back, almost, in spite of her mouldy incrustations, I beheld, propped up with stones against a heap of earth, a majestic marble image. She seemed to me almost colossal, though I afterwards perceived that she was of perfect human proportions. My pulses began to throb, for I felt she was something great, and that it was great to be among the first to know her. Her marvellous beauty gave her an almost human look, and her absent eyes seemed to wonder back at us. She was amply draped, so that I saw that she was not a Venus. "She's a Juno," said the explorer, decisively; and she seemed indeed an embodiment of celestial supremacy and repose. Her beautiful head, bound with a single band, could have bent only to give the nod of command; her eyes looked straight before her; her mouth was implacably grave; one hand, outstretched, appeared to have held a kind of imperial wand, the arm from which the other had been broken hung at her side with the most classical majesty. The workmanship was of the rarest finish, and though perhaps there was a sort of vaguely modern attempt at character in her expression, she was wrought, as a whole,

in the large and simple manner of the great Greek period. She was a masterpiece of skill and a marvel of preservation. "Does the Count know?" I soon asked, for I had a guilty sense that our eyes were taking something from her.

"The Signor Conte is at his *siesta*," said the explorer, with his sceptical grin. "We don't like to disturb him."

"Here he comes!" cried one of the workmen, and we made way for him. His *siesta* had evidently been suddenly broken, for his face was flushed and his hair disordered.

"Ah, my dream, — my dream was right then!" he cried, and stood staring at the image.

"What was your dream?" I asked, as his face seemed to betray more dismay than delight.

"That they'd found a Juno; and that she rose and came and laid her marble hand on mine — eh?" said the Count excitedly.

A kind of awe-struck, guttural *a-ah!* burst from the listening workmen.

"This is the hand!" said the little explorer, holding up his perfect fragment. "I've had it this half-hour, so it can't have touched you."

"But you're apparently right as to her being a Juno," I said. "Admire her at your leisure." And I turned away; for if the Count was superstitious, I wished to leave him free to relieve himself. I repaired to the house to carry the news to my god-daughter, whom I found slumbering — dreamlessly, it appeared — over a great archæological octavo. "They've touched bottom," I said. "They've found a Juno of Praxiteles at the very least!" She dropped her octavo, and rang for a parasol. I described the statue, but not graphically, I presume, for Martha gave a little sarcastic grimace.

"A long, fluted *peplum*," she said. "How very odd! I don't believe she's beautiful."

"She's beautiful enough, *figliocciamia*," I answered, "to make you jealous."

We found the Count standing before the resurgent goddess in fixed contemplation, with folded arms. He seemed to have recovered from the irritation of his

dream, but I thought his face betrayed a still deeper emotion. He was pale, and gave no response as his wife caressingly clasped his arm. I'm not sure, however, that his wife's attitude was not a livelier tribute to the perfection of the image. She had been laughing at my rhapsody as we walked from the house, and I had bethought myself of a statement I had somewhere seen, that women lack the perception of the purest beauty. Martha, however, seemed slowly to measure our Juno's infinite stateliness. She gazed a long time silently, leaning against her husband, and then stepped half timidly down on the stones which formed a rough base for the figure. She laid her two rosy, ungloved hands upon the stony fingers of the goddess, and remained for some moments pressing them in her warm grasp, and fixing her living eyes upon the inexpressive brow. When she turned round her eyes were bright with an admiring tear, — a tear which her husband was too deeply absorbed to notice. He had apparently given orders that the workmen should be treated to a cask of wine, in honor of their discovery. It was now brought and opened on the spot, and the little explorer, having drawn the first glass, stepped forward, hat in hand, and obsequiously presented it to the Countess. She only moistened her lips with it and passed it to her husband. He raised it mechanically to his own; then suddenly he stopped, held it a moment aloft, and poured it out slowly and solemnly at the feet of the Juno.

"Why, it's a libation!" I cried. He made no answer and walked slowly away.

There was no more work done that day. The laborers lay on the grass, gazing with the native Roman relish of a fine piece of sculpture, but wasting no wine in pagan ceremonies. In the evening the Count paid the Juno another visit, and gave orders that on the morrow she should be transferred to the Casino. The Casino was a deserted garden-house, built in not ungraceful imitation of an Ionic temple, in which Camillo's ancestors must often have assembled to drink cool syrups from Venetian glasses, and listen to learned madrigals. It contained several dusty fragments of antique sculpture, and it was

spacious enough to enclose that richer collection of which I began fondly to regard the Juno as but the nucleus. Here, with short delay, this fine creature was placed, serenely upright, a reversed funereal *cippus* forming a sufficiently solid pedestal. The little explorer, who seemed an expert in all the offices of restoration, rubbed her and scraped her with mysterious art, removed her earthy stains, and doubled the lustre of her beauty. Her mellow substance seemed to glow with a kind of renascent purity and bloom, and, but for her broken hand, you might have fancied she had just received the last stroke of the chisel. Her fame remained no secret. Within two or three days half a dozen inquisitive *conoscenti* posted out to obtain sight of her. I happened to be present when the first of these gentlemen (a German in blue spectacles, with a portfolio under his arm) presented himself at the Villa. The Count, hearing his voice at the door, came forward and eyed him coldly from head to foot.

"Your new Juno, Signor Conte," began the German, "is, in my opinion, much more likely to be a certain Proserpine —"

"I've neither a Juno nor a Proserpine to discuss with you," said the Count curtly. "You're misinformed."

"You've dug up no statue?" cried the German. "What a scandalous hoax!"

"None worthy of your learned attention. I'm sorry you should have the trouble of carrying your little note-book so far." The Count had suddenly become witty!

"But you've something, surely. The rumor is running through Rome."

"The rumor be damned!" cried the Count savagely. "I've *nothing*, — do you understand? Be so good as to say so to your friends."

The answer was explicit, and the poor archæologist departed, tossing his flaxen mane. But I pitied him and ventured to remonstrate with the Count. "She might as well be still in the earth, if no one is to see her," I said.

"I'm to see her: that's enough!" he answered with the same unnatural harshness. Then, in a moment, as he

caught me eying him askance in troubled surprise, "I hated his great portfolio. He was going to make some hideous drawing of her."

"Ah, that touches me," I said. "I have been planning to make a little sketch."

He was silent for some moments, after which he turned and grasped my arm, with less irritation, but with extraordinary gravity. "Go in there towards twilight," he said, "and sit for an hour and look at her. I think you'll give up your sketch. If you don't, my good old friend, — you're welcome!"

I followed his advice, and, as a friend, I gave up my sketch. But an artist is an artist, and I secretly longed to attempt it. Orders strictly in accordance with the Count's reply to our German friend were given to the servants, who, with an easy Italian conscience and a gracious Italian persuasiveness, assured all subsequent inquirers that they had been regrettably misinformed. I have no doubt, indeed, that, in default of larger opportunity, they made condolence remunerative. Further excavation was, for the present, suspended, as implying an affront to the incomparable Juno. The workmen departed, but the little explorer still haunted the premises and sounded the soil for his own entertainment. One day he came to me with his usual ambiguous grimace. "The beautiful hand of the Juno," he murmured; "what has become of it?"

"I've not seen it since you called me to look at her. I remember when I went away I saw it lying on the grass near the excavation."

"Where I placed it myself! After that it disappeared. *Ecco!*"

"Do you suspect one of your workmen? Such a fragment as that would bring more *scudi* than most of them ever looked at."

"Some, perhaps, are greater thieves than the others. But if I were to call up the worst of them and accuse him, the Count would interfere."

"He must value that beautiful hand, nevertheless."

The little expert in disinterment looked about him and winked. "He values it

so much that he himself purloined it. That's my belief, and I think that the less we say about it the better."

"Purloined it, my dear sir? After all, it's his own property."

"Not so much as that comes to. So beautiful a creature is more or less the property of every one; we've all a right to look at her. But the Count treats her as if she were a sacro-sanct image of the Madonna. He keeps her under lock and key, and pays her solitary visits. What does he do, after all? When a beautiful woman is in stone, all you can do is to look at her. And what does he do with that precious hand? He keeps it in a silver box; he has made a relic of it!" And the little explorer began to titter grotesquely and walked away.

He left me musing uncomfortably, and wondering what the deuce he meant. The Count certainly chose to make a mystery of the Juno, but this seemed a natural incident of the first rapture of possession. I was willing to wait for a free access to her, and in the mean time I was glad to find that there was a limit to his constitutional apathy. But as the days elapsed I began to be conscious that his enjoyment was not communicative, but strangely cold and shy and sombre. That he should admire a marble goddess was no reason for his despising mankind, but he really seemed to be making invidious comparisons between us. From this untender proscription his charming wife was not excepted. At moments, when I tried to persuade myself that he was neither worse nor better company than usual, her face condemned my optimism. She said nothing, but she wore a constant look of pathetic perplexity. She sat at times with her eyes fixed on him with a kind of appealing remonstrance and tender curiosity, as if pitying surprise held resentment yet awhile in check. What passed between them in private, I had, of course, no warrant to inquire. Nothing, I imagined, and that was the misery. It was part of the misery, too, that he seemed impenetrable to these mute glances, and looked over her head with an air of superb abstraction. Occasionally he noticed me looking at him

in urgent deprecation, and then for a moment his heavy eye would sparkle, half, as it seemed, in defiant irony and half with a strangely stifled impulse to justify himself. But from his wife he kept his face inexorably, cruelly averted; and when she approached him with some persuasive caress, he received it with an ill-concealed shudder. I inwardly protested and raged. I grew to hate the Count and everything that belonged to him. "I was a thousand times right," I cried; "an Italian count may be mighty fine, but he won't *wear*! Give us some wholesome young fellow of our own blood, who'll play us none of these dusky Old-World tricks. Painter as I am, I'll never recommend a picturesque husband!" I lost my pleasure in the Villa, in the purple shadows and glowing lights, the mossy marbles and the long-trailing profile of the Alban Hills. My painting stood still; everything looked ugly. I sat and fumbled with my palette, and seemed to be mixing mud with my colors. My head was stuffed with dismal thoughts; an intolerable weight seemed to lie upon my heart. The Count became, to my imagination, a dark efflorescence of the evil germs which history had implanted in his line. No wonder he was foredoomed to be cruel. Was not cruelty a tradition in his race, and crime an example? The unholy passions of his forefathers stirred blindly in his untaught nature and clamored dumbly for an issue. What a heavy heritage it seemed to me, as I reckoned it up in my melancholy musings, the Count's interminable ancestry! Back to the profligate revival of arts and vices, — back to the bloody medley of mediæval wars, — back through the long, fitfully-glaring dusk of the early ages to its ponderous origin in the solid Roman state, — back through all the darkness of history, — it seemed to stretch, losing every feeblest claim on my sympathies as it went. Such a record was in itself a curse; and my poor girl had expected it to sit as lightly and gratefully on her consciousness as her feather on her hat! I have little idea how long this painful situation lasted. It seemed the longer from my god-daughter's continued reserve, and my inability to offer

her a word of consolation. A sensitive woman, disappointed in marriage, exhausts her own ingenuity before she takes counsel. The Count's preoccupations, whatever they were, made him increasingly restless; he came and went at random, with nervous abruptness; he took long rides alone, and, as I inferred, rarely went through the form of excusing himself to his wife; and still, as time went on, he came no nearer explaining his mystery. With the lapse of time, however, I confess that my apprehensions began to be tempered with pity. If I had expected to see him propitiate his urgent ancestry by a crime, now that his native rectitude seemed resolute to deny them this satisfaction, I felt a sort of comparative gratitude. A man could n't be so gratuitously sombre without being unhappy. He had always treated me with that antique deference to a grizzled beard for which elderly men reserve the flames of their general tenderness for waning fashions, and I thought it possible he might suffer me to lay a healing hand upon his trouble. One evening, when I had taken leave of my god-daughter and given her my useless blessing in a silent kiss, I came out and found the Count sitting in the garden in the mild starlight, and staring at a mouldy Hermes, nestling in a clump of oleander. I sat down by him and informed him roundly that his conduct needed an explanation. He half turned his head, and his dark pupil gleamed an instant.

"I understand," he said, "you think me crazy!" And he tapped his forehead.

"No, not crazy, but unhappy. And if unhappiness runs its course too freely, of course our poor wits are sorely tried."

He was silent awhile, and then, "I'm not unhappy!" he cried abruptly. "I'm prodigiously happy. You wouldn't believe the satisfaction I take in sitting here and staring at that old weather-worn Hermes. Formerly I used to be afraid of him: his frown used to remind me of a little bushy-browed old priest who taught me Latin and looked at me terribly over the book when I stumbled in my Virgil. But now it seems to me the friendliest, jolliest thing in the world, and suggests the most delightful images. He stood pout-

ing his great lips in some old Roman's garden two thousand years ago. He saw the sandalled feet treading the alleys and the rose-crowned heads bending over the wine; he knew the old feasts and the old worship, the old Romans and the old gods. As I sit here he speaks to me, in his own dumb way, and describes it all! No, no, my friend, I'm the happiest of men!"

I had denied that I thought he was crazy, but I suddenly began to suspect it, for I found nothing reassuring in this singular rhapsody. The Hermes, for a wonder, had kept his nose; and when I reflected that my dear Countess was being neglected for this senseless pagan block, I secretly promised myself to come the next day with a hammer and deal him such a lusty blow as would make him too ridiculous for a sentimental *tête-à-tête*. Meanwhile, however, the Count's infatuation was no laughing matter, and I expressed my sincerest conviction when I said, after a pause, that I should recommend him to see either a priest or a physician.

He burst into uproarious laughter. "A priest! What should I do with a priest, or he with me? I never loved them, and I feel less like beginning than ever. A priest, my dear friend," he repeated, laying his hand on my arm, "don't set a priest at me, if you value *his* sanity! My confession would frighten the poor man out of his wits. As for a doctor, I never was better in my life, and unless," he added abruptly, rising, and eying me askance, "you want to poison me, in Christian charity I advise you to leave me alone."

Decidedly, the Count *was* unsound, and I had no heart, for some days, to go back to the Villa. How should I treat him, what stand should I take, what course did Martha's happiness and dignity demand? I wandered about Rome, revolving these questions, and one afternoon found myself in the Pantheon. A light spring shower had begun to fall, and I hurried for refuge into the great temple which its Christian altars have but half converted into a church. No Roman monument retains a deeper impress of

ancient life, or verifies more forcibly the memory of these old beliefs which we are apt to regard as dim fables. The huge dusky dome seems to the spiritual ear to hold a vague reverberation of pagan worship, as a gathered shell holds the rumor of the sea. Three or four persons were scattered before the various altars; another stood near the centre, beneath the aperture in the dome. As I drew near I perceived he was the Count. He was planted with his hands behind him, looking up first at the heavy rain-clouds, as they crossed the great bull's-eye, and then down at the besprinkled circle on the pavement. In those days the pavement was rugged and cracked and magnificently old, and this ample space, in free communion with the weather, had become as mouldy and mossy and verdant as a strip of garden soil. A tender herbage had sprung up in the crevices of the slabs and the little microscopic shoots were twinkling in the rain. This great weather-current, through the unclosed apex of the temple, deadens most effectively the customary odors of incense and tallow, and transports one to a faith that was on friendly terms with nature. It seemed to have performed this office for the Count; his face wore an indefinable expression of ecstasy, and he was so rapt in contemplation that it was some time before he noticed me. The sun was struggling through the clouds without, and yet a thin rain continued to fall and came drifting down into our gloomy enclosure in a sort of illuminated drizzle. The Count watched it with the fascinated stare of a child watching a fountain, and then turned away, pressing his hand to his brow, and walked over to one of the ornamental altars. Here he again stood staring, but in a moment wheeled about and returned to his former place. Just then he recognized me, and perceived, I suppose, the puzzled gaze I must have fixed on him. He saluted me frankly with his hand, and at last came toward me. I fancied that he was in a kind of nervous tremor and was trying to appear calm.

"This is the best place in Rome," he murmured. "It's worth fifty St. Peters'. But do you know I never came

here till the other day? I left it to the *forestieri*. They go about with their red books, and read about this and that, and think they know it. Ah! you must *feel* it, — feel the beauty and fitness of that great open skylight. Now, only the wind and the rain, the sun and the cold come down; but of old — of old" — and he touched my arm and gave me a strange smile — "the pagan gods and goddesses used to come sailing through it and take their places at their altars. What a procession, when the eyes of faith could see it! Those are the things they have given us instead!" And he gave a pitiful shrug. "I should like to pull down their pictures, overturn their candlesticks, and poison their holy-water!"

"My dear Count," I said gently, "you should tolerate people's honest beliefs. Would you renew the Inquisition, and in the interest of Jupiter and Mercury?"

"People would n't tolerate my belief, if they guessed it!" he cried. "There's been a great talk about the pagan persecutions; but the Christians persecuted as well, and the old gods were worshipped in caves and woods as well as the new. And none the worse for that! It was in caves and woods and streams, in earth and air and water, they dwelt. And there — and here, too, in spite of all your Christian lustrations — a son of old Italy may find them still!"

He had said more than he meant, and his mask had fallen. I looked at him hard, and felt a sudden outgush of the compassion we always feel for a creature irresponsibly excited. I seemed to touch the source of his trouble, and my relief was great, for my discovery made me feel like bursting into laughter. But I contented myself with smiling benignantly. He looked back at me suspiciously, as if to judge how far he had betrayed himself; and in his glance I read, somehow, that he had a conscience we could take hold of. In my gratitude, I was ready to thank any gods he pleased. "Take care, take care," I said, "you're saying things which if the sacerstan there were to hear and report —!" And I passed my hand through his arm and led him away.

I was startled and shocked, but I was also amused and comforted. The Count had suddenly become for me a delightfully curious phenomenon, and I passed the rest of the day in meditating on the strange ineffaceability of race-characteristics. A sturdy young Latin I had called Camillo; sturdier, indeed, than I had dreamed him. Discretion was now misplaced, and on the morrow I spoke to my god-daughter. She had lately been hoping, I think, that I would help her to unburden her heart, for she immediately gave way to tears, and confessed that she was miserable. "At first," she said, "I thought it was fancy, and not his tenderness that was growing less, but my exactions that were growing greater. But suddenly it settled upon me like a mortal chill, — the conviction that he had ceased to care for me, that something had come between us. And the horrible thing has been the want of possible cause in my own conduct, or of other visible claim on his interest. I have racked my brain to discover what I had said or done or thought to displease him! And yet he goes about like a man too deeply injured to complain. He has never uttered a harsh word or given me a reproachful look. He has simply renounced me. I have dropped out of his life."

She spoke with such an appealing tremor in her voice that I was on the point of telling her that I had guessed the riddle, and that this was half the battle. But I was afraid of her incredulity. My solution was so fantastic, so apparently far-fetched, so absurd, that I resolved to wait for convincing evidence. To obtain it, I continued to watch the Count, covertly and cautiously, but with a vigilance which disinterested curiosity now made doubly keen. I returned to my painting, and neglected no pretext for hovering about the gardens and the neighborhood of the Casino. The Count, I think, suspected my designs, or at least my suspicions, and would have been glad to remember just what he had suffered himself to say to me in the Pantheon. But it deepened my interest in his extraordinary situation that, in so far as I could read his deeply brooding face, he seemed to have

grudgingly pardoned me. He gave me a glance occasionally, as he passed me, in which a sort of dumb desire for help appeared to struggle with the instinct of mistrust. I was willing enough to help him, but the case was prodigiously delicate, and I wished to master the symptoms. Meanwhile I worked and waited and wondered. Ah! I wondered, you may be sure, with an interminable wonder; and, turn it over as I would, I could not get used to my idea. Sometimes it offered itself to me with a perverse fascination which deprived me of all wish to interfere. The Count took the form of a precious psychological study, and refined feeling seemed to dictate a tender respect for his delusion. I envied him the force of his imagination, and I used sometimes to close my eyes with a vague desire that when I opened them I might find Apollo under the opposite tree, lazily kissing his flute, or see Diana hurrying with long steps down the ilex-walk. But for the most part my host seemed to me simply an unhappy young man, with an unwholesome mental twist which should be smoothed away as speedily as possible. If the remedy was to match the disease, however, it would have to be an ingenious compound!

One evening, having bidden my god-daughter good night, I had started on my usual walk to my lodgings in Rome. Five minutes after leaving the Villa gate I discovered that I had left my eye-glass — an object in constant use — behind me. I immediately remembered that, while painting, I had broken the string which fastened it round my neck, and had hooked it provisionally upon the twig of a flowering-almond tree within arm's reach. Shortly afterwards I had gathered up my things and retired, unmindful of the glass; and now, as I needed it to read the evening paper at the Caffè Greco, there was no alternative but to retrace my steps and detach it from its twig. I easily found it and lingered awhile to note the curious night-aspect of the spot I had been studying by daylight. The night was magnificent, and full-charged with the breath of the early Roman spring. The moon was rising fast and

flinging her silver checkers into the heavy masses of shadow. Watching her at work, I strolled farther and suddenly came in sight of the Casino. Just then the moon, which for a moment had been concealed, touched with a white ray a small marble figure which adorned the pediment of this rather factitious little structure. Its sudden illumination suggested that a rarer spectacle was at hand, and that the same influence must be vastly becoming to the imprisoned Juno. The door of the Casino was, as usual, locked, but the moonlight was flooding the high-placed windows so generously that my curiosity became obstinate — and inventive. I dragged a garden-seat round from the portico, placed it on end, and succeeded in climbing to the top of it and bringing myself abreast of one of the windows. The casement yielded to my pressure, turned on its hinges, and showed me the fancied scene, — Juno visited by Diana. The beautiful image stood bathed in the radiant flood and shining with a purity which made her most persuasively divine. If by day her mellow complexion suggested faded gold, her substance now might have passed for polished silver. The effect was almost terrible; beauty so eloquent could hardly be inanimate. This was my foremost observation. I leave you to fancy whether my next was less interesting. At some distance from the foot of the statue, just out of the light, I perceived a figure lying flat on the pavement, prostrate apparently with devotion. I can hardly tell you how it completed the impressiveness of the scene. It marked the shining image as a goddess indeed, and seemed to throw a sort of conscious pride into her stony mask. I of course immediately recognized this recumbent worshipper as the Count, and while I stood gazing, as if to help me to read the full meaning of his attitude, the moonlight travelled forward and covered his breast and face. Then I saw that his eyes were closed, and that he was either asleep or swooning. Watching him attentively, I detected his even respirations, and judged there was no reason for alarm. The moonlight blanched his face, which seemed already pale with weariness. He

had come into the presence of the Juno in obedience to that extraordinary need of which the symptoms had so wofully perplexed us, and, exhausted either by compliance or resistance, he had sunk down at her feet in a stupid sleep. The bright moonshine soon aroused him, however; he muttered something and raised himself, vaguely staring. Then recognizing his situation, he rose and stood for some time gazing fixedly at the shining statue with an expression which I fancied was not that of wholly unprotesting devotion. He uttered a string of broken words of which I was unable to catch the meaning, and then, after another pause and a long, melancholy moan, he turned slowly to the door. As rapidly and noiselessly as possible I descended from my post of vigilance and passed behind the Casino, and in a moment I heard the sound of the closing lock and of his departing footsteps.

The next day, meeting the little explorer in the grounds, I shook my finger at him with what I meant he should consider portentous gravity. But he only grinned like the malicious earth-gnome to which I had always likened him, and twisted his mustache as if my menace was a capital joke. "If you dig any more holes here," I said, "you shall be thrust into the deepest of them, and have the earth packed down on top of you. We have made enough discoveries, and we want no more statues. Your Juno has almost ruined us."

He burst out laughing. "I expected as much," he cried, "I had my notions!"

"What did you expect?"

"That the Signor Conte would begin and say his prayers to her."

"Good heavens! Is the case so common? Why did you expect it?"

"On the contrary, the case is rare. But I've fumbled so long in the monstrous heritage of antiquity, that I have learned a multitude of secrets — learned that ancient relics may work modern miracles. There's a pagan element in all of us, — I don't speak for you, *illustrissimi forestieri*, — and the old gods have still their worshippers. The old spirit still throbs here and there, and the Signor Conte has his share of it. He's a good

fellow, but, between ourselves, he's an impossible Christian!" And this singular personage resumed his impertinent hilarity.

"If your previsions were so distinct," I said, "you ought to have given me a hint of them. I should have sent your spadesmen walking!"

"Ah, but the Juno is so beautiful!"

"Her beauty be blasted! Can you tell me what has become of the Contessa's? To rival the Juno, she's turning to marble herself."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, but the Juno is worth fifty thousand *scudi*!"

"I'd give a hundred thousand," I said, "to have her annihilated. Perhaps, after all, I shall want you to dig another hole."

"At your service!" he answered, with a flourish; and we separated.

A couple of days later I dined, as I often did, with my host and hostess, and met the Count face to face for the first time since his prostration in the Casino. He bore the traces of it, and sat plunged in sombre distraction. I fancied that the path of the old faith was not strewn with flowers, and that the Juno was becoming daily a harder mistress to serve. Dinner was scarcely over before he rose from table and took up his hat. As he did so, passing near his wife, he faltered a moment, stopped and gave her—for the first time, I imagine—that vaguely imploring look which I had often caught. She moved her lips in inarticulate sympathy and put out her hands. He drew her towards him, kissed her with a kind of angry ardor, and strode away. The occasion was propitious, and further delay unnecessary.

"What I have to tell you is very strange," I said to the Countess, "very fantastic, very incredible. But perhaps you'll not find it so bad as you feared. Your enemy is the Juno. The Count—how shall I say it?—the Count takes her *au sérieux*." She was silent; but after a moment she touched my arm with her hand, and I knew she meant that I had spoken her own belief. "You admired his antique simplicity; you see how far it goes. He has reverted to the

faith of his fathers. Dormant through the ages, that imperious statue has silently aroused it. He believes in the pedigrees you used to dog's-ear your School Mythology with trying to get by heart. In a word, dear child, Camillo is a pagan."

"I suppose you'll be terribly shocked," she answered, "if I say that he's welcome to any faith, if he will only share it with me. I'll believe in Jupiter, if he'll bid me! My sorrow's not for that: let my husband be himself! My sorrow is for the gulf of silence and indifference that has burst open between us. His Juno's the reality: I'm the fiction!"

"I've lately become reconciled to this gulf of silence, and to your wearing for a while a fabulous character. After the fable the moral! The poor fellow has but half succumbed: the other half protests. The modern man is shut out in the darkness with his incomparable wife. How can he have failed to feel—vaguely and grossly, if it must have been, but in every throb of his heart—that you are a more perfect experiment of nature, a riper fruit of time, than those primitive persons for whom Juno was a terror and Venus an example? He pays you the compliment of believing you an inconvertible modern. He has crossed the Acheron, but he has left you behind, as a pledge to the present. We'll bring him back to redeem it. The old ancestral ghosts ought to be propitiated when a pretty creature like you has sacrificed the roses of her life. He has proved himself one of the Valerii; we shall see to it that he is the last, and yet that his decease shall leave the Conte Camillo in excellent health."

I spoke with a confidence which I had partly felt, for it seemed to me that if the Count was to be touched it must be by the sense that his strange, spiritual excursion had not made his wife detest him. We talked long and to a hopeful end, for before I went away my god-daughter expressed the desire to go out and look at the Juno. "I was afraid of her almost from the first," she said, "and have hardly seen her since she was set up in the Casino. Perhaps I can learn a lesson from her and guess the secret of her influence."

For a moment I hesitated, with the fear that we might intrude upon the Count's devotions. Then, as something in the young girl's face suggested that she had thought of this and felt a sudden impulse to pluck victory from the heart of danger, I bravely offered her my arm. The night was cloudy, and on this occasion apparently the triumphant goddess was to depend upon her own lustre. But as we approached the Casino I saw that the door was ajar, and that there was lamp-light within. The lamp was suspended in front of the image, and it showed us that the place was empty. But the Count had lately been there. Before the statue stood a roughly extemporized altar, composed of a nameless fragment of antique marble, engraved with an illegible Greek inscription. We seemed really to stand in a pagan temple, and we gazed at the serene divinity with an impulse of spiritual reverence. It ought to have been deepened, I suppose, but it was rudely checked, by our observing a curious glitter on the face of the low altar. A second glance showed us it was blood!

My companion looked at me in pale horror, and turned away with a cry. A swarm of hideous conjectures pressed into my mind, and for a moment I was sickened. But at last I remembered that there is blood and blood, and the later Latins were not the anthropolophagi.

"Be sure it's very innocent," I said, "a lamb, a kid, or a sucking calf!" But it was enough for her nerves and her conscience that it was a crimson trickle, and she returned to the house in great agitation. The rest of the night was not passed in a way to restore her to calmness. The Count had not come in, and she sat up for him from hour to hour. I remained with her and smoked my cigar as composedly as I might; but internally I wondered what in horror's name had become of him. Gradually, as the hours wore away, I shaped a vague interpretation of those dusky portents,—an interpretation none the less valid and devoutly desired for its being tolerably cheerful. The blood-drops on the altar, I mused, were the last instalment of his

debt and the end of his delusion. They had been a happy necessity, for he was, after all, too gentle a creature not to hate himself for having shed them, not to abhor so cruelly insistent an idol. He had wandered away to recover himself in solitude, and he would come back to us with a repentant heart and an inquiring mind! I should certainly have believed all this more easily, however, if I could have heard his footstep in the hall. Toward dawn, as scepticism threatened to creep in with the gray light, I restlessly betook myself to the portico. Here in a few moments I saw him cross the grass, heavy-footed, splashed with mud, and evidently excessively tired. He must have been walking all night; and his face denoted that his spirit had been as restless as his body. He paused near me, and before he entered the house he stopped, looked at me a moment, and then held out his hand. I grasped it warmly, and it seemed to me to throb with all that he could not speak.

"Will you see your wife?" I asked.

He passed his hand over his eyes and shook his head. "Not now — not yet — some time!" he answered.

I was disappointed, but I convinced her, I think, that he had cast out the devil. She felt, poor girl, a pardonable desire to celebrate the event. I returned to my lodging, spent the day in Rome, and came back to the Villa toward dusk. I was told that the Countess was in the grounds. I looked for her cautiously at first, for I thought it just possible I might interrupt the natural consequences of a reconciliation; but failing to meet her, I turned toward the Casino, and found myself face to face with the little explorer.

"Does your excellency happen to have twenty yards of stout rope about him?" he asked gravely.

"Do you want to hang yourself for the trouble you've stood sponsor to?" I answered.

"It's a hanging matter, I promise you. The Countess has given orders. You'll find her in the Casino. Sweet-voiced as she is, she knows how to make her orders understood."

At the door of the Casino stood half a dozen of the laborers on the place, looking vaguely solemn, like outlying dependants at a superior funeral. The Countess was within, in a position which was an answer to the surveyor's riddle. She stood with her eyes fixed on the Juno, who had been removed from her pedestal and lay stretched in her magnificent length upon a rude litter.

"Do you understand?" she said. "She's beautiful, she's noble, she's precious, but she must go back!" And, with a passionate gesture, she seemed to indicate an open grave.

I was hugely delighted, but I thought it discreet to stroke my chin and look sober. "She's worth fifty thousand *scudi*."

She shook her head sadly. "If we were to sell her to the Pope and give the money to the poor, it would n't profit us. She must go back, — she must go back! We must smother her beauty in the dreadful earth. It makes me feel almost as if she were alive; but it came to me last night with overwhelming force, when my husband came in and refused to see me, that he'll not be himself as long as she is above ground. To cut the knot we must bury her! If I had only thought of it before!"

"Not before!" I said, shaking my head in turn. "Heaven reward our sacrifice now!"

The little surveyor, when he reappeared, seemed hardly like an agent of the celestial influences, but he was deft and active, which was more to the point. Every now and then he uttered some half-articulate lament, by way of protest against the Countess's cruelty; but I saw him privately scanning the recumbent image with an eye which seemed to foresee a malicious glee in standing on a certain unmarked spot on the turf and grinning till people stared. He had brought back an abundance of rope, and having summoned his assistants, who vigorously lifted the litter, he led the way to the original excavation, which had been left unclosed with the project of further researches. By the time we reached the edge of the grave the evening had fallen and the beauty of our marble victim was shrouded in a dusky

veil. No one spoke, — if not exactly for shame, at least for regret. Whatever our plea, our performance looked, at least, monstrosously profane. The ropes were adjusted and the Juno was slowly lowered into her earthy bed. The Countess took a handful of earth and dropped it solemnly on her breast. "May it lie lightly, but forever!" she said.

"Amen!" cried the little surveyor with a strange mocking inflection; and he gave us a bow, as he departed, which betrayed an agreeable consciousness of knowing where fifty thousand *scudi* were buried. His underlings had another cask of wine, the result of which, for them, was a suspension of all consciousness, and a subsequent irreparable confusion of memory as to where they had plied their spades.

The Countess had not yet seen her husband, who had again apparently betaken himself to communion with the great god Pan. I was of course unwilling to leave her to encounter alone the results of her momentous deed. She wandered into the drawing-room and pretended to occupy herself with a bit of embroidery, but in reality she was bravely composing herself for an "explanation." I took up a book, but it held my attention as feebly. As the evening wore away I heard a movement on the threshold and saw the Count lifting the tapestried curtain which masked the door, and looking silently at his wife. His eyes were brilliant, but not angry. He had missed the Juno — and rejoiced! The Countess kept her eyes fixed on her work, and drew her silken stitches like an image of wifely contentment. The image seemed to fascinate him: he came in slowly, almost on tiptoe, walked to the chimney-piece, and stood there in a sort of rapt contemplation. What had passed, what was passing, in his mind, I leave to your own apprehension. My god-daughter's hand trembled as it rose and fell, and the color came into her cheek. At last she raised her eyes and sustained the gaze in which all his returning faith seemed concentrated. He hesitated a moment, as if her very forgiveness kept the gulf open between them, and then he strode forward, fell on his two knees and buried

his head in her lap. I departed as the Count had come in, on tiptoe.

• He never became, if you will, a thoroughly modern man; but one day, years after, when a visitor to whom he was showing his cabinet became inquisitive as to a marble hand, suspended in one of its

inner recesses, he looked grave and turned the lock on it. "It is the hand of a beautiful creature," he said, "whom I once greatly admired."

"Ah, — a Roman?" said the gentleman, with a smirk.

"A Greek," said the Count, with a frown.

Henry James Jr.

THE HISTORY OF THE TWO PILLARS.

THE interest in relics has its foundation in the transitory nature of all material forms and the difficulty with which man makes any permanent impression upon them. It has taken but a thousand years or so to obliterate the monumental evidences of some of the greatest cities of the world. A few manuscript books have lasted a little longer, but time at last tyrannizes over all; walls crumble, the ancient books go piecemeal to rags, languages die, the meaning of words and symbols changes, and it requires the continuous attention of man to rescue anything from the sea of oblivion that continually encroaches upon the shores of history. A few leading ideas and words seem to last forever, but, as a rule, all human handiwork that appeals to the eye disappears sooner or later; and when we meet with any artificial object which presents to our eyes a form preserved while cities have crumbled and nations have vanished, it seems a new revelation of the past. But it is in the unexpected discovery that familiar words, ideas, and objects have a pedigree as long as chronology itself, that we get, perhaps, the most vivid impression of contact with the past, and that shadowy hands seem to reach out suddenly from some mysterious storehouse of dead and dusty things to clasp our own. For the great majority of even educated people, such an experience as this may be found in the history of the modern dollar-mark, \$. How little does the clerk, shopkeeper, or banker who makes a hundred times a day this familiar

figure, imagine he is making representations of the oldest symbol known to the human race; one which seems to have been elaborated out of the mythologies of all the ancients, passing through numberless changes by the outgrowth of fanciful legends from the original ideas, but clearly traceable to the earliest races, of whom we get only shadowy outlines in the dusk of antiquity, — a symbol known to those who built Tyre and Carthage as "the pillars of Heracles," but as ancient to them as to us. In comparatively modern times poetic fancy has conferred this name on the two mountains that stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean, — Calpe on the north, and Abyla on the south side of the straits. But for more than two thousand years before this diversion of the name, the form of the material symbol was two pillars of wood or stone.

But how came the two pillars to be symbolized in the dollar-mark, and what was their original meaning?

The transfer of the title Pillars of Hercules to the two mountains furnishes at least a local beginning point in the answer to the first of these queries.

According to tradition, Melcarthus, a Tyrian navigator and explorer, sailing in search of fabled Atlantis or dimly rumored Britain, had paused in a bay at the western extremity of the land beyond the straits, and set up there two pillars as a memorial, building over them the temple of Hercules. A colony of Tyre was established there, and the place grew into the ancient Gades, the modern Cadiz. As

the temple increased in wealth through the votive offerings of passing voyagers it became more splendid, and the first rude pillars of stone were replaced by others made of precious metals. As late as the second century this temple existed in its greatest splendor. Flavius Philostratus, who visited it, testifies to its magnificence, and in his *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* gives the following description of the pillars:—

“The pillars in the temple were composed of gold and silver, and so nicely blended were the metals as to form but one color. They were more than a cubit high, of a quadrangular form, like anvils, whose capitals were inscribed with characters neither Indian nor Egyptian, nor such as could be deciphered. *These pillars are the chains which bind together the earth and sea.* The inscriptions on them were executed by Hercules in the house of the Parææ, to prevent discord arising among the elements and that friendship being disturbed which they have for each other.”

These pillars were the nucleus of the ancient Gades, and naturally became the metropolitan emblem of the modern city, as the horse's head was of Carthage.

Leaving for the present the explanation of the original signification of the two pillars, the story of their descent to us may be briefly outlined as follows:—

When Charles V. became Emperor of Germany he adopted a new coat of imperial arms, in which those of Spain were quartered with those of the empire, the pillars of the arms of Cadiz being made supporters in the device.

At Seville was an imperial mint in which was coined a standard dollar called in the Mediterranean coasts “*colonnato*,” the most prominent figures in the device on this coin being the two pillars and the scroll twined about them, the representation of which with a pen came to be the accepted symbol of the coin.

Melcarthus was a Tyrian, and the pillars must, therefore, have been known and revered as a sacred symbol in Tyre long before he set them up on the shores of the Atlantic. Additional proof of this may be found in the fact that on the coins

of Tyre were prominently depicted, with some other emblems, two short pillars, arranged as supporters, one on either side of the general device, the proportions corresponding nearly to those described by Philostratus. The Tyrians, though not the first people to coin money, were the first to give it general circulation. Their coinage became the currency of the world, and the two pillars with which it was stamped would naturally become the symbol for money, so that the adoption of the dollar-mark to designate the “pillar-pieces” of Charles V. was probably only the revival of an ancient custom which at first referred to the “pillar-pieces” of Tyre.

The pound-mark, £, in all probability owes its distinguishing feature, the two horizontal bars, to the same symbol, though in this connection they came into England by another route than Spain. The L was the initial letter of the Latin *Libra*, a balance, and was used to signify a standard by which to weigh the precious metals, the name of the weight being derived from the Roman *pondo*, a pound. But in the time of Henry VIII. the pound sterling which had been used as a standard for money was superseded by another pound, which had been brought from Cairo in Egypt to Troyes in France during the Crusades. In the two hundred years from the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth century, the zeal to recapture Jerusalem brought the people of Europe more in contact with each other, producing an interchange of ideas and customs, though the jealousies of the two or three most powerful nations retarded their general adoption. It was probably owing to the ancient hatred of Briton and Gaul that this Troyes weight was not definitely adopted in England until it was carried there by Venetian goldsmiths, about the year 1496. When it was so adopted it was probably distinguished from the old sterling, or “casterling” pound by adding to the pound-mark L two strokes of the pen to represent the pillars of Hercules, the common money symbol in the Mediterranean cities. But as the lower arm of the L was the shortest, a symmetrical written character could be made more easily

by changing the pillars from the perpendicular to the horizontal. In handwriting, it is natural to make all straight marks slanting and not upright, and the change from slanting marks to horizontal ones would be as readily adopted as any other change in the symbol.

So much for the story of the two pillars as connected with money.

The tradition of the Freemasons in regard to the two pillars, which are a prominent emblem of their craft, is, that they represent the pillars *Jachin* and *Boaz* which Hiram of Tyre made for Solomon and set one on either side of the entrance to the Temple, to commemorate the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which guided the Israelites in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness. Whatever significance the Hebrews may have attached to these pillars, there is good reason for believing that they received the material emblem from the Tyrians at the time of the building of the Temple. The Scriptures give a minute account of the dimensions and designs of the pillars (2 Kings vii., and 2 Chronicles iii.), but are silent as to their significance; and there is nothing in the whole Scriptural account of them to forbid the conclusion that the ideas symbolized by them were as much Tyrian as Jewish. Tyre had been a rich and prosperous city for over two hundred years when Solomon undertook the building of the Temple. The Tyrians had been skilled in architecture and other arts to a degree that implied a high state of mental culture while the Hebrews were yet nomadic tribes living in tents. The tabernacle was only a tent, and in this first Hebrew endeavor to give it a more enduring structure of wood and stone, Solomon naturally appealed to the greater skill of the subjects of the friendly Hiram, king of Tyre. When the Hebrews began to build the Temple they ceased their wanderings, they became permanently established, and, as a memorial of this fact, they embodied in the architectural design of the Temple a symbol which, by the Tyrians and many other nations descended from the ancient Aryan stock, was considered emblematic of a divine leadership that had conducted them to a new

and permanent home; this was the true significance of the two pillars.

As long as the Hebrews were wanderers the pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night were merely a metaphor, to express their belief in a divine direction of their movements. When they came at last to the promised land, the figurative pillars of cloud and fire became the two pillars in the porch of the Temple as the symbol of the establishment of the nation.

Having thus traced the story of the emblems back through two lines of descent to a common point in Tyre, we must take a look into the remoter past to find the origin of the symbol in the earliest recorded ideas of the human race in connection with the Deity, and from that point we may follow its descent again through the two independent routes of Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

The ancient Aryans who composed the Vedas had not then arrived at the stage of intellectual development in which they could entertain the idea of an abstract principle as the one universal law, or of any god except a visible one. To them it seemed impossible that there could be a spiritual essence without some material form. Fire, the most inexplicable and striking of the agencies of nature, was accepted by them as this first and all-pervading force which controlled the universe; and the sun, the grandest and most brilliant mass of fire, as the embodiment of the Deity.

Here are two verses of the Vedas, as translated by Max Müller, which may be called the Genesis of the Brahmans, and in them are two words around which have crystallized fancies growing into myths, and myths growing into monuments of wood and stone, and again into ideal beings, until the original conceptions have been almost lost. Yet through all these changes some characteristics of the original meaning have been so stamped upon each new form, that the thread of connection, from those ancient days when the first peoples of the human race worshipped the sun on the plains of Central Asia, down through all the ages to the comparatively modern symbol of the Pillars of Hercules, is unmistakable:—

1. "In the beginning there arose the golden Child. He was one born lord of all that is. He *established* the earth and this sky; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

2. "He who gives life, he who gives *strength*, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

If there were nothing but the coincidence of the two words italicized in the foregoing verses, with the names of the two pillars in Solomon's Temple, — Jachin meaning *strength*, and Boaz to *establish*, — if there were nothing but this to establish the connection of the two pillars as well as the Pillars of Hercules and also the Greek myth of Castor and Pollux, with these ancient expressions, the identity of all these myths and symbols might be more doubtful than it is; but there is more.

In the Vedas the sun is called the "runner," the "quick racer"; he is called Arvat, the horse; Agni, the fire; Arusha, the red one, the strong one, the son of Heaven and Earth; Indra, the god of all gods. He is represented as drawn in a chariot over his daily course through the heavens by "the harits," "the rohitis," and "the arushas," i. e. the gleaming, the ruddy, and the gold-colored horses of the dawn, which are the first rays of the morning sun.

The flexibility of the idea, within a certain range of expressions, seems to be acknowledged by the poets of the Vedas in the following verse: —

"Hear thou, the brilliant Agni, my prayer, whether the two black horses bring thy car, or the two ruddy, or the two red horses."

Notwithstanding all the interchanging of names, numbers, and genders, and the changing of forms from animal to human and *vice versa*, there is an adherence to the idea of beings endowed with supernatural strength and brightness, and of a contest between, and alternating supremacy of, light and darkness!

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to conceive how, in the Greek

modification of this many-sided plastic myth of the sun-god, Indra should be the prototype of Jove, and Arusha of Apollo, and also of Heracles. Indeed, it seems probable that, out of the numerous names of this one object of adoration, the sun, grew nearly all the wonderful and fantastic system of both Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

In the Vedic myths the phenomena which attended the rising and setting of the sun, the clouds, some black, some ruddy, and some shining like molten gold or silver, and also his first and last beams darting through, were spoken of as horses or cattle, or beings with human forms, almost invariably in *pairs*.

In some places the ruddy clouds that precede his rising are called the "bright cows." The two horses which the sun is said to harness to his car are called the "Arusha," the red ones; in other places they are called the "two Asvins," the shining mares; and in others the idea is modified still more, and they are called the "two sisters," and, at last, we find, are named Day and Night, the "daughters of Arusha," the one gleaming with the brightness of her father, and the other decked with stars. Professor Whitney, in his Essay on the Vedas, introduces the "two Asvins" as "enigmatical divinities," whose vocation or province in Aryan mythology he does not discover, though, at the same time, he intimates the probability that they may be identical with the Dioscuri of the Greeks; and Professor Müller hints at the same identity, but with no more reference to their true character of divine forerunners or guides for families, tribes, or races of men wandering about the world in search of new homes. It is related of the Dioscuri, that, when Castor was killed, Pollux, inconsolable for his loss, besought Jove to let him give his own life for that of his brother. To this Jove so far consented as to allow the two brothers to each pass alternate days under the earth and in the celestial abodes, their alternate daily deaths and ascensions into the heavens being only another version of the story of Day and Night, the daughters of Arusha. The twin brothers Castor and Pollux are

represented as always clad in shining armor, and mounted on snow-white steeds, thus reproducing the chief characteristics of the "two Asvins," the shining mares of the Vedas, and showing that all these metamorphoses are only variations of the same idea.

The Hebrew metaphor of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to express the idea of a divine leadership, points to the same natural objects—clouds and fire—that to the earlier Aryans were symbols of the presence of the Deity; and the whole idea might seem a reproduction or elaboration of that expressed in the following verses of the Rig-Veda, written a thousand years before:—

"Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the sole life of the bright gods;—Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who alone is God above all gods."

The fact that nearly every manifestation of the presence of the Deity recorded in Hebrew history down to the time of the building of the Temple was in a *cloud*, shows at least a remarkable resemblance to the Aryan conceptions of the divine presence.

The further elaboration of the idea in symbolizing the presence of the Deity by two pillars of wood or stone, and particularly of such presence in the character of a leader through long wanderings to a place of permanent establishment, was not exclusive with the Hebrews. Other races with whom the Hebrews could not have come in contact had precisely the same symbol of two pillars of wood or stone,—a fact which makes it a reasonable presumption that the two pillars, one of cloud one of fire, which were their prototypes, were not more exclusively a Hebrew idea.

In Sparta the twin Dioscuri are said to have been represented by two pillars of stone, which were sometimes joined by a smaller horizontal bar to represent their twinship. Frequently the top of one of these posts was carved in the semblance of a human head. The Spartans may

have borrowed the emblem from the Tyrians; the fact that the ancient Northmen employed the two pillars to symbolize precisely the same ideas as those connected with them by the Hebrews and Greeks makes it quite as likely that the Spartans derived the symbol from the same original source as the Tyrians.

A column of stone was in fact a common symbol of the deity among many ancient nations. Venus was worshipped at Paphos under the form of a stone. Juno of the Thespians and Diana of the Iearians were worshipped under the same form. The most famous of the Syrian deities was El Gabal (the stone), a name to which is akin the modern Arabic *gebel*, a mountain, or a rock. The very name of Gibraltar, one of the mountains to which poetry has transferred the title of Pillars of Hercules, is from *Gebel Tarik*, the mountain, or the rock, of *Tarik*, one of the first Moors who set foot on the northern side of the straits, and after whom came those who established in Spain the brilliant and romantic empire of these successors of the ancient Phœnicians.

There is good ground for the presumption that Heracles of the Greeks was only another version of the myth of the Dioscuri. The Hebrews gave each of the pillars a name, though they received the emblem from the Tyrians, who employed them as the emblem of one deity; and as the Tyrians were earlier than the Greeks, this phase of the monotheistic significance of the pillars must have come down from the same ancient source as the myth of the Dioscuri.

With both Greeks and Tyrians "Heracles," transformed by the Latins into "Hercules," seemed to be a transferable honorary title. The proper name of the Tyrian Heracles was Melcarthus, whose mother was said to be Asteria, the starry heavens; while the proper name of the Greek Heracles was Alcæus, who was said to be the son of Jove by a mortal mother, Alcmæna, as the Dioscuri were said to be the twin sons of Jove by a mortal mother, Leda. The Heracles of the Tyrians and the Castor and Pollux of the Greeks were the patron deities of

seamen and navigators, as well as of feats of strength and agility.

Turning now to the mythology of the Scandinavians, we find in the character of Thor one which corresponds in all these particulars. He was said to be the son of Odin, the eldest of the gods, by Jörd (the earth). Not only do the stories of his feats of strength with his hammer correspond to those of Hercules with his club, but he was the patron deity of the early Norse navigators who were as daring as even the Phœnicians.

The "sacred columns" of the Norse mythology were two high wooden posts, or pillars, fashioned by hewing. These stood on either side of the "high seat" of the master of the household, and hence were called "the pillars of the high seat," and were a sort of household symbol of Thor. The upper end of one of the pillars being, like the Spartan symbol, carved in the semblance of a human head, the setting up of these pillars was the sign of the establishment of the household on that spot. When a Northman moved, no matter how far, he took his sacred pillars with him; and where these were set up, there was his home until he made a formal change of domicile by moving them to some new spot.

When the Northmen discovered Iceland and began to emigrate there the sacred pillars of each Norse family were thrown overboard when the ship came near the land, and on the nearest habitable spot to where they were cast ashore by the waves they were set up, by planting the ends in the ground, as a symbol of possession, being in some respect a formal act of "entry," having something of the same significance as the act of the emigrant in the Western States who has "staked out a claim."

When the pillars were set up the house was built around them, and, though the pillars and the domicile might be moved to new locations, the place where the pillars were first cast ashore always retained a peculiar significance and sacredness to the family. Thus it is related of Throd Hráppsson, that his pillars, when cast overboard, were carried away by the waves and currents and apparently lost.

He settled, however, on the eastern side of Iceland, and had been living there ten or fifteen years when it was discovered that his pillars had been cast ashore on the western coast, upon which he straightway sold his estate and moved to the locality where his pillars had been found.

Many other instances of the casting of the sacred columns into the sea, in order that they might guide Northmen in their selection of homes in Iceland, are related in Rudolph Keyser's *Religion of the Northmen*. Of Eirik the Red it is told, that having loaned his posts of honor (possibly as a pledge of some promise to be fulfilled) to another Icelandic, he could not get them back, which gave occasion for a long feud, into which many other families were drawn, and many of the adherents of both parties were slain. "When the Norse chieftain Thorolf Mostrarskegg left Norway to settle in Iceland he tore down the temple of Thor over which he had presided,—in which he seemed to have some kind of proprietary right from having built it chiefly at his own expense for the use of the worshippers of Thor,—and took with him the most of the timber, together with the earth beneath the platform on which Thor's statue had been seated." When he came in view of Iceland the two sacred columns of the temple were thrown into the sea; and where these were cast on shore by the waves he called the place Thorsnes, and built the temple of Thor, placing the two sacred columns, one on either side, just within the doorway.

The incidents in which the two columns thus appear in the earliest history of the Norse people are, it is true, of modern date when compared with their appearance at the building of Solomon's Temple, or the erection of the Pillars of Hercules by Melcarthus, near the Straits of Gibraltar; but their later appearance in history as the "Pillars of Thor" does not argue that they were copied from the Pillars of Hercules, but only that written history or even chronology of any kind was not known in Scandinavia until a much later period than in Syria and Greece. The Germanic race, however, of which the

Northmen were a branch, had its origin in the centre of Asia near the Caspian Sea. From there they had brought the same traditions as the Syrians and Greeks; and the religious myths out of which the Greeks afterwards elaborated their fanciful system of mythology were by the Northmen, whose rude climate gave imagination a gloomier turn, fashioned into the more barbarous, grotesque, and sanguinary "Asa faith." The cosmogony of the Greeks and the Northmen corresponds so nearly as to leave no doubt of a common origin, and yet the details were so different as to show that for ages the ancient stories must have been handed down from one generation to another by people possessed of a vastly different degree of refinement and surrounded by a different aspect of nature.

The Asa faith was as ancient as the cosmogony of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, and the sacred columns of Thor were not an idea borrowed from the Pillars of Heracles, but an independent perpetuation of the same mystic symbol.

The facts that the two pillars were a sacred symbol in three ancient and contemporaneous religions, and that they occupied the same position and significance in the temples of Thor of the Scandinavians, Heracles of the Tyrians, and Jehovah of the Hebrews, help to confirm the theory of a common mythology as the foundation and the source of the ideas of all the later faiths. The fervid spirit of the

Hebrews gave to their version of this and other ancient conceptions a diviner mould. As the solar ray of light, split up by the prism, yields three groups of rays, one of which carries with it the main portion of the heat, another the greater part of all the light, and another nearly all the actinic qualities, and each of these groups embracing two or more of the seven prismatic colors, so the rays of that ancient Aryan sun, the first and most natural emblem of the Deity, falling on the human mind, have been elaborated into a great variety of faiths, each carrying with it some of the divine light, but in other characteristics as different as the groups in the spectrum of the analyzed solar ray. With one race the predominant traits of religious thought are brilliant, but merely sentimental coruscations of poetic fancy; with another, cold, practical maxims of thrift; with another, the fervid, but sombre enthusiasm, the zealous dogmatism that overturns empires.

But in all there is the acknowledgment that the regular alternation of day and night is the work of God, the phenomena indicating his presence to guide man around the habitable portions of the world.

"Sun and moon go in regular succession, that we may see Indra and believe," writes one of the poets of the Rig-Veda.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun," sings the poet of Israel.

W. L. Fawcette.

EVOLUTION AND PERMANENCE OF TYPE.

IN connection with modern views of science we hear so much of evolution and evolutionists that it is worth our while to ask if there is any such process as evolution in nature. Unquestionably, yes. But all that is actually known of this process we owe to the great embryologists of our century, Döllinger and his pupils K. E. von Baer, Pander, and others, — the men in short who have founded the science of Embryology. It is true there are younger men who have done since, and are doing now, noble work in this field of research; but the glory must, after all, be given to those who opened the way in which more recent students are pressing forward.

The pioneers in the science of Embryology, by a series of investigations which will challenge admiration as long as patience and accuracy of research are valued, have proved that all living beings produce eggs, and that these eggs contain a yolk-substance out of which new beings, identical with their parents, are evolved by a succession of gradual changes. These successive stages of growth constitute evolution, as understood by embryologists, and within these limits all naturalists who know anything of Zoölogy may be said to be evolutionists. The law of evolution, however, so far as its working is understood, is a law controlling development and keeping types within appointed cycles of growth, which revolve forever upon themselves, returning at appointed intervals to the same starting-point and repeating through a succession of phases the same course. These cycles have never been known to oscillate or to pass into each other; indeed, the only structural differences known between individuals of the same stock are monstrosities or peculiarities pertaining to sex, and the latter are as abiding and permanent as type itself. Taken together the relations of sex constitute one of the most obscure and wonderful features of the whole or-

ganic world, all the more impressive for its universality.

Under the recent and novel application of the terms "evolution" and "evolutionist," we are in danger of forgetting the only process of the kind in the growth of animals which has actually been demonstrated, as well as the men to whom we owe that demonstration. Indeed, the science of Zoölogy, including everything pertaining to the past and present life and history of animals, has furnished, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, an amount of startling and exciting information in which men have lost sight of the old landmarks. In the present ferment of theories respecting the relations of animals to one another, their origin, growth, and diversity, those broader principles of our science — upon which the whole animal kingdom has been divided into a few grand comprehensive types, each one a structural unit in itself — are completely overlooked.

It is not very long since, with the exception of Insects, all the lower animals were grouped together in one division as Worms, on account of their simple structure. A century ago this classification, established by Linnaeus, was still unquestioned. Cuvier was the first to introduce a classification based not merely upon a more or less complicated organization but upon ideas or plans of structure. He recognized four of these plans in the whole animal kingdom, neither more nor less. However, when this principle was first announced, the incompleteness of our knowledge made it impossible to apply it correctly in every case, and Cuvier himself placed certain animals of obscure or intricate structure under the wrong head. Nevertheless the law was sanctioned, and gave at once a new aim and impulse to investigation. This idea of structural plans, as the foundation of a natural classification, dates only from the year 1812, and was first presented by Cu-

vier in the *Annals of the Museum in Paris*.

About the same time another great investigator, Karl Ernst von Baer, then a young naturalist, Döllinger's favorite and most original pupil, was studying in Germany the growth of the chicken in the egg. In a different branch of research, though bearing equally on the structural relations of organized beings, he, without knowing of Cuvier's investigations, arrived at a like conclusion, namely, that there are four different modes of growth among animals. This result has only been confirmed by later investigators. Every living creature is formed in an egg and grows up according to a pattern and a mode of development common to its type, and of these embryonic norms there are but four. Here, then, was a double confirmation of the distinct circumscription of types, as based upon structure, announced almost simultaneously by two independent investigators, ignorant of each other's work, and arriving at the same result by different methods. The one, building up from the first dawn of life in the embryonic germs of various animals, worked out the four great types of organic life from the beginning; while his co-worker reached the same end through a study of their perfected structure in adult forms. Starting from diametrically opposite points, they met at last on the higher ground to which they were both led by their respective studies.

For a quarter of a century following, the aim of all naturalists was to determine the relations of these groups to one another with greater precision, and to trace the affinities between the minor divisions of the whole animal kingdom. It was natural to suppose that all living beings were in some way or other connected; and, indeed, the discoveries in Geology, with its buried remains of extinct life, following fast upon those of Cuvier in structure and of Von Baer in Embryology, seemed to reveal, however dimly and in broken outlines, a consistent history carried on coherently through all times and extending gradually over the whole surface of the earth, until it culminated in the animal kingdom as it at present exists, with man at its head.

The next step, though a natural result of the flood of facts poured in upon us under the new stimulus to research, led men away from the simple and, as I believe, sound principles of classification established by the two great masters of zoological science. The announcement of four typical divisions in the animal kingdom stirred investigators to a closer comparison of their structure. The science of Comparative Anatomy made rapid strides; and since the ability of combining facts is a much rarer gift than that of discerning them, many students lost sight of the unity of structural design in the multiplicity of structural detail. The natural result of this was a breaking up of the four great groups of Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates and Vertebrates into a larger number of primary divisions. Classifications were multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and each writer had his own system of nomenclature, until our science was perplexingly burdened with synonyms. I may mention, as a sample, one or two of the more prominent changes introduced at this time into the general classification of animals.

The Radiates had been divided by Cuvier into three classes, to which, on imperfect data, he erroneously added the Intestinal Worms and the Infusoria. These classes, as they now stand according to his classification, with some recent improvements, are Polyps (corals, sea-anemones, and the like), Aculephs (jelly-fishes), and Echinoderms (star-fishes, sea-urchins, and holothurians, better known, perhaps, as Beche-de-mer). Of these three classes the two first, Polyps and Aculephs, were set apart by Leuckart and other naturalists as "Cœlenterata," while the Echinoderms by themselves were elevated into a primary division. There is, however, no valid ground for this. The plan of structure is the same in all three classes, the only difference being that various organs which in the Polyps and Aculephs are, as it were, simply hollowed out of the substance of the body, have in the Echinoderms walls of their own. This is a special complication of structural execution, but makes no difference in the structural plan. The organs and the whole

structural combination are the same in the two divisions. In the same way Cephalopods, squids and cuttlefishes, which form the highest class among Mollusks, were separated from the Gasteropods and Acéphala, and set apart as a distinct type, because their eggs undergo only a surface segmentation instead of being segmented through and through, as is the case with the members of the two other classes. But this surface segmentation leads ultimately to a structure which has the same essential features as that of the other Mollusks. Indeed, we find also in other branches of the animal kingdom, the Vertebrates for instance, partial or total segmentation, in different classes; but it does not lead to any typical differences there, any more than among Mollusks. Another instance is that of the Bryozoa and Tunicata, which were separated from the Mollusks on account of the greater simplicity of their structure and associated with those simpler Worms in which articulated limbs are wanting. In short, the numerous types admitted nowadays by most zoölogists are founded only upon structural complication, without special regard to the plan of their structure; and the comprehensive principle of structural conception or plan, as determining the primary types, so impressive when first announced, has gradually lost its hold upon naturalists through their very familiarity with special complications of structure. But since we are still in doubt as to the true nature of many organisms, such as the sponges and the Protozoa so-called, it is too early to affirm positively that all the primary divisions of the animal kingdom are included in Cuvier's four types. Yet it is safe to say that no primary division will stand which does not bear the test he applied to the four great groups, Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates, and Vertebrates, namely, that of a distinct plan of structure for each.

The time has, perhaps, not come for an impartial appreciation of the views of Darwin, and the task is the more difficult because it involves an equally impartial review of the modifications his theory has undergone at the hands of his followers. The aim of his first work on *The Origin of*

Species was to show that neither vegetable nor animal forms are so distinct from one another or so independent in their origin and structural relations as most naturalists believed. This idea was not new. Under different aspects it had been urged repeatedly for more than a century by DeMaillet, by Lamarck, by E. Geoffroy St. Hilaire and others; nor was it wholly original even with them, for the study of the relations of animals and plants has at all times been one of the principal aims of all the more advanced students of Natural History; they have differed only in their methods and appreciations. But Darwin has placed the subject on a different basis from that of all his predecessors, and has brought to the discussion a vast amount of well-arranged information, a convincing cogency of argument, and a captivating charm of presentation. His doctrine appealed the more powerfully to the scientific world because he maintained it at first not upon metaphysical ground but upon observation. Indeed it might be said that he treated his subject according to the best scientific methods, had he not frequently overstepped the boundaries of actual knowledge and allowed his imagination to supply the links which science does not furnish.

The excitement produced by the publication of *The Origin of Species* may be fairly compared to that which followed the appearance of Oken's *Natur-Philosophie*, over fifty years ago, in which it was claimed that the key had been found to the whole system of organic life. According to Oken, the animal kingdom, in all its diversity, is but the presentation in detail of the organization of man. The Infusoria are the primordial material of life scattered broadcast everywhere, and man himself but a complex of such Infusoria. The Vertebrates represent what Oken calls flesh, that is, bones, muscles, nerves, and the senses, in various combinations; the Fishes are Bone-animals (Knochen-Thiere); the Reptiles, Muscle-animals (Muskel-Thiere); the Birds, Nerve-animals (Nerven-Thiere); the Mammals—with man, combining in his higher structure the whole scheme of organic life, at their head—are Sense-ani-

mals (Sinnen-Thiere). The parallelism was drawn with admirable skill and carried into the secondary divisions, down to the families and even the genera. The Articulates were likened to the systems of respiration and circulation; the Mollusks to those of reproduction; the Radiates to those of digestion. The comprehensiveness and grandeur of these views, in which the scattered elements of organic life, serving distinct purposes in the lower animals, are gathered into one structural combination in the highest living being appealed powerfully to the imagination. In Germany they were welcomed with an enthusiasm such as is shown there for Darwinism. England was lukewarm, and France turned a cold shoulder, as she at present does to the theory of the great English naturalist. The influence of Cuvier and the Jussieux was deeply felt in Western Europe, and perhaps saved French naturalists from falling into a fanciful but attractive doctrine, numbered now among the exploded theories of the past.

Darwin's first work, though it did not immediately meet with the universal acceptance since accorded to it, excited, nevertheless, intense and general interest. The circumstance that almost identical views were simultaneously expressed by Wallace, and that several prominent investigators hailed them as the solution of the great problem, gave them double strength; for it seemed improbable that so many able students of nature should agree in their interpretation of facts, unless that interpretation were the true one. The *Origin of Species* was followed by a second work, *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, to which a third soon succeeded, *The Descent of Man*. The last phase of the doctrine is its identification with metaphysics in Darwin's latest work on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. I can only rejoice that the discussion has taken this turn, much as I dissent from the treatment of the subject. It cannot be too soon understood that science is one, and that whether we investigate language, philosophy, theology, history, or physics, we are dealing with the same problem,

culminating in the knowledge of ourselves. Speech is known only in connection with the organs of man, thought in connection with his brain, religion as the expression of his aspirations, history as the record of his deeds, and physical sciences as the laws under which he lives. Philosophers and theologians have yet to learn that a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle. Our own nature demands from us this double allegiance.

It is hardly necessary to give here an analysis of the theory contained in these works of Darwin. Its watchwords, "natural selection," "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest," are equally familiar to those who do and to those who do not understand them; as well known, indeed, to the amateur in science as to the professional naturalist. It is supported by a startling array of facts respecting the changes animals undergo under domestication, respecting the formation of breeds and varieties, respecting metamorphoses, respecting the dangers to life among all animals and the way in which nature meets them, respecting the influence of climate and external conditions upon superficial structural features, and respecting natural preferences and proclivities between animals as influencing the final results of interbreeding. In the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* all that experiments in breeding or fancy horticulture could teach, whether as recorded in the literature and traditions of the subject or gathered from the practical farmers, stock-breeders, and gardeners, was brought together and presented with equal crudition and clearness. No fact was omitted showing the pliability of plants and animals under the fostering care of man. The final conclusion of the author is summed up in his theory of Pangenesis. And yet this book does but prove more conclusively what was already known, namely, that all domesticated animals and cultivated plants are traceable to distinct species, and that the domesticated pigeons which furnish so large a portion of the illustration are, notwithstanding their great diversity under special treatment, no exception to this rule. The truth is, our domesticated animals, with

all their breeds and varieties, have never been traced back to anything but their own species, nor have artificial varieties, so far as we know, failed to revert to the wild stock when left to themselves. Darwin's works and those of his followers have added nothing new to our previous knowledge concerning the origin of man and his associates in domestic life, the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog, or, indeed, of any animal. The facts upon which Darwin, Wallace, Hæckel, and others base their views are in the possession of every well-educated naturalist. It is only a question of interpretation, not of discovery or of new and unlooked-for information.

Darwin's third book, *The Descent of Man*, treats a more difficult part of the subject. In this book the question of genealogy is the prominent topic. It had been treated already, it is true, in *The Origin of Species*, but with no special allusion to mankind. The structure was as yet a torso, a trunk without a head. In these two volumes the whole ground of heredity, of qualities transmitted to the new individual by his progenitors, and that of resemblance — whether physical, intellectual, or moral, between mankind and the higher mammalia, and especially between ourselves and our nearest relations, the anthropoid monkeys, — are brought out with the fulness of material and the skill of treatment so characteristic of the author. But here again the reader seeks in vain for any evidence of a transition between man and his fellow-creatures. Indeed, both with Darwin and his followers, a great part of the argument is purely negative. It rests partly upon the assumption that, in the succession of ages, just those transition types have dropped out from the geological record which would have proved the Darwinian conclusions had these types been preserved, and that in the living animal the process of transition is too subtle for detection. Darwin and his followers thus throw off the responsibility of proof with respect both to embryonic growth and geological succession.

Within the last three or four years, however, it has seemed as if new light were

about to be thrown at least upon one of these problems. Two prominent naturalists announced that they had found indications of a direct structural connection between primary types: in the one case between Mollusks and Vertebrates, in the other between Mollusks and Articulates. The first of these views was published by a Russian investigator of great skill and eminence, Kowalevsky. He stated that the Ascidians (the so-called soft-shelled clams) showed, in the course of their growth, a string of cells corresponding to the dorsal cord in Vertebrates. For the uninitiated I must explain that, at one stage of its development, in the upper layer of cells of which the Vertebrate germ consists, there arise two folds which, curving upward and inward, form first a longitudinal furrow and finally a cavity for the nervous centres, the brain and spinal cord, while the lower layer of these cells folds downward to enclose the organs of digestion, circulation, and reproduction. Between these two folds, but on the dorsal side, that is, along the back, under the spinal marrow, arises a solid string of more condensed substance, which develops into the dorsal cord, the basis of the backbone. Kowalevsky describes, in the Ascidians, a formation of longitudinally arranged cells as representing an incipient backbone, running from the middle of the body into the tail, along a furrow of the germ of these animals in which the main nervous swelling is situated. This was hailed as a great discovery by the friends of the transmutation theory. At last the transition point was found between the lower and higher animals, and man himself was traced back to the Ascidians. One could hardly open a scientific journal or any popular essay on Natural History, without meeting some allusion to the Ascidians as our ancestors. Not only was it seized upon by the many amateur contributors to the literature of this subject, but Darwin himself, and his ardent followers, welcomed this first direct evidence of structural affinity between the Vertebrates and the lower animals.

The existence of these cells, though never thought of in this light before, was not unknown to naturalists. I have my-

self seen and examined them, and had intended to say something in this article of their nature and position; but while I was preparing it for the press the subject was taken from me and treated by the hand of a master whom all naturalists venerate. I have received very recently from the aged Nestor of the science of Embryology, K. E. von Baer, to whose early investigations I have already alluded, a pamphlet upon the development of the Ascidians as compared to that of the Vertebrates. There is something touching in the conditions under which he enters the lists with the younger men who have set aside the great laws of typical structure, to the interpretation of which his whole life has been given. He is now very feeble and nearly blind; but the keen, far-reaching, internal sight is undimmed by age. With the precision and ease which only a complete familiarity with all the facts can give, he shows that the actual development of the Ascidians has no true homology with that of the Vertebrates; that the string of cells in the former — compared to the dorsal cord of the latter — does not run along the back at all, but is placed on the ventral side of the body. To say that the first Vertebrates or their progenitors carried their backbones in this fashion is about as reasonable as to say that they walked on their heads. It is reversing their whole structure, and putting their vertebral column where the abdominal cavity should be. Von Baer closes his paper in these words: "It will readily be granted that I have written for zoölogists and anatomists; but I may perhaps be blamed for being frequently very circumstantial where a brief allusion would have been sufficient. In so doing, I had the many dilettanti in view, who believe in complete transmutations, and who might be disposed to consider it mere conceit not to recognize the Ascidians as the ancestors of Man. I beg to apologize for some repetitions arising from this consideration for the dilettanti."

The other so-called discovery is that of Hæckel, that star-fishes are compound animals, made up, as it were, of worm-like beings united like rays in one organism. A similar opinion had already been enter-

tained by Duvernoy, and in a measure also by Oken, who described the Echinoderms as Radiate-worms. This doctrine, if true, would at once establish a transition from Radiates to Articulates. There is, in the first place, not the slightest foundation for this assumption in the structure of the star-fish. The arms of these animals are made up of the same parts as the vertical zones of a sea-urchin and of all the Radiates, and have no resemblance whatever to the structure of the Worms. Each ambulacral zone of a star-fish or a sea-urchin is strictly homological to a structural segment of an Acaleph or to a radiating chamber of a Polyp. Moreover, the homology between a sea-urchin and a star-fish is complete; if one is an organic unit the other must be so also, and no one ever suggested that the sea-urchin was anything but a single organism. In comparing the Radiates with other animals, it is essential to place them in the same attitude, so that we compare like with like; otherwise, we make the mistake of the Russian naturalist, and compare the front side of one animal with the dorsal side of another, or the upper side of one with the lower side of another; thus taking mere superficial resemblance between totally distinct parts for true homologies. In all Mollusks, Articulates, and Vertebrates the parts are arranged along a longitudinal axis; in Radiates alone they are disposed around a vertical axis, like spherical wedges, comparable in some instances to the segments of an orange. This organic formula, for so we may call it, is differently expressed and more or less distinct in different Radiates. It may be built up in a sphere, as in the sea-urchins, or opened out into a star, like the five-finger; it may be in the form of a sac divided internally, as in the sea-anemones, or in that of a disk, channelled or furrowed so as to divide it into equal segments, like the jelly-fish; but upon comparison the same structural elements are found in all. These structural elements bear an identical relation to the vertical axis of the animals. To compare any Radiate with any Articulate is therefore to compare the vertical axis of one animal with the horizontal axis of the other. The parallelism will not bear

examination any more than that between the Mollusks and Vertebrates. Even in those holothurians and sea-urchins in which one side of the body is flattened, the structure exhibits the same plan and the parts are arranged in the same way as in all other Radiates, whatever be their natural attitude in the element in which they live; whether they stand upright with the mouth turned upward, or hang down in the reverse position, or crawl about horizontally. In like manner the vertical position of man in no way invalidates the homology of his organization with that of the fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammalia. These two cases are thus far the only instances which have been brought forward to prove actual structural affinity between distinct primary divisions of the animal kingdom.

It is not my intention to take up categorically all the different points on which the modern theory of transmutation is based. Metamorphosis plays a large part in it, and is treated as an evidence of transition from one animal into another. The truth is that metamorphosis, like all embryonic growth, is a normal process of development, moving in regular cycles, returning always to the same starting-point, and leading always to the same end; such are the alternate generations in the lower animals and the metamorphoses in higher ones, as in the butterflies and other insects, or in certain reptiles, frogs and toads, salamanders, and the like. In some of these types the development lasts for a long time and the stages of embryonic growth are often so distinct that, until the connection between them is traced, each phase may seem like a separate existence, whereas they are only chapters in one and the same life. I have myself watched carefully all the successive changes of development in the North American Axolotl, whose recently discovered metamorphoses have led to much discussion in connection with the modern doctrine of evolution. I can see no difference between this and other instances of metamorphosis. Certain organs, conspicuous in one phase of the animal's life, are resorbed and disappear in a succeeding phase. But this does not differ at all from like processes in the toads and

frogs, for instance; nor does it even differ essentially from like processes in the ordinary growth of all animals. The higher Vertebrates, including man himself, breathe through gill-like organs in the early part of their life. These gills disappear and give place to lungs only in a later phase of their existence. Metamorphoses have all the constancy and invariability of other modes of embryonic growth, and have never been known to lead to any transition of one species into another.

Another fertile topic in connection with this theory is that of heredity. No one can deny that inheritance is a powerful factor in the maintenance of race and in the improvement of breeds and varieties. But it has never been known that acquired qualities, even though retained through successive generations, have led to the production of new species. Darwin's attractive style is never more alluring than in connection with this subject. His concise and effective phrases have the weight of aphorisms and pass current for principles, when they may be only unfounded assertions. Such is "the survival of the fittest." After reading some chapters of *The Descent of Man*, could any one doubt, unless indeed he happened to be familiar with the facts, that animals, possessing certain advantages over others, are necessarily winners in the race for life? And yet it is not true that, outside of the influence of man, there are, in nature, privileged individuals among animals capable of holding on to a positive gain, generation after generation, and of transmitting successfully their peculiarities until they become the starting point for another step; the descendants losing at last, through this cumulative process, all close resemblance to their progenitors. It is not true that a slight variation, among the successive offspring of the same stock, goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction. On the contrary, it is a matter of fact that extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile; like monstrosities they die out, or return to their type.

The whole subject of inheritance is exceedingly intricate, working often in a

seemingly capricious and fitful way. Qualities, both good and bad, are dropped as well as acquired, and the process ends sometimes in the degradation of the type and the survival of the unfit rather than the fittest. The most trifling and fantastic tricks of inheritance are quoted in support of the transmutation theory; but little is said of the sudden apparition of powerful original qualities which almost always rise like pure creations and are gone with their day and generation. The noblest gifts are exceptional, and are rarely inherited; this very fact seems to me an evidence of something more and higher than mere evolution and transmission concerned in the problem of life.

In the same way, the matter of natural and sexual selection is susceptible of very various interpretations. No doubt, on the whole, Nature protects her best. But it would not be difficult to bring together an array of facts as striking as those produced by the evolutionists in favor of their theory, to show that sexual selection is by no means always favorable to the elimination of the chaff and the preservation of the wheat. A natural attraction, independent of strength or beauty, is an unquestionable element in this problem, and its action is seen among animals as well as among men. The fact that fine progeny are not infrequently the offspring of weak parents and *vice versa* points perhaps to some innate power of redress by which the caprices of choice are counterbalanced. But there can be no doubt that types are as often endangered as protected by the so-called law of sexual selection.

As to the influence of climate and physical conditions, we all know their power for evil and for good upon living beings. But there is, nevertheless, nothing more striking in the whole book of nature than the power shown by types and species to resist physical conditions. Endless evidence may be brought from the whole expanse of land and air and water, showing that identical physical conditions will do nothing toward the merging of species into one another, neither will variety of conditions do anything toward their multiplication. One thing only we know abso-

lutely, and in this treacherous, marshy ground of hypothesis and assumption, it is pleasant to plant one's foot occasionally upon a solid fact here and there. Whatever be the means of preserving and transmitting properties, the primitive types have remained permanent and unchanged—in the long succession of ages amid all the appearance and disappearance of kinds, the fading away of one species and the coming in of another—from the earliest geological periods to the present day. How these types were first introduced, how the species which have successively represented them have replaced one another,—these are the vital questions to which no answer has been given. We are as far from any satisfactory solution of this problem as if development theories had never been discussed.

This brings us to the geological side of the question. As a palæontologist I have from the beginning stood aloof from this new theory of transmutation, now so widely admitted by the scientific world. Its doctrines, in fact, contradict what the animal forms buried in the rocky strata of our earth tell us of their own introduction and succession upon the surface of the globe. Let us therefore hear them;—for, after all, their testimony is that of the eye-witness and the actor in the scene. Take first the type to which we ourselves belong. If it be true that there has been a progressive transmutation of the whole type of Vertebrates, beginning with the lowest and culminating in the highest, the earlier should of course be structurally inferior to the later ones. What then is the lowest* living Vertebrate? Every zoölogist will answer, The Amphioxus, that elongated, worm-like Vertebrate whose organization is nothing more than a dorsal cord, with a nervous thread above, and a respiratory and digestive cavity below, containing also the reproductive organs, the whole being clothed in flesh. Yet low as it is in the scale of life, the Amphioxus is, by virtue of its vertebral column, a member of the same type as ourselves. Next to the Amphioxus come

* I use the terms low and high, throughout, in the zoölogical sense; with reference to specialization of structure, as comparative anatomists understand it

the Myxinoids, structurally but little above them, and the Lamper-eels. These are the animals which Hæckel places at the base of his zoological tree, rooting the whole Vertebrate branch of the animal kingdom in the *Amphioxus* as the forefather (*Stamm-Vater*) of the type. Let us look now at the earliest Vertebrates, as known and recorded in geological surveys. They should of course, if there is any truth in the transmutation theory, correspond with the lowest in rank or standing. What then are the earliest known Vertebrates? They are Selachians (sharks and their allies) and Ganoids (garpikes and the like), the highest of all living fishes, structurally speaking. I shall be answered that these belong to the Silurian and Devonian periods, and that it is believed that Vertebrates may have existed before that time. It will also be argued that Myzonts, namely *Amphioxus*, Myxinoids, and Lamper-eels, have no hard parts and could not have been preserved on that account. I will grant both these points, though the fact is that the Myzonts do possess solid parts, in the jaws, as capable of preservation as any bone, and that these solid parts, if ever found, even singly, would be as significant, for a zoologist, as the whole skeleton. Granting also that *Amphioxus*-like fishes may have lived and may have disappeared before the Silurian period; the Silurian deposits follow immediately upon those in which life first appeared, and should therefore contain not the highest fishes, but the fishes next in order to the Myzonts, and these are certainly neither the Ganoids nor the Selachians. The presence of the Selachians at the dawn of life upon earth is in direct contradiction to the idea of a gradual progressive development. They are nevertheless exceedingly abundant in the Palæozoic beds, and these fossil forms are so similar to the living representatives of the same group that what is true of the organization and development of the latter is unquestionably equally true of the former. In all their features the Selachians, more than any other fishes, resemble the higher animals. They lay few eggs, the higher kinds giving birth only to three, four, or five at a brood, whereas the com-

mon fishes lay myriads of eggs, hundreds of thousands in some instances, and these are for the greater part cast into the water to be developed at random. The limitation of the young is unquestionably a mark of superiority. The higher we rise in the scale of animal life the more restricted is the number of offspring. In proportion to this reduction in number, the connection of the offspring with the parent is drawn closer, organically and morally, till this relation becomes finally the foundation of all social organization, of all human civilization. In some Selachians there is an actual organic connection between parent and progeny, resembling the placental connection which marks the embryonic development of the higher Vertebrates. This feature is in harmony with the sexual relations among them; for it is of all facts in their organic history the most curious, that, among Vertebrates, the Selachians are the only ones with whom the connection of the sexes recalls that of the human family. Now, these higher fishes being the first representatives of the Vertebrates on earth, or at least those next following their earliest representatives, where do we find the Myzonts, fishes which are structurally inferior to all others, and of which the *Amphioxus* is the lowest member? They come in during the latest period of our world's history, with what is called the present period, to which we ourselves belong. This certainly does not look like a connected series beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest, for the highest fishes come first and the lowest come last.

The companions of the Selachians in the earlier geological periods, the Ganoids, belong also to the higher representatives of the class of fishes. Some of them have the ball-and-socket vertebral joint of the reptiles and birds, enabling the head to move upon the neck with greater freedom than in the lower fishes. I am aware that these synthetic and prophetic types, which I have myself been the first to point out, and in which features of higher and later groups are combined or hinted at in lower and earlier ones, have been interpreted as transition types. It has even been said that I have myself furnished the strongest

evidence of the transmutation theory. This might perhaps be so, did these types follow, instead of preceding, the lower fishes. But the whole history of geological succession shows us that the lowest in structure is by no means necessarily the earliest in time, either in the Vertebrate type or any other. Synthetic and prophetic types have accompanied the introduction of all the primary divisions of the animal kingdom. With these may be found what I have called embryonic types, which never rise, even in their adult state, above those conditions which in higher structures are but the prelude to the adult state. It may, therefore, truly be said that a great diversity of types has existed from the beginning.

The most advanced Darwinians seem reluctant to acknowledge the intervention of an intellectual power in the diversity which obtains in nature, under the plea that such an admission implies distinct creative acts for every species. What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind? Why should it then be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar pro-

cess, since there is no evidence of any other cause? The world has arisen in some way or other. How it originated is the great question, and Darwin's theory, like all other attempts to explain the origin of life, is thus far merely conjectural. I believe he has not even made the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge.

The more I look at the great complex of the animal world, the more sure do I feel that we have not yet reached its hidden meaning, and the more do I regret that the young and ardent spirits of our day give themselves to speculation rather than to close and accurate investigation.

I hope in future articles to show, first, that, however broken the geological record may be, there is a complete sequence in many parts of it, from which the character of the succession may be ascertained; secondly, that, since the most exquisitely delicate structures, as well as embryonic phases of growth of the most perishable nature, have been preserved from very early deposits, we have no right to infer the disappearance of types because their absence disproves some favorite theory; and, lastly, that there is no evidence of a direct descent of later from earlier species in the geological succession of animals.

Louis Agassiz.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

As through the forest, disarrayed
By chill November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude:
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread;
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
And morning filled their cups with dew,

Thy slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April bowers would fill,
Nor passed its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May :
Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —
Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.

And I remember — well-a-day ! —
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
As when behind a brodered screen
Some holy maiden sings unseen :
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade ! the groves how fair !
Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.

But now the summer's chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon ;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And thou art here alone, — alone, —
Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook was still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice,
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb, —
Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee, untold :
The lingering sunset still is bright, —
Sing, little bird ! 't will soon be night.

O. W. Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

There seems to be something more of challenge than a fair mind will really find in Mr. Stedman's presentation of his volume of poetry as his "complete works." Still we do not think that part of the title very fortunate, and it has, at least, the air of placing Mr. Stedman among the masters whose labors have been tested by the criticism of time, and have come out upon the shelves of gentlemen's libraries in triumph; whereas Mr. Stedman is one of our younger poets whose qualities and powers have by no means been strictly inquired into. No man should be called happy while alive, and no poet's works complete till he is dead. He is capable at any moment of breaking out afresh, and the gentleman whose library should not be without him finds himself exposed to renewed expense, or the sudden mortification of owning an incomplete edition. If a poet, having once published his complete works, could be bound by something in the nature of a legal writing not to produce anything more, the buyer of his works would, of course, be secure; but this is plainly impracticable, or, at least, it would be attended with great difficulties; it would be a hard condition for the poet, especially if young, and it is barely possible that it might be a loss to the public. Besides, there are some performances of every man which are best left to the piety of posterity, when the slight and rudeness with which we treat each other living are kept in a decent abeyance, and what has been done is accepted without a murmur and often charitably dropped out of remembrance. If one cannot wait for this tolerant judgment, but feels that he must at once put everything to the touch, it is perhaps an admirable courage. Nevertheless, we fancy that Mr. Stedman will be caused duly to feel the disadvantage of having called his book "complete works." There will be people to

sniff the air, and to say that there are some poems here which it were well not to have reprinted, except in fulfilment of the promise of the title-page. Indeed, we ourselves could wish to imply something of this sort as inoffensively as might be. To the number of what we may call these completing pieces belongs *The Diamond Wedding*, which, with much sprightliness, has too much crudeness, and is of a conclusion altogether too ineffective to be worth keeping; and there are several of the Tennysonian pieces, *Penelope* and *Flood-Tide* certainly, which are merely echoes of Tennyson. Every young poet is shaped by the great poets of his time, and reflects them; that has always been so and always will be so: but generally the young poet puts much of himself into his imitations, as Mr. Stedman did very notably in the poem called *The Freshet*. That is a story having reality and native strength, though it is as deeply colored by the author's reading as the other poems we have mentioned; there is occasion for it: but *Penelope* and *Flood-Tide* affect you as the performance of one who says to himself, "Come, I will make a poem like the *Ulysses*, and another like *Locksley Hall*," and does it — with a difference. There are all kinds of imitations, and all degrees of unconsciousness in imitation. A poet may borrow the metre or stanza which another has made characteristic, if not invented, — as the *In Memoriam* verse of Tennyson, or the *Longfellow* hexameters, or the *Spencerian* verse, — because it suits the theme which he desires to treat; but if he does not take the mental attitude and attempt the peculiar phrasing of either of these poets, he will hardly be called an imitator, save by the vulgar-witted and thumb-fingered sort of critics. He may even adopt another's phrase and posture, and yet, if he have stuff of his own to express, he is much

* *The Poetical Works of Edmund Clarence Stedman*. Complete Edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems. By JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Songs of the Sunlands. By JOAQUIN MILLER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Oldport Days. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Brave Hearts. A Novel. By ROBERTSON GRAY. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1873.

Normandy Picturesque. By HENRY BLACKBURN. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Recent Music and Musicians, as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignatz Moscheles. Edited by his Wife, and adapted from the original German by A. D. COLEBRIDGE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

The American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

The Voice and How to Use It. By W. H. DANIELL. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

more than an imitator. So, when you read the opening of Mr. Stedman's poem of *The Freshet*, —

"Last August, of a three weeks' country tour,
Five dreamy days were passed amid old elms
And older mansions and in leafy dales.

I fell in, there,
With Gilbert Ripley, once my chum at Yale.
Poor Gilbert groaned along a double year, —
Read, spoke, boxed, fenced, rowed, trod the foot-ball
ground, —

Loving the college library more than Greek,
His meerschauum most of all. But when we came
Together, gathered from the breathing-time
They give the fellows while the dog-days last,
He found the harness chafe; then grew morose,
And kicked above the traces, going home
Hardly a Junior, but a sounder man,
In mind and body, than a host who win
Your baccalaureate honors," —

you do feel a creeping and a regret; but going on to the end of the story, very touchingly told, with clearly and honestly indicated New England circumstance of character, incident, and scenery, you are glad to acknowledge that it is an authentic poem. But at its worst, this poem and the *Penelope* and *Flood-Tide* are sins of the poet's youth, which he puts behind him, coming out later in a voice and manner of his own. It is probable that with a writer who shows more evidence of scholarship than any of our younger poets, the imitation of Tennyson was a conscious and deliberate act, which he felt well able to justify by example among the poets of all times and nations; still, it is better for him and for his readers when he relinquishes it. The gain is notable in a comparison of two classic stories, the *Penelope*, which is steeped and double-dyed in Tennyson, and the *Alectryon*, in which we detect no tint or taste of him. The former is every way meagre, and the latter is told with a certain rich fulness which renders it an entire contrast. So far as we can make out, Mr. Stedman has asked nobody to help him in this poem, and what reflected color it has is from the whole body of Greek poetry. The bold fable is delicately handled, and there are some very charming pictures in it.

The *Alectryon* is a much later poem than the *Penelope*, but of the same period as the last are other pieces which attest Mr. Stedman's right to poetical expression while they show in some degree the same youthful faults. The sweetest of these is *Heliotrope*, and the best, without doubt, is *The Ballad of Lager Bier*, though there is a tender quaintness in *Bohemia: A Pilgrimage*, which we also like, and *How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry* has

a vigorous quaintness. *Heliotrope* belongs to a kind of poems in which Mr. Stedman has done less than he might have done with advantage, — poems with a vague sweetness, a dim and subtle passion fit to enrapture the heart of girlhood; but the *Ballad of Lager Bier* is of a sort that he has almost made his own. For the sake of indicating their general nature, we should say that they are a *Prædich* sort, though the critic hereafter might more truly describe such poems as of the *Stedmanish* sort. We have in mind the *Ballad* already named, *Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call*, *Fuit Ilium*, and *Pan in Wall Street*, as a group of poems naturally springing out of the poet's life in New York and his sense of the great city's unconscious and recondite poeticalness, — to put it very crudely. The *Ballad of Lager Bier* is the pleasure and the aspiration of the young *littérateur*, who empties his tankard in a New York beer-hall, and talks and dreams of the generous fluid's ancestral home beyond the sea, borrowing, as American talkers and dreamers always must, the light and color of his jollity from far-off times and lands: —

"Go, maiden, fill again our glasses!

While, with anointed eyes, we scan
The blowze Teutonic lads and lasses,
The Saxon — Pruss — Bohemian,
The sanded floor, the cross-beamed gables,
The ancient Flemish paintings queer,
The rusty cup-stains on the tables,
The terraced kegs of Lager Bier.

"And is it Göttingen, or Gotha,

Or Munich's ancient Wagner Brei,
Where each Bavarian drinks his quota,
And swings a silver tankard high?
Or some ancestral Gasthaus lofty
In Nuremberg — of famous cheer,
Where Hans Sachs lived, and where, so oft, he
Sang loud the praise of Lager Bier?

"For even now some curious glamour

Has brought about a misty change!
Things look, as in a moonlight dream, or
Magician's mirror, quaint and strange.
Some weird, phantasmagoric notion
Impels us backward many a year,
And far across the northern ocean,
To Fatherlands of Lager Bier.

"As odd a throng I see before us

As ever haunted Brocken's height,
Carousing, with unearthly chorus,
On any wild Walpurgis-night;
I see the wondrous art-creations!
In proper guise they all appear,
And, in their due and several stations,
Unite in drinking Lager Bier.

"I see in yonder nook a trio:

There's Deacon Faust, and, by his side,
Not half so love-distraught as Io,
Is gentle Margaret, heaven-eyed;

That man in black beyond the waiter —
I know him by his fiendish leer —
Is Mephistophiles, the traitor!
And how he swigs his Lager Bier!

"Strange if great Goethe should have blundered,
Who says that Margaret slip and fell
In Anno Domini Sixteen Hundred,
Or thereabout; and Faustus — well,
We won't deplore his resurrection,
Since Margaret is with him here,
But, under her serene protection,
May boldly drink our Lager Bier.

"That bare-legged gypsy, small and lithy,
Tanned like an olive by the sun,
Is little Mignon; sing us, prithee,
Kennst du das Land, my pretty one!
Ah, no! she shakes her southern tresses,
As half in doubt and more in fear;
Perhaps the elvish creature guesses
We've had too much of Lager Bier.

"There moves, full-bodied, ripe, and human,
With merry smiles to all who come,
Karl Schaeffer's wife, — the very woman
Whom Rubens drew his Venus from!
But what a host of tricksome graces
Play round our fairy Undine here,
Who pouts at all the bearded faces,
And, laughing, brings the Lager Bier.

"Sit down, nor chase the vision farther,
You're tied to Yankee cities still!
I hear you, but so much the rather
Should Fancy travel where she will.
Yet let the dim ideals scatter;
One puff, and lo! they disappear;
The comet, next, or some such matter,
We'll talk above our Lager Bier."

We mean to say that all this is as good as there has been of its kind, — and the kind is good, free, bright, and hearty; and that it is true to a phase of life on which men, grown older, look fondly back, and wish that they could find as much in those dreams as they used to find. Fuit Ilium is a monologue on the pulling down of an old New York mansion that once was in the heart of fashion, and now falls before encroaching business which wants to put a block in the place of a home. The motive is slight and hackneyed, if you please, but the feeling evoked is eternally responsive to such appeals, and the pictures passed before the fancy are true and vivid. Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call is the fabled description of the first New Year's call ever made in New York, and it is charming for its liking of old times and for the broadness and good-humor with which its sketches of character are done. Like the other two, it seems to have grown from the Manhattan soil, and it has a right Knickerbocker flavor of its own. But the ripest and best of all these poems is Pan in Wall Street, — a sketch in which the brokering, hurried, anxious, sordid aspect of the

place is lightly contrasted with what we longingly imagine of an uncaring, happy, mythologic world, by the poet who listens to an Italian vagrant playing a Pan's-pipe in the portico of the Treasury building: —

"T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

"A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gaudied horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

"He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

"The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

"A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy.

"A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded higher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

"O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

"So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.

Doubting, I mused upon the cry,
 'Great Pan is dead!'—and all the people
 Went on their ways:—and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple."

Here is something that, whatever its range and its degree, is thoroughly *felt*, and thoroughly well done. It sets the reader feeling and thinking; it playfully summons a host of airy fancies, idle yearnings, half-sad, half-humorous regrets, and touches nerves that keenly respond, and, in witness of its art, ask to be more deeply stirred; it is quick and light and just sufficient. On the group of poems of which it is the first, we should largely rest our liking for Mr. Stedman, and, without presuming to advise him or any other poet as to what kind of poems he should write, we think that in the writing of these pieces his *forte* lies. Something of this sort is certainly suggested in the fact that the strong, easy, original, perfectly rounded Ballad of Lager Bier was done at the same time that he was helplessly invoking Mr. Tennyson to help him out with Penelope and Flood-Tide, and was touching various other artificial stops with a wandering hand.

There is another group of poems by Mr. Stedman which we like very much, and which may be roughly described as country-poems, in distinction from those of which we have been speaking as city-poems. To these belong *The Doorstep*, *Country Sleighing*, *Holyoke Valley*, *Autumn Song* (though we object to any one's crying "Hilly-ho!" in American scenery), *The Heart of New England*, and in some sort, *The Old Love and the New*. They all express the same sympathy with simple and tender experiences, and with Nature in her different familiar aspects; some are more descriptive and others more emotional; but on the whole, they all seem much in the same key. We do not know a more affecting American ballad than *The Heart of New England*, which is also a symmetrical and finished poem; and *The Doorstep* is exquisite in its pensive archness. Our readers ought to remember both of these, and probably they will have the same difficulty we have felt in deciding whether in their quite different way they are not as good as Pan in Wall Street.

Among the longer poems in this volume Alice of Monmouth has fine passages,—especially the trooper's account of the charge in which the colonel was lost,—but the poem is not forcibly ended; and incomparably better is *The Blameless Prince*, which we noticed at the time of its first appearance (Atlan-

tic for May, 1869), and of which a cursory review suggests nothing new to us, except a heightened sense of the power shown in the treatment of some of the more dramatic scenes. We respect the treatment all the more, because we think less favorably of the subject now than we did then, and imagine the poet's difficulties in managing it to be greater than we formerly did. Of nearly all Mr. Stedman's poems we are able to say that they are the work of a skilled, sincere, and earnest artist. In fact, as we have said, he is the most scholarly of our young poets, and you feel that he never slights any particular work, that he always makes the most of himself. His good qualities in his successful performance are clearness of conception, and a concise, ringing, and effective expression. You will not find, perhaps, the most delicate music in his verse, and he may not thrill and penetrate you with some miracle of diction. But his phrase is just and true and lucid; it lacks color, to be sure, but then you are never confused with those prismatic tints which may mean much or may mean nothing. The whole is honest. His best work seems to us altogether good, and his worst not altogether bad.

—Mr. O'Reilly, who writes *Songs from the Southern Seas*, was a Fenian prisoner in Australia, whence he escaped in an open boat, and was picked up by the captain of a whaler, who gave him money to come to this country. It is not necessary to know this to be interested in his poems, which we shall not quite call successful, and yet which have made us like them by certain unhackneyed traits. The scenes are new, and the stories are, some of them, well told; indeed, *The King of the Vasse* is a very fair poem, which lacks little of being a very fine one. In a modest, well-worded prelude, the poet says:—

"From that fair land and drear land in the South,
 Of which through years I do not cease to think,
 I brought a tale, learned not by word of mouth,
 But formed by finding here one golden link
 And there another; and with hands unskilled
 For such fine work, but patient of all pain
 For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
 What might have been at first the goodly chain.

"It is not golden now: my craft knows more
 Of working baser metal than of fine;
 But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
 I add these rugged iron links of mine."

This is not claiming enough for himself, but the reader the more gladly does him justice because of his modesty, and perhaps it is this quality in the author which oftentimes commends

his book. The King of the Vasse is the story of a child of the first Swedish emigrants to Australia, who lies dead in his mother's arms when they land. A native chief, coming with all his people to greet the strangers, touches the boy's forehead with a great pearl which he keeps in a carven case or shruve, and the mighty magic of it calls him back to life, but with a savage soul, as his kindred believe; for he deserts them for the natives, over whom he rules many years, inheriting and wearing the magic pearl. At last the young men of the tribe begin to question his authority, and one of them, with a spear-thrust, destroys the great pearl. Jacob Eibson then seems repossessed by a white man's soul, and returns to the spot long since abandoned by his kindred, and finds it occupied by English settlers, whose children's simple childlike playmate he becomes, and remains till his death. The plot is good, and, in many respects, it is adequately managed; it is always managed with a sober simplicity which forms an excellent ground for some strong dramatic effects. The Australian scenery and air and natural life are everywhere summoned round the story without being forced upon the reader. Here, for instance, is a picture, at once vivid and intelligible,—which is not always the case with the vivid pictures of the word-painters. After the rains begin in that southern climate—

“Earth throbs and heaves

With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
While round their stems the rank and velvet green
Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there,
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And haunts the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
O watch, far down, the stealing carpet snake,
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
'Tith evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
At load the air with beauty and with wine
Mingled color . . .

high o'erhead is color; round and round
towering gums and tufts, closely wound
cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
over all the reaching branches run
hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
riven and laced; while round them and above,
all is knit, the creeper rests for days
thithering might, and then one blinding blaze

Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length!”

There are deep springs of familiar feeling (as the mother's grief for the estrangement of her savage-hearted son), also touched in this poem, in which there is due artistic sense and enjoyment of the weirdness of the motive; and in short, we could imagine ourselves recurring more than once to the story, and liking it better and better. The Dog-Guard is the next-best story in the book,—a horrible fact, treated with tragic realism, and skilfully kept from being merely horrible; and The Amber Whale comes near being very good, but is a yarn too much spun out to be strong. The other pieces of Australian or miscellaneous origin and interest are none of them wanting in good points, though none of them are quite successful. Yet a full third of the book is good; and we could honestly ask the reader to give his time to it on account of The King of the Vasse alone. Some of the best poems in it are the preludes to the stories, and we like this poem to the whole for its good artistic feeling, and its good feeling in every way:—

“It may be I have left the higher gleams
Of skies and flowers unheeded or forgot;
It may be so,—but, looking back, it seems
When I was with them I beheld them not.

“It may be so; but when I think I smile
At my poor hand and brain to paint the charms
Of God's first-blazoned canvas! here the aisle
Moonlit and deep of reaching gothic arms
From towering gums, mahogany, and palm,
And odorous jam and sandal; there the growth
Of arm-long velvet leaves grown hoar in calm,—
In calm unbroken since their luscious youth.

“How can I show you all the silent birds
With strange metallic glintings on the wing?
Or how tell half their sadness in cold words,—
The poor dumb lutes, the birds that never sing?
Of wondrous parrot-greens and iris hue
Of sensuous flower and of gleaming snake,—
Ah! what I see I long that so might you,
But of these things what picture can I make?

“Sometime, maybe, a man will wander there,—
A mind God-gifted, and not dull and weak;
And he will come and paint that land so fair,
And show the beauties of which I but speak.
But in the hard, sad days that there I spent,
My mind absorbed rude pictures: these I show
As best I may, and just with this intent,—
To tell some things that all folk may not know.”

—The longest poem among Mr. Miller's Songs of the Sunlands is *Isles of the Amazons*, and it happens also to be the best. The fable is of a Spanish adventurer, who deserts his countrymen at the time of the conquests, and wanders off into the wilds by the

Amazon River; he is very young and delicate, a poet as well as a soldier, and an embattled sisterhood who come sweeping down the stream in their canoes, with their queen at their head, take him for an Amazon of another color, and adopt him into their tribe. In time their islands are invaded by the neighboring men; and when each Amazon is tempted to take herself a mate among the invaders, it is discovered that the proud queen has anticipated their defection and is already what Mr. Miller would call the Spaniard's bride. The story is well enough and it does not wantonly imperil the proprieties; but it is tediously told, with the excess of tropical vegetation and astral effects and brown nudity characteristic of Mr. Miller's poetry. One reads it through—at least we did so—with effort, and parts from it without a sense of due reward for one's virtue. There is no striking thought in it that we remember, nor even just or unstrained imagery; everywhere is exaggeration and the vocative case. There is a little natural feeling in the impossible situation, which is prettily managed; and it seems as if Mr. Miller could have made a very pleasing poem, if he had not been obliged to be a poet all the time,—if he could have forgotten himself for a while.

By the Sundown Seas is a celebration in Spenserian verse of the regions of the Pacific Slope,—a rhapsody from which we get little comfort or meaning, though there are occasional intelligible pictures in it. Here is a good one of the California *vaquero*:—

"His broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air,
The proud *vaquero* sits his steed as free
As winds that toss his black abundant hair.

How brave he takes his herd in branding days
On timbered hills that belt about the plain,
He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding
ways

Of hiding fern and hanging fir; the rein
Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane
Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;
They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
Then sudden plunge from out the wood and pour
A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar."

We did not observe anything else in the poem so strong and coherent as this. The other pieces have not much that is good in them; in the best of the Olive Leaves, that one called Beyond Jordan, there is something offensively sensuous; though if a man will call his poem or picture religious he will run small risk of offending.

—In his series of sketches, Oldport Days, we think we see Mr. Higginson at his best. He has the rare faculty of an artist whose

studies from nature interest us not only for their own merit but for his thoughtful and imaginative comments as he places them before us on his easel. We are in Oldport; and the very name introduces us to a place which is the same, and yet not quite the same, that it is to the general eye,—like landscape in a Claude glass, or seen upside down. The very name of the place, slightly changed from its real name, seems like a key to the somewhat poetic aspect it wears in the writer's mind. It is not the literal photographs we see,—like those which adorn the pages of the book,—so much as the transcripts of an artist, in which things are colored with real and yet half-ideal hues.

Prospero's wondrous island would have been forever disenchanted had that master-hand which sketched it defined its latitude and longitude, told us the species of its trees and the geology of its rocks, defined the floating form of Ariel, and handed Caliban over to Darwin as the long-desired "missing link." There is an art we modern Americans need, and that is to go deeper than imitation,—to take nature as a base and scaffolding, but build thereon somewhat as the poets love to build. For the poet sees the literal and the ideal as in one stereoscopic view.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

But sometimes we feel the bare actual to be the best; and though this author's genius loves the poetic aspects of things, it delights at times no less in strict realism. Nothing can be better than the description on page 43, where speaks of the Oldport wharves:—

"Other wharves are occupied by manyards, places that seem like play-rooms grown men, crammed fuller than any old gret with those odds and ends in which youthful soul delights. There are planks spars and timber, rusty anchors, coils of bales of sail-cloth, heaps of blocks, pile chain-cable, great iron tar-kettles like an helmets, inexplicable little chimneys, en that seem like dwarf locomotives, wind that apparently turn nothing, and incanals that lead nowhere. For in these there seems no particular difference between land and water: the tide comes and goes where, and nobody minds it; boats are up among burdocks and ambrosia, a platform on which you stand suddenly to be something afloat; vessels are hauled the ways, each side of the wharf, the

ribs pitifully unclothed, ready for a cumbersome mantuamaking of oak and iron. On one side, within a floating boom, lies a fleet of masts and unhewn logs, tethered uneasily, like a herd of captive sea-monsters, rocking in the ripples. A vast shed that has doubtless looked ready to fall for these dozen years spreads over half the entrance to the wharf, and is filled with spars, knee-timber, and planks of fragrant wood; its uprights are festooned with all manner of great hawsers and smaller ropes, and its dim loft is piled with empty casks and idle sails. The sun always seems to shine in a ship-yard; there are apt to be more loungers than laborers, and this gives a pleasant air of repose; the neighboring water softens all harsher sounds, the foot treads upon an elastic carpet of embedded chips, and pleasant resinous odors are in the air."

Can anything be more exact than the description? Can we not almost smell the tar and the planks and the salt water?

Mr. Higginson shows great versatility of theme and treatment. But his pensively thoughtful strains sometimes run too much into the sentimental, as in the *Drift-Wood Fire*, *A Shadow*, and the little story called *An Artist's Creation*. He generally tells his stories admirably; but we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the plot and *dénouement* of the *Haunted Window*. The character of Severance is not definitely enough marked, the incident of his love for the Fayal girl not sufficiently narrated and emphasized, and her appearance at the window not satisfactorily accounted for; while Severance's death is introduced too suddenly and without due explanation and motive. There is not enough air of probability, but the story is told as if the writer were somewhat at a loss how to clear up the mystery of the haunted window, and, in doing it, had drawn too exclusively on his fancy, which has introduced too tame a bit of machinery for the result. But there are exquisite pictures in the story. Here is one:—

"As we looked from the broad piazza, there was a glassy smoothness over all the bay, and the hills were coated with a film, or rather a mere varnish, inconceivably thin, of haze more delicate than any other climate in America can show. Over the water there were white gulls flying, lazy and low; schools of young mackerel displayed their white sides above the surface; and it seemed as if even a butterfly might be seen for miles over that calm expanse. The bay was covered with mackerel-boats, and one man sculled indolently across

the foreground a scarlet skiff. It was so still that every white sail-boat rested where its sail was first spread; and though the tide was at half-ebb, the anchored boats swang idly different ways from their moorings. Yet there was a continuous ripple in the broad sail of some almost motionless schooner, and there was a constant melodious plash along the shore. From the mouth of the bay came up slowly the premonitory line of bluer water, and we knew that a breeze was near."

This is true and delicious painting from nature, as good as anything in our best studios. No one has written so admirably about the sea. You feel that long familiarity with the changeful element has wrought no insensibility to its varied charms. The chapter *In a Wherry* is full of the most graphic and poetic studies.

We like Mr. Higginson full as well when he escapes entirely from the sentimental moods which sometimes take possession of him and comes into the cheerful air and crowd which suggest such sparkling masterpieces as *Madame Delia's Expectations*. His humor at such times is exquisite; his humanity is always refreshing, but most so when his humor is relieved by occasional modulations into the minor keys of feeling, and reverts naturally to an ending on the major chords. In *Madame Delia* there is a humor that does not set out to be "funny," but which cannot conceal itself when the proper occasion for it occurs, and where all moods are brought into play in healthy and agreeable alternation. The opening description of the poor show-woman's tent, the handbells, the stock of attractions offered to the public, the performers, the snakes and monkeys, the sword-swallower, Mr. De Marson and Mons. Comstock, and Gerty the little trapeze girl, all touch us profoundly while we smile and laugh. *Madame Delia* is a wide-awake, enterprising New England woman, who sees to all the details of her business. Her husband, De Marson, walks up and down outside the tent to lure spectators in, but his wife knows how feeble and incompetent he is in the business.

"That man don't know how to talk no more 'n nothin' at all," said *Madame Delia*, reproachfully, to the large policeman who stood by her. "He never speaks up bold to nobody. Why don't he tell 'em what's inside the tent? I don't want him to say no more 'n the truth, but he might tell that. Tell 'em about Gerty, you nincum! Tell 'em about the snakes. Tell 'em what Comstock is.

'Tain't the real original Comstock' (this to the policeman), 'it's only another that used to perform with him in Comstock Brothers. This one can't swaller, so we leave out the knives.'

" 'Where's t' other?' said the sententious policeman, whose ears were always open for suspicious disappearances.

" 'Did n't you hear?' cried the incredulous lady. 'Scattered! Gone! Went off one day with a box of snakes and two monkeys. Come, now, you must have heard. We had a sight of trouble payin' detectives.'

" 'What for a looking fellow was he?' said the policeman.

" 'Dark-complected,' was the reply. 'Black mustache. He understood his business, I tell you now. Swallered five or six knives to onst, and give good satisfaction to any audience.'

In *Sunshine* and *Petrarch*, Mr. Higginson gives us translations of a dozen of the Italian poet's sonnets, while sitting in the grass by the sea, in a little secluded cove, where the waves seem to come in with just fourteen ripples answering to the number of lines in each poem. Each of these old Petrarchian melodies is accompanied by a strain of sentimental or descriptive comment a little too premeditated. We have taken the trouble to compare the translations with the original, and we find a good deal of inequality as to the literal rendering of lines. In several instances Mr. Higginson has sacrificed much more than could be wished to the necessities of rhyme. And yet this was almost unavoidable, especially as he adheres strictly to the old sonnet form, in which the rhymes are so frequently repeated. Rhyme in translation is a terrible Procrustean tyrant, who shortens or lengthens, binds or loosens, omits or adds, as his exigencies require.

In style, this book bears comparison with the author's best essays. His sentences are so polished that we sometimes almost wish for a little more *abandon*. His style is, perhaps, somewhat too self-conscious, and tends toward what is termed *fine* writing rather more than one sometimes desires to see, — as some painters tend to overfinish. But how much better is excess of finish than the reverse! The charm of Mr. Higginson's writings lies in his matter even more than his manner: in his just and discriminating criticism, in his wholesome outlook into nature and society, and into the profound depths that underlie these; in his thoughtful and tender humanity;

in steady appreciation of the sterner and more erratic phases of character, as of the most domestic, feminine, and poetic; in his sympathy with children, and with the poor and friendless; in his chivalric devotion to the cause of woman's rights; in his large estimates of the grand movements of past ages of thought and achievement, as well as of the multiform life mirrored in the facets of the many-sided present.

One of the felicities of his book is the tact with which he makes his transitions from one paragraph to another somewhat disconnected, reminding one of the modulations of a symphony. There is an ingenuity here that is born of a quick imagination, but we are disposed to trace this accomplishment in a measure to the character of a mind whose large sympathies can find points of contact in things seemingly remote from each other; a mind to which the common fraternity of races and the symphony of religions present no insuperable dividing lines. This is the best sort of versatility, which takes humanity and nature, not as if seeing things and men distributed in separate cells, but in a wide audience-room, where one can glance from one individual to another, at will. It consists in utterly vacating all sectarianism of whatever sort, and seeing a unity and sympathy between all.

" Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides."

— There is a certain satisfaction to be had from any attempt in the way of a genuine American novel, when the author gives evidence of a desire to depict faithfully the phase of life he has chosen to illustrate, even if we find him falling short of thorough success in the undertaking. *Brave Hearts* deals mainly with California life in the mines within the last decade, and has the merit of presenting its peculiarities in a manner indicating real knowledge of his subject in the author. There is moreover some attempt to contrast picturesquely with this the common life of intellectual persons at the East more deserving of praise for its good-will than for any satisfactory artistic result, but indicating a clear eye for realities and real differences. Philip Russell furnishes the type of hesitating thinker, timid for want of action, who is getting to take his place among the indispensable properties of the novelist of to-day; but both he and all the personages of the book are rather slightly put together out of a few simple constituents of human nature, which do not seem to have

grown together into substantial individualities, but rather to have been combined in proportions to suit the exigencies of the plot. This Russell, however, goes to the mining district as a newspaper correspondent, believing that "some practical experience of life would have been a great thing for Hamlet," and that it may therefore benefit himself. He leaves behind his sister Alice, with his friend Morton, the newspaper editor, in background as a prospective lover. A slight train of adventure is then carried through for his benefit in the West, resulting in his falling in love with one Kate Campbell, whose father had fled thither under unjust suspicions connected with an old bank forgery. The difficulty, however, is, that he conceives one Stephen Moore, whose "partner" he has become, to be likewise in love with Kate. Meantime, Morton steps out of the background and offers himself to Alice. One Vane, also connected with the bank Campbell had been in, proposes marriage to her. She declines both offers; and, Philip having met with an accident, she proceeds to California, where she of course falls in love with Stephen Moore, who has all along been a polished gentleman, formerly a Federal officer, and a friend of Morton's, though for the time being he is driver of a Wells Fargo stage-coach. Vane now appears, being on the trail of the real forger, whom he presently check-mates. He also provides adroitly for Kate Campbell, whose father dies; and at once all the persons are swept from the board, by the conclusion of engagements between Philip and Kate on the one hand, and Stephen and Alice on the other, — leaving us with an unpleasant sensation of having been humbugged with sham Westerners. We are haunted throughout the volume with the hope that the unmistakable promise of the author's power of observation will be realized, but are forced to confess at the end that he has missed making any artistic success. There is too much melodrama in the plot, and the book seems written too much for the purpose of exhibiting special manners of mining-life, without enough of character development to make them worth representation. The author evidently has ideas of what is needed to make a good novel; but he lacks dramatic skill, has failed to proportion parts to the whole as they should be, and rollicks through the entire story with a rough-and-ready language that lacks style. Now and then he strikes out a spark of epigram from his hasty reveries *en passant*; and the keenness and humor revealed in this way

amid the general roughness, added to his evident intention to be true, lead us to believe that he may with study attain to some riper production, which artist and critic can join with the average reader in approving.

— We welcome the custom, now becoming apparently more and more prevalent, of supplying the guide-book's office with works which, while available for travellers, will also nourish in the sight-seer something more than the mere fevered ambition to "do" a given number of castles, towers, towns, and churches, with a view to augmenting his stock of facts for statistical or social display. Among the number of these we may count Mr. Blackburn's *Normandy Picturesque*; and we are moved by the excellence of the two heliotype reproductions of sketches (one of them by Prout) in Rouen, to maintain that all similar pocket-books should enlist the pencil as well as the pen in their completion. The text is terse and pregnant: we fancy that the author's natural tendency, as a sketcher, to depict rather than describe or make voluminous comment, has assisted him to the brevity of his easy, almost epistolary style, so commendable in a work of this kind. At first one feels a certain regret that such regions as Normandy should so soon have to succumb to embodiments in hand-books, however pretty or artistic; for now assuredly, if never before, must the locust-cloud of tourists descend upon their quiet fields, and, along with various "improvements" (some of them, doubtless, much needed), bring desolation thereon. Still, the tide seeming already to have set that way, we may be thankful to Mr. Blackburn for rescuing in this cheerful, light, contemporary picture much that would otherwise in a few years more have disappeared beyond recovery. There is some relief, too (though of a mean kind), in reading his account of enormities committed in those parts by the French themselves, who build shanties and post *offices* on the walls of their Middle Age churches, clap a cast-iron spire on their Rouen cathedral, and think of nothing but a traffic in their antiquities, or a speedy gravitation toward mighty Paris. For centralization, as we learn from Mr. Blackburn, is corrupting the simple provincial heart of Normandy with desire of new things, even as our Boston and New York drain the life-blood of the New England and middle farming districts into themselves. However, to come down plainly to the business of the book, we must confess to an unaffected pleasure in the author's cheery manner of introducing travel-

lers to the curious old country of Duke William, and of making it easily accessible to fireside travellers like ourselves. It is almost as good as going to read through these notes of the possible little circular tour they suggest, beginning at quaint Audemer, with a wise distinction as to travelling-plans of "the simple right" and "the elaborate wrong," and running on to Caen, and the entertaining little description of the famous Bayeux Tapestry; to Granville with its wholesome fisher-girls, and so to Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace, and the valley of the Seine; coming back to ourselves through the short concluding dissertation on architecture and costume. Its constant taking of the artistic view is one of the most commendable characteristics of this little volume; but he has not taken us to Normandy without better reasons than that of merely furnishing amusement; he intends that what we there see shall cause us to reflect upon what we find, on returning home. Like all of us in this time, and indeed all men in all times, he in one breath complains and speaks well of the age in which he lives. "It is a restless age," he says, "in which advertisements of 'FAMILIES REMOVED' are pasted on the walls of a man's house, without appearing to excite his indignation." Nevertheless, he has hopes for the future of architecture. For one thing, we are to find that mediæval building, with certain improved sanitary provisions, is entirely applicable to the necessities of modern life. But to America he looks for something wholly new in architecture. Let us, however, rather listen to a word or two of warning with which he tempers his hope. "The very essence and life of Gothic art," he says (p. 60), — and this bears as strongly on any good new art we may wish to raise on Gothic or other foundations, — "is its realism and truism" (*sic*); "and until we carry out its principles in our hearts and lives it will be little more to us than a toy and a tradition." Again, speaking of America, he says: "It may be that we point to the wrong quarter of the globe, and we shall certainly be told in Europe that no good thing in art can come from 'the great dollar cities of the West,' from a people without monuments and without a history; but there are signs of intellectual energy, and a process of refinement and cultivation is going on which it will be well for us of the Old World not to ignore. Their day may be not yet; before such a change can come the nation must find rest; . . . they must know (as

the Greeks knew it) the meaning of the word 'repose.' " Meantime we need not be above learning a lesson even from the cheap modern Gothic of the French seaside villas in Normandy, of which Mr. Blackburn gives us an idea in four little sketches. These villas, it appears, are much frequented by English, who, as we had before dimly supposed, come to live in Normandy for cheapness' sake. The statements of one of these colonists to our author bears so much resemblance to similar declarations of Americans, who for like reasons have flown to like foreign asylums, that we quote one of a short series, all equally negative: "We believe that our children will be well educated, and pick up French for nothing, — *which they do not!*" Mr. Blackburn, on the whole, approves the theory that "English people had better live in their own country, if they can." And we will add, that by the substitution of another familiar patronymic for the word "English," we shall find in these words a maxim worthy of much more general faith and practical application among ourselves than it now enjoys in the ranks of the cultivated. It appears to us a maxim not altogether unconnected with those schemes of originative American art which not Mr. Blackburn alone, but many a dreamer on this continent, hopes before long to see entering upon their development.

— Judging from ourselves, few lovers of the angelic art who take up the *Memoirs of Moscheles* — in the American edition improperly entitled *Recent Music and Musicians* — will easily lay it down until they have finished it. Its pages are full of telling yet generous criticism of nearly all the artists and composers of Europe, who, beginning with Beethoven, pass in review before the reader; and while the more famous of them are brought out in high relief, the background against which all are exhibited is the complete and genial character of Moscheles, the beauty of whose domestic and social relations as here and there they unobtrusively appear make one of the great charms of the book. It is edited by the wife of the virtuoso, and in her brief Preface she says, with the humility characteristic of German women, that "others might have done the work better, none with such reverential love." But the modest disclaimer is unnecessary. A feminine touch so light, so discriminating, yet sympathizing, is visible throughout the whole, that we doubt whether any one else could possibly have "done the work" so well.

Ignatz Moscheles was born in Prague in 1794, and was trained there from seven to fourteen years of age by an inflexible master of the old school, Dionys Weber, who said, "Who on earth is there except Mozart, Clementi, and Bach? A pack of crazy, hare-brained fools, who turn the heads of our young people. Beethoven, clever as he is, writes a lot of hare-brained stuff, and leads pupils astray." At fourteen the boy, already an accomplished pianist, was sent to Vienna to complete his studies and to earn his daily bread. Beethoven was then at the zenith of fashion there as well as of fame, and young Moscheles, whose friends and companions were Meyerbeer and Hummel, Reichardt and Czerny, worshipped him. "We musicians," he says in his diary, "whatever we may be, are mere satellites of Beethoven, the dazzling luminary." Going one day to visit Salieri, the contemporary and rival of Mozart, he found on his table a sheet of paper on which was written in large, bold, characters, "*The pupil Beethoven has been here.*" "What," said Moscheles to himself, "a Beethoven acknowledge that he has yet to learn of a Salieri! How much more then do I stand in need of his teaching." And he forthwith put himself under Salieri's guidance for three years. Many of the Viennese ladies of that period had been admirably taught, and the memoir states that the youthful Moscheles, "modestly admitting their superiority in delicacy of touch and expression, soon appropriated these qualities." At twenty-two Moscheles left Vienna for a series of concert-tours throughout Northern Europe, in whose most famous cities he was recognized and applauded as a brilliant pianist of the highest rank. He finally settled down in London as one of the leading artists and teachers of the great capital, and his house for more than twenty years was the head-quarters where all musicians reported themselves and met in the inner intimacy and communion of their profession. In its accounts of merry evenings with Malibran, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, and others, the book gives fascinating glimpses of the extraordinary things that artists do for their own and each other's amusement when no "public" is by to applaud. The most interesting sketches in the book are those relating to Beethoven, Malibran, and Mendelssohn. All the traditional sorrows of genius seemed to accumulate on Beethoven's devoted head; and the heart-rending story of the neglect, poverty, and fearful suffering of his last days is given precisely as the facts occurred. One does not know at what most to

marvel,—the callous heart of the Viennese among whom he lived, or the exaggerated gratitude of the dying composer toward the London Philharmonic Society for their moderate gift to him of five hundred dollars. How little must his fellow-creatures ever have done for one of their greatest benefactors, when so small a service on the part of some of them could move him so deeply!

But Mendelssohn, the brilliant, affectionate, petulant genius, was the enthusiasm of the manhood of Moscheles. Weary, at length, of British stolidity and of his *métier* of fashionable music-master, Mendelssohn easily persuaded him to leave London for Leipzig, there to take the head of the "Department for Composition and Playing," in the Conservatory that Mendelssohn had just founded. The brief year which the ardent friends spent there together in a common work was evidently the culmination of Moscheles's career. The terrible blow of Mendelssohn's sudden death cut short all their glad hopes and anticipations of joint achievement, and henceforth it is easy to see that life for the one remaining was no longer the same. Its rapture and its spontaneity were gone, and duty only remained. How well Moscheles fulfilled the trust that devolved upon him the long celebrity of the Leipzig Conservatory as a training-school for young artists well attested.

As a pianist, Moscheles was one of the great *virtuosi* whose demands upon the instrument stimulated its makers to produce the "grand" piano-forte as we now have it. As a musician, he stood midway between the old school and the new; for while the severe traditions in which he had been so early steeped forbade his entire acceptance of the "music of the future," his large-mindedness kept him from a narrow antagonism to it. He wondered and doubted, but did not allow himself to condemn, though to us his delicate criticism "that heart and soul are not warmed by being so overloaded with passionate music" is the best expression of its defects that we have seen. As a composer, though he does not belong either to the first or the second order of great men, his works will always be valuable to the piano-student, and several of them have passed to a place among the classics. He died peacefully at Leipzig in 1870, aged seventy-five, after a life successful and honored, and useful almost to the last.

— The age in which we live is an unhappy one for generalizers. No one has caught the whole spirit of the time, nor can it be fixed in

a happy phrase: its whole genius is complex, and it is daily becoming more so, and men are driven into specialities by the vastness of their subjects.

The *New American Cyclopædia* of the Messrs. Appleton (published 1863) came in time to fill, in great measure, the gap which years and the specialists had made, and its great and continued sales bore witness to the want it essayed to supply. But even this, with its annual supplemental volume, has been for some years unsatisfactory, and all kinds of devices have been tried to supplement it. Even our *Unabridged Dictionaries* have blossomed forth into a mixture of dictionary and cyclopædia, where the definition of the word is aided by the condensed essay and the illustration of the cyclopædia proper. The latest of the many new encyclopædias is the *Revised Edition of the New American Cyclopædia*, by the same editors who brought out the original edition; and it is of this that we desire to speak, judging of it by the two volumes already printed.

It is plain that all cyclopædias in all languages must be greatly alike in their general features, since they seek to supply nearly the same needs, and therefore it is more particularly in the minor details of a work of this class that the points for commendation or censure must be sought. The goodness of such a work must be considered as a function of the circumstances under which it is to be used, and a great excellence of the book in question is its adaptation to the wants of the general class of readers in America. None of the discursive eloquence of the essays of the *British Cyclopædia* is here permitted, but the ideals striven for in its articles are clearness, shortness, fulness, and fairness. The difficulty of reconciling these antagonistic requisites seems to have been met in an admirable way. It is presumed by the editors, that for the very fullest knowledge of a subject the original works treating of it will be consulted, and a careful bibliography is given at the end of each article, to facilitate such reference. Sufficient information for all ordinary wants is always given.

With regard to the clearness of each article, too much praise cannot be given. In but one case in the two volumes before us have we noticed a doubtful meaning: this occurs in the article *Andersonville*, regarding the trial of Wirz. A foreigner might be led to suppose that his trial was ordered by the Confederate authorities. In one or two cases we have

found incorrect statements, but they are always perfectly definite. Peculiarly admirable, as a general rule, is the statement of cases in which authorities conflict: almost perfect fairness has been attained, and the theories of no one man have been given an exclusive place. In this respect a vast improvement has been made upon the first edition.

The shortness of the articles, too, is highly to be commended, as it has been gained by no sacrifice of completeness, but in new articles by studied condensation, and in the older by a vigorous striking out of all epithets, enthusiasm, and eulogy. As a great concession a man may once be called a genius, but never twice. The space thus obtained has allowed the insertion of engravings and woodcuts, and of them we intend to speak at some length, since they may be taken as one of the distinctive features of the new work. Commonly they are admirably well selected, and their titles are chosen with discrimination—a work requiring care and thought. As a rule, too, the cuts are very well executed, clear and sharp. This cannot always be said of the small woodcut maps, which are often confused in detail. As examples of this, we may cite the maps of the Argentine Republic, Alsace and Lorraine, Algeria, Alaska, and others. These are usually too small, and this causes the confusion: wherever space enough is given, as in the maps of the Anthracite Region of Pennsylvania, and the map illustrating the excellent article on Arctic Discovery, there is nothing but commendation to be given. The larger steel maps of the book, though correct in all details as far as we have tested them, are yet inartistic in execution and coloring, and are not pleasant to refer to. When shall we have the art of map-making, as shown in Stieler's *Atlas* and in other European books, domesticated in America? The illustrations to each article are generally real helps to the understanding of the topic, and are almost never superfluous.

Real omissions occur in one or two instances: for example, under the head *Bartholdy*, no hint is given that for many years one of the greatest of musicians was known as F. M. Bartholdy. Again, the modern method of measuring base lines with the base-apparatus of Repsold, or with that of our own Coast Survey, is not mentioned. Under *Beethoven*, it is not stated that Richard Wagner, the greatest of living musicians and a leading writer on the aesthetics of music, has written a critical essay on *Beethoven's*

Life and Genius. It would perhaps have been well to mention as a kind of typical fact that Batavia Java had a street railway; and it seems as if the formula for finding the difference of level of two heights by the barometer might well have been given, although this may be doubted.

We will mention one or two statements which we regard as erroneous or ill-judged: for example, under Acceleration, we find a statement that the duration of one daily rotation of the earth is probably constant; probably the best astronomers would incline to the contrary belief. The same article closes with a theory of revolving planetary atmospheres, which may or may not be true, but certainly has no direct proof from observation.

But for bad theory, the article on Aerolites is by far the worst in the book. Nobody, as the writer somewhat indignantly assumes, has "asserted" that Clio is the smallest body of the solar system: in all probability several of the asteroids, notably Eanomia, are smaller; and the diameter of Clio stated so confidently as "scarcely sixteen miles" is probably doubtful by at least twice that amount. The descent to small "dust" by two imaginative steps is all pure speculation, more likely to be true than false, but still quite unworthy any place in a serious article. A similar criticism may be made of the supposition that aerolites are found on the moon's surface in a state of "better preservation" than on our own globe: from such imaginings to the questions of the school-men, or to problems of "lunar politics," there is but a step.

It is a pleasure to turn from this to such admirable articles as those on Athens (an absolutely exhaustive description, and a model encyclopædia article), Architecture, Astronomy, Arctic Discovery, Army, Artillery, and many other such. The legal and medical articles, too, seem to be characterized by great clearness, and by an absence of one-sidedness quite remarkable.

— The Voice and How to Use It is an essay prepared by its author as a sort of text-book for his pupils. It is written in the form of conversations between teacher and pupil, and, so far as we can make out, it contains — amid much irrelevant matter — the author's explanation of the terms used by singing teachers. He defines "method" as "the proper application of natural laws"; says that singing and speaking are identical; that purity of tone is power; that the registers of the voice are not, as many hold, rigorously defined; that vocal

sounds must be taken in front of the mouth; and that in singing, words should be pronounced as they are spelled, and carefully articulated. In his opinion, the mouth should not be more widely opened to produce a high tone (!) and he believes that singing out of tune is not caused by an incorrect ear, but by an improper forming of the tone. He is opposed to clearing the voice by the use of what he calls "lubricating agents," and thinks that a well-trained voice can be used without injury almost *ad libitum*. He suggests one point that we have long thought should be nothing less than insisted upon by singing-teachers, namely, that pupils should vocalize *without* an instrument, and with the aid of the tuning-fork merely. Truth of intonation, beauty and purity of tone, would be thereby far more successfully obtained than at present, because the attention of the pupil would be concentrated on the tones he or she is producing, whereas now the attention is not merely divided, it is distracted, in nine cases out of ten, by the endeavor to get the accompaniment correct.

The English of Mr. Daniell's book is a perfect specimen of "native American." In style and in thought it seems the product of the native mind as developed by the normal schools of our country, and to those who look up to normal-school culture it will doubtless appeal. The author has got nearly, if not all, of his best ideas from sources which he does not acknowledge or even name, notably the original and remarkable work on the singing voice by Mrs. Emma Seler, and his book is at once incomplete and superficial. It will teach no one to sing without a teacher, for that the best book that ever was written could not do, singing being an imitative "art," and not "natural" at all, and every well-trained teacher knows, of course, all that it contains, and more too. It may, however, assist pupils in detecting ignorant teachers, and its suggestions, if read, may keep such teachers from doing as much harm to the voices under their care as they doubtless otherwise would.

— Besides the books already noticed we have received a number of publications of which we can now speak only bibliographically, and not critically. We have from J. B. Lipincott & Co., Philadelphia, the first three volumes (History of Ferdinand and Isabella) of a new edition of Prescott's works, revised by John Foster Kirk, author of the History of Charles the Bold. Mr. Kirk's labor has been mainly to collate the former editions, amend and add from the author's manuscripts,

verify doubtful references, carefully read the proofs, and append notes correcting or substantiating disputed points in the text. Mr. Prescott had expressed the wish for some such service at the hands of Mr. Kirk, formerly his secretary, and singularly well fitted for it by his own thorough studies and performance. The edition is printed in the substantial and handsome style characteristic of the publishers' books. The same publishers send us *Blanche Seymour*, a novel by the author of *Erma's Engagement*; and *A Great Lady*, a romance from the German of Van Dewart. — Henry Holt & Co., New York, publish *The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*; a translation, by Mathilde Blind of David Friedrich Strauss's *The Old Faith and The New*, two volumes in one, with an American version of the author's Prefatory Postscript; and a most worthily printed translation by J. Safford Fiske of *Taine's Tour through the Pyrenees*, with a great number of illustrations by Doré, — a book not likely to have a rival, in richness of workmanship and literary and artistic splendor, among those published for the coming holidays. — Messrs. Holt & Co. acknowledge their indebtedness for valuable hints in the arrangement of this volume to Mr. Henry Blackburn, whose *Artists and Arabs* J. R. Osgood & Co. issue uniform with his *Normandy Picturesque* in their pretty *Saunterer's Series*, with numerous illustrations of Arabic life and character. This house also publish two new books by Jules Verne, whose former extravaganzas pleased so well, namely, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, with forty-eight small pictures in heliotype; and a translation by N. D'Anvers of *The Fur Country, or 70° North Latitude*, printed uniform with *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, and having one hundred pictures by the illustrators of the latter book. *The Story of Goethe's Life*, by George Henry Lewes, is the author's abridgment of his *Life and Works of Goethe*, from which he has made this continuous narrative by leaving out his criticisms of Goethe's writings. *Lucy Maria* is the story serially printed in *The Hearth and Home* by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the author of those charming books, *The William Henry Letters*, and *William and his Friends*; *Lucy Maria* being, as the reader will remember, one of his most delightful friends. Doing his Best, continuing the fortunes of Jack Hazard, is Mr. Trowbridge's capital story for boys, reprinted from *Our Young Folks*. — From Roberts Brothers we have Mrs. L. M. Moulton's pretty book for

children, *Bedtime Stories*, with pictures by Addie Ledyard; and *Records of a Quiet Life*, by Augustus J. C. Hare, author of *Walks in Rome*, etc., with an introduction to these family memoirs by William L. Gage, who revises the book for American readers. — Preparation of Objects for the Microscope, by Thomas Davies, and *Half-Hours with the Microscope*, by Edwin M. Lankester, are two of the popular manuals of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. — D. Appleton & Co., New York, reprint in French *Home Life* the excellent articles on that subject which have appeared from time to time in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and they add to their *International Scientific Series*, *The Study of Sociology*, by Herbert Spencer, with a preface by Professor Youmans. — Dodd and Mead, New York, publish *The Women of the Arabs*, by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, for seventeen years an American missionary in Syria; *What can She Do?* a novel by Rev. E. P. Poe, author of *Barriers Burned Away*, etc.; *Against the Stream*, a story by Mrs. Charles, author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*; and *Kit Carson*, a biography by John S. C. Abbott, uniform with others of their series of *American Pioneers and Patriots*. — From Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, we have *The Golden City*, by Rev. B. F. Barrett, author of several collateral Swedenborgian works; from Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York, *Lombard Street, A Description of the Money Market*, by Walter Bagshot; from Hurd and Houghton, New York, *Bianca Cappello*, a tragedy, by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney; *Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their works*, *A Handbook*, by Clara Erskine Clement, (author of a *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art*), with illustrations and monograms; and *The Grammar of Painting and Engraving*, a version, by Kate Newell Doggett, of *Blanc's Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*, with the original illustrations; from Sheldon & Co., New York, *The Rose of Disentis*, a version of Heinrich Zschokke's story, by James J. D. Trenor, who announces it as one of several translations from the same author; and *Asleep in the Sanctum and other Poems*, by Alphonso A. Hopkins; from G. W. Carleton & Co., New York, *Jessamine*, a novel by Marion Harland; from Orange Judd & Co., New York, *A Man of Honor*, a story of Virginia life, by George Cary Eggleston; from Deutsch & Co., Baltimore, *The Deicides: Analysis of the Life of Jesus and of the several Phases of the Christian Church in their Relation to Ju-*

daism, by J. Cohen, in a translation by Anna Maria Goldschmidt; from Giun Brothers, Boston, the third volume of Rev. H. N. Hudson's Shakespeare for schools and clubs; from Macmillan & Co., London and New York, Lady Hester, or Ursula's Narrative, a story by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; On the Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects, by Sir John Seibach, one of the Nature Series, with many illustrations; and a revised American edition in four volumes of Edward A. Freeman's History of the Norman Conquests of England; from A. G. Brown & Co., Boston, The Rising Son, a history of the colored race, by William Wells Brown, M. D.; from Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, An Historical Account, by C. W. Butterfield, of the Expedition against Sandusky under Colonel William Crawford, in 1782, with Biographical Sketches, Personal Reminiscences, and Descriptions of interesting Localities, including also Details of the disastrous Retreat, the Barbarities of the Savages, and the awful Death of Crawford by Torture; one of the valuable Ohio Valley Series.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

Now that Sainte-Beuve has gone, there is no French critic left who fairly takes his place, but there are still writers who bring to their criticism sound views, a good style, and more seriousness of intention than is to be found among many of those of whom it is their duty to write. No one has the charming style of Sainte-Beuve, which like the best writing is that which most resembles talking, the vehicle of true criticism; nor do we find any one with the same intelligent justice, with the same power of throwing a charm over the subjects which at first might seem least attractive. But M. Edmond Scherer is worthy of much praise for his work in the same direction. We have before us to-day the fourth volume of his *Études sur la Littérature contemporaine*, in which he has gathered up a number of articles on various subjects, none of them bearing a later date than the middle of 1870, while most were written even longer ago. Thus it will be seen that most of them appeared in the last days of the Second Empire, and they contain very often harsh criticism of the decadence of literature which marked those sad days when France stood so low in the es-

timation of thoughtful Frenchmen and so high in that of foreigners enamoured of the well-watered streets and civil policemen. M. Scherer's condemnation is far from being the querulous complaint of a profound grumbler, or the easy smartness of a boulevard-fop. He notices the state of French literature of what we must call the present time. He takes M. Vaperran's *Année littéraire et dramatique* for 1867 as his text, and compares its showing with the earlier memorable times of the century. We cannot help thinking, however, that he makes the case out rather worse than he need have done, for, allowing Sainte-Beuve to belong to an earlier period, while there has been no one to replace Alfred de Musset, Taine certainly is deserving of high praise, and foreigners cannot be expected to give very lavish adoration to a period of which Chateaubriand was the acknowledged head. But it is true, on the other hand, that there is hardly a well-known writer in France who had not completed his education by the year 1848; there appears to be no generation growing up to take the places which in the course of a few years must be left vacant. Taine himself, and About in literature, and Prévost-Paradol and Bréal in linguistics, have no young men following them; while the older men, who gave often less warm adherence to the government, did good work by their writing, the younger men have either contented themselves with the cheap notoriety of bitter opposition, without the ability to suggest anything better, or they embraced the opportunity, which the Second Empire very generously offered, of seeking to do nothing more than amuse the public. This task they accomplished well, but there is no real satisfaction to be got from their work. One such man was Baudelaire, a dull writer of wilfully, coldly improper lines, which by some singular fortune have made him a scapegoat to receive a great deal of abuse, which might have been more impartially distributed; of him there is a notice in this volume of M. Scherer's. He speaks of Baudelaire's works as books to be read for instruction rather than for pleasure, because they illustrate so well certain qualities of the age. They represent, he goes on to say, the decay of a literature. "I had always supposed that to be a mere phrase, used by old men to condemn books of a style to which they were unaccustomed. I used to say to myself that everything was relative; that every age had its language and literature, which were of use to express the thoughts of men at certain moments of the life of society,

* All books mentioned under this head are to be found at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Études sur la Littérature contemporaine. Par EDMOND SCHERER. 4me Série. Paris. 1873.

But no, there is in the human mind and in its productions a time of old age as well as one of youth; after maturity comes decay, when the intelligence grows feeble, the tongue thicker, when ugliness and stiffness take the place of beauty and strength. To dispute this it would be necessary to abolish the distinction between beauty and ugliness, and this is what the Baudelaires are trying to do."

More space is given to Sainte-Beuve than to any one else in this volume, which covers the time of the great critic's death. One of the paragraphs is on his library.

"Not that every writer has a library. Chateaubriand had none; he used to call them rat-holes. Nor did Lamartine have one. Lamartine and Chateaubriand were above everything, poets even in their travels and histories. But Sainte-Beuve was compelled to have a library, and he had a large one. In fact, he had several, each one representing a phase of his life, an epoch of his work. Thus his *Tableau de la poésie française au seizième siècle* figures there in a collection of our sixteenth-century poets. . . . Then comes a second library, such as served to make the *Port-Royal*. . . . But that was not his favorite corner: he preferred a little number of master-pieces; the *Iliad*, which he placed first; Virgil, of the different editions of whom he made a tolerably complete collection, towards the end of his life; Racine, of whom he was especially fond; and among the poets of our time, Lamartine. M. Hugo knew this, and said one day to Lamartine, in Sainte-Beuve's presence, 'He likes you more than me.' Add to these poets a few moralists, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and you have his favorite collection."

Many of his books bore marginal notes. Homer and Horace, of course. A few English authors were thus annotated, among others a Cowper, and a volume of Sir William Temple's Essays. "On a bundle of books and articles about China was written, 'Article to be written on Chinese poetry, to be followed by one on French poets, the funeral procession of our contemporaries.'"

Here is another note: "To maintain a reputation with posterity, and in order to have it wide-spread, it is necessary that posterity should imagine it has need of you as a type, as an example, as perpetual and convenient material for quotations. That keeps your memory fresher than the intrinsic merit of your work. In a word, *l'homme qui passe pour avoir eu le plus d'esprit est celui qui a l'esprit de demain et d'après-demain.*"

M. Taine is the subject of two articles, one treating of his method, and the other reviewing briefly his *Philosophie de l'art en Grèce*. M. Scherer not unnaturally feels a certain hostility to M. Taine's complete theories, and he gives us a brief criticism of them which is very well deserved. He acknowledges the points of resemblance to be found in many people of the same time in history, which are brought into notice more especially by M. Taine's ingenious method. "Thus there is a common point, in the seventeenth century, between the philosophy, the poetry, the court, and the religion; between Louis XIV., Bossuet, Descartes, and Racine: this may escape the eye at first, though it may not be impossible to determine it; and this it is which forms the character of the century."

This, too, is produced by two things, an individual nature and the modifications wrought by history. The seventeenth century is to be explained by the aptitudes of race, and by the influences of all kinds under the action of which these aptitudes are developed. And M. Taine is anxious to go back to the primal originating influence. All of us who have read his History of English Literature know the way in which he goes back to climate, race, and history to explain the course of English literature, and a system which explains everything but the great men who have made that literature what it is.

M. Veuillot's *Odeurs de Paris* receives what it is not the custom in this country to call a "genial" notice. M. Veuillot flung abuse about him at everything in Paris which was not directly connected with the Roman Catholic Church, and thereby he made many enemies. M. Scherer wastes no love on this man who undertakes to do the work of reforming society with the weapons of an outcast, and has written a notice which is a very good answer to an abusive book.

There is also an article on the prefaces by A. Dumas, *fi*s, to the edition of his plays, in which he attacks the specious arguments of that gentleman, who wishes to remodel society by dramatic representations, forgetting it is not so easy to do good as it is to do harm by means of the theatre.

In a word, this volume of M. Scherer's essays will be found very entertaining reading. Nowhere in the volume is there such delicate criticism as Sainte-Beuve shows, but yet there is plenty of good sense, humor, and intelligent observation. Criticism is good which gives us this; anything beyond is luxury.

A R T.

THE men who had the building of the old Boston which we remember — the Boston of the first half of this century — worked under many disadvantages which we at this day are very ready to recognize; but they had also certain advantages, which we are more apt to forget. There was very little chance, fifty or a hundred years ago, for an American architect (no great chance, in truth, for any architect) to get a liberal professional training. Our community was poor, building materials were few and simple. The work that was done, therefore, was small in scale and of no great architectural significance; moreover, it was executed in the formal, frigid style which we inherited from the English architects of the Georgian period. We are familiar with these disadvantages of our fathers, but we forget their compensations. The forms and rules by which they worked had been carefully studied out by artists of large experience and finely developed sense of proportion. Their work, in spite of its monotony and want of life, always retained traces of the judgment, often of the elegance, of those from whom it was derived. Thus, if the men who designed buildings lacked knowledge and skill, they were guarded by rules born of the knowledge and skill of others.

But later years brought many changes in our way of building. The Greek revival came, and, soon after, the Gothic revival; then, classical discipline once broken through, a flood of confused novelties spread over the land, and architecture fell a prey to empiricism. Fortunately in our large cities it had already attained in a degree the consistency of a profession; and Boston, though she began to lose the quiet air of uniform good-breeding that had characterized her, probably suffered less than most cities from the popular outbreak. Her architecture gained in vigor: it lost the consistency of form that had before given it unity and character. Amid a great deal of building that was commonplace, and somewhat vulgarized by relaxing the strict ideas of form and detail that had preceded, much was interesting and vigorous, and some was elegant and artistic.

It is useless to rehearse the faults of our structure and employment of material: they have been often recounted and are well known.

The fire came, and our people seemed anxious to learn the lessons to which the fires of Portland and Chicago had scarcely attracted their attention. Yet, except for the giving up wooden pitched roofs and mansards, with their wooden dormers and cornices, the carrying up of party walls into parapets above the roofs, and perhaps some other general precautions, and a little increase of material in party walls, there is not much apparent difference between the old system of construction and the new, although we are glad to believe that the recent building acts have caused a gain in solidity.

An examination of the enormous mass of buildings that has been put up in the burnt district is, on the whole, very encouraging to the lover of good architecture. The first impression is perhaps one of flatness, and even monotony, not on account of actual similarity, but of the general absence of salient features and of relief in detail. A large part is, of course, the product of rapid routine work, hastily designed and contentedly commonplace. A good deal is the work of what may be called building-brokers, careless of architecture. But there remains a good deal that shows the marks of intelligence, skill, and honest study. We trace the influence, especially in detail, of a variety of styles, and the eclectic habit of our day — notably of French architects, from whom more than from others ours derive inspiration — makes this entirely natural. Yet in the best work a certain common perception of needs and of the ways of satisfying them, and a common feeling in detail, suggest a kinship of spirit under the confusion of form which is very hopeful.

The requirements suggested by the fire set considerable difficulties in the way of our architects, and more than anything else dictated the expedients in design they have adopted. Combustible mansards caused the spread of the fire; therefore mansards have been mostly avoided. Wooden cornices are abolished, and our better architects are too wise and too candid to use those of galvanized iron. The somewhat overstrained avidity of business-men for the use of every foot of a deep store-lot forbids any bold breaks in their walls, even when their fronts are wide enough to warrant them; while the walls themselves, in our system of building, are too

thin to allow of deep recession. High-pitched roofs are proscribed equally with mansards, while use, and perhaps necessity, call for four stories in height. The problem was, then, to arrange and decorate a flat front, four stories high, generally quite narrow, often even lean, with no visible roof, a straight or nearly straight cornice of brick or stone, with as many windows as possible, and a row of columns at the bottom as slight as was admissible. These conditions left but a narrow field for display; they afforded the least possible scope for picturesque treatment, but they had the advantage of being hard to dissemble, and have generally been dealt with in a very straightforward way, which in itself gives an agreeable character of manliness to the work.

The main resources which the limits of the problem left were light and shade, grouping and arrangement of openings, and color. But even here were difficulties. Bold projections in cornices and string courses are costly, and difficult to effect in thin walls, and in narrow streets cut off light. Moreover, but a small part of the fronts in a closely built city ever get much full sunshine, or effect of shadow. When windows must be everywhere, much variety and effect in fenestration is hard to get, especially in narrow fronts. Nevertheless, considerable effort has been made in this direction, and with good effect; a good deal more may undoubtedly be accomplished without violating the necessary conditions. There remains color, beautiful in itself, and the natural adjunct or substitute for light and shade when these fall short. Of its use in decoration we can remember but a single instance in the neighborhood of the burnt district before the fire; at all events it was very rare. It is fortunate that nowadays we have a large supply of good and varied colored material at hand, and its frequent use in the new buildings is a refreshing characteristic. A natural association has given a Gothic or quasi-Gothic character to most of the work in which it is employed.

One difficulty which besets modern city architects is the adjustment of the different stories. Every one who has practised architectural composition knows how impatient of graduation or subordination a series of four members is. A triple group lends itself easily to such discipline, and so is used as the basis of beautiful combinations everywhere; but a quadruple group is much more intractable, especially in vertical divisions, and business re-

quirements seem to have prescribed four stories in the majority of cases here. The difficulty is sometimes got over by turning the fourth story into an attic above the main cornice; sometimes by treating the lower story in so distinct a manner as to throw the other three into an opposing group, to be redistributed among themselves; sometimes it is plumply ignored. Perhaps the most common and direct expedient is to throw two adjoining stories into one, as it were, by an order of strongly marked pilasters running through both, the wall panel between the two windows above and below being let in as if it were a transom. This has the merit of boldly seizing on and utilizing the uprightness of a narrow façade, and so gives a certain force and unity to it; but, while it exaggerates one vertical division to a degree that is difficult to balance or carry off in the rest of the façade, it suggests a want of candor, and may not unfairly be called a trick; for the second and third stories of one of our buildings have commonly no more to do with each other, that they should be thrown together, or seem to be one, than any other two. The French expedient of making the second story an *entresol*, or half-story, although it may offer some business advantages in adding to the value of the upper floors, thus brought nearer the ground, seems not to find much favor among us.

In point of detail there has been, as we have hinted, a marked gain, and this at once in sobriety, richness, and refinement as well as in animation, especially in sculptured ornament. We notice a tendency to introduce decorated tiles in brick façades. These tiles are a very valuable aid in interior decoration, and even in exteriors where they are well placed and borne out by sufficient fineness of adjoining material and delicacy of ornament, but are apt to be killed by the rugged detail of neighboring brickwork, and are doubly lost when, as is common, they are placed so high that their design is undecipherable. In the treatment of brick detail there is a great improvement in profile and proportion, over the clumsiness of a decade or two ago, but the supply of forms and combinations is by no means exhausted.

The most noticeable group of buildings in which color is prominent is on Devonshire Street, at and near the corner of Franklin Street. The large building on the northeast corner is a pleasing combination of warm buff and brown sandstones skillfully disposed. There is a fairly successful effort to group the

many windows for general effect and to centralize the façade. The iron columns are excellently designed, and an admirable instance of the proportioning of shaft and capital to their immediate charge. The upper stories hardly carry out the breadth of treatment promised by the second, and are agreeably emphasized in the centre of the façade. The color is well accentuated by polished shafts of black marble, and the roof line broken with effect, though apparently aspiring to some forbidden termination. The ornament is throughout fresh, well executed, and excellently placed; the whole design vigorous, rich, and beautiful in color, — a good specimen of modern eclectic Gothic with a distinctly French infusion, and with a mastery of detail that is unusual. There seems a want of *raison d'être* for the quasi gargoyles perched upon the parapet, idly overlooking the descent of the water which in old times it would have been their duty to discharge themselves; but they are at least designed with spirit. The adjoining building on Devonshire Street shows a well-chosen and refined contrast of white marble and olive sandstone, but is rather lacking in general effect from want of concentration or well-studied accentuation; and the long, thin edge-shafts on the jambs of the second-story windows, with their rudely proportioned capitals and bases, are unfortunate. Opposite is a large building of red brick and white marble. The marble, pretty uniformly distributed over the whole front, gives the building a spotty and all-overish look which does injustice to the studied and even elegant character of some of the detail, especially in the iron-work of the rather stilted lower story, which is nicely designed and colored with very pleasing effect. It is seldom safe, in combining colored materials, to repeat certain members in one color wherever they occur, for structural needs are apt to place the same members all over a building, and spottiness is almost sure to be the result. Here it reminds one of the effect of Dutch architecture, treated in the same way, but with greater boldness and picturesqueness of form; as, for instance, in the great marketplace at Haarlem. The neighboring building on the northwest corner of Franklin Street and Devonshire Street, opposite the one first mentioned, is of black and white marble, combined with better judgment than in its neighbor, and so producing a better effect, in spite of the strongly marked attempt to fuse two stories into one. Not far from these buildings, on the westerly side of Hawley

Street, is some clever and spirited detail in brick-work in a small front with square-headed windows, the northernmost of two which stand together next to Trinity Church lot.

A contrast analogous in tone to that in brick and marble which we have mentioned, but incomparably pleasanter because less crude, may be seen in a small front on the south side of Summer Street next the vacant lot on the corner of Chauncey Street. The materials are white marble and dark-brown sandstone of a peculiarly rich color. The darker material is sparingly used and excellently disposed, the arrangement of the front very simple, the detail well designed, — the whole a good example of quiet and effective treatment in charming color of a small façade on the shaded side of a street. Two quiet buildings next this — side by side and of almost identical design, but one of marble and the other of brick and stone — are excellent examples of unassuming treatment with considerable refinement. A truncated brick building nearly opposite, on the corner of Summer Street and Arch Street, shows the beginning of a design of striking, perhaps hazardous, boldness, with promise of considerable beauty in the upper stories. An unobtrusive front next the west corner of Summer Street and Kingston Street, though with less character, and a mean lower story of iron, is a good combination of white and black marble. It has a well-treated second story and an excellent cornice. A marble block on the neighboring south corner of Kingston Street, and one of granite on the corner of Otis Street, are good specimens of a quiet, well-considered, gentlemanlike character, which marks much of the new work. The building on Otis Street adjoining has a front of yellow sand-stone admirable for its distribution of a small façade, and its expression of repose without tameness.

Passing down into Federal Street, one finds very good examples of what we used to hear called "brick with stone trimmings," in two or three buildings on the west side between High Street and Franklin Street. Beyond, on the northeast corner of Franklin Street, a building of black and red brick and gray stone, though of somewhat cheap effect in comparison with its neighbors above, has some bits of good sculpture and spirited design in the two upper stories, but is discredited in its general aspect by an unfortunate roof.

At the corner of Franklin Street and Pearl Street a large structure repeats the glaring contrast of red brick and white marble which

we have spoken of above. The front on Pearl Street has the defects we then mentioned; but the flank produces a better effect from the greater concentration of the lighter material, and has an air of considerable dignity.

Of iron architecture there is less than we had feared to see after the fire; but we should be glad to see less still. In spite of the fact that iron is the advancing, and we might say encroaching material of our time, there has been as yet no serious study of its proper employment in architecture, — except in France, where, as in the new markets of Paris, excellent use has sometimes been made of it, — and no suitable forms for its use have been developed, it being almost universally employed thus far in debased imitation of forms which were invented for stone. It is refreshing therefore to see in the large building at the corner of Milk Street and Devonshire Street a step in the right direction, — towards the invention of a system of design which shall be distinctively iron, and not bastard stone or bastard wood. The design is undeniably awkward in shape and proportion, but has an expression of force and even of grandeur which is as rare as it is appropriate to a material to which minute graces and enrichments are utterly foreign. Its distribution is in keeping, in spite of the fault we have noticed of running two stories into one, which is less disagreeable here than elsewhere because it accords better with iron construction than with masonry. The detail, though uneven in scale, is bold and not ungraceful, except where it condescends to be minute, when it becomes at once coarse and feeble. Adjoining this is a narrow front of the same substance, which, though somewhat cowed by its energetic neighbor, is agreeably arranged and shows a refined feeling in detail. The other iron buildings in the district are designed on what we believe to be entirely false principles, though for the most part commonplace and inoffensive in form, excepting a straddling façade on Summer Street nearly opposite Chauncey Street, and the uncouth and pretentious successor of the Cathedral.

There is very little of what is called street effect in our building, whether new or old. Indeed, not only does our habit of doing every man as he pleases, without concert, prevent for the most part any continuity of line or adjustment, but our way of building rejects the forms that can alone give picturesqueness of general effect under such difficulties. Thus horizontal lines, which clamor for extension and exaggerate enormously the discord of ill-

adjusted successive façades, are strongly insisted on, especially at the most important points, — cornices and roof lines; but vertical features are banished, — such as the bold breaks, the bays and dormers and high gables which give such richness of general effect to the streets of Nuremberg, to the old Jew's quarter in Frankfort, where the houses are crowded together with more than New York compactness, and to the main street of Augsburg and many a provincial town in France and Germany. The increased width of many of the new buildings brings some relief to this trouble: the rows of flat marble fronts on Summer Street give some breadth of effect; the plain uniformity of the buildings which line the concave side of the great sweep on Franklin Street gives a good opportunity, but it is thrown away utterly, caricatured, in fact, in a weak stretch of thin, irregularly-broken polygonal lines, instead of the bold continuous curve that might have been looked for. It is to be hoped that our architects and their clients will learn to consider not only their individual structures, but what is as necessary in façades as in sidewalks, the conjoint effect.

The present is a most interesting because most significant time in our architectural progress. Our people, who hitherto have been busy organizing communities and providing against want, have got together wealth, and are beginning to think of architecture; educated men are filling the profession; the advance of our generation in the study of history in general has influenced the study of architecture; the means and the system of professional training are greatly improved; the multiplication of professional books, and especially the invention of photography, have increased the amount of accessible example beyond account. The result is an *embarras de richesses* in the immense number of forms that are added to the "five orders" which formed the little stock in trade of our immediate ancestors, and the danger is that a confused eclecticism may take the place of a consistent development among us. As there is no dominant style with us, so there is no general mastery of design; but there is some training, some skill, much life, and much promise. If we must needs have had the fire, it would have been to the gain of the burnt district to have had it deferred two or three decades. But it has given a strong impulse, though too sudden and hurried, to architectural development; and it is very encouraging to see how much improvement there is in the evidences of

intelligent study, in freshness and grace of detail, especially in the liveliness of much of the sculptured ornament.

— It is pleasant to find the name of Powers still connected with sculpture, and to find the bearer of it in this country, too, in a studio almost within stone's throw of the bronze figure of Webster, designed by Hiram Powers, which stands in front of the State House in Boston. Mr. Preston Powers, however, has not relinquished Italy, and will indeed shortly take his departure for that country, with the clay models, now in his studio, of Mr. Alvin Adams of Boston, and the poet Whittier, for completion in marble, abroad. Something of the father's distinguishing qualities as a sculptor reappear in these two works of the son, as well as in a finished marble bust of Mrs. Powers. The same studied softness characterizes them which won for the Eve and Greek Slave their extensive popularity; and they bear also the stamp of careful transcription from the life. In the one, we have the intense, strong-featured countenance of the practical man, thoroughly American in its bearing, and businesslike in its characteristics; in the other, the firm, straightforward, almost sternly uncompromising face of the famous antislavery poet and ballad-maker of New England. And yet we are inclined to think that they have fallen short of what constitutes great plastic portraiture. A little bas-relief in plaster, at Messrs. Williams and Everett's, by Mr. Conkey, of Chicago, representing Robert Collyer, offers itself also as subject, with these, to certain criticisms to be made upon modern portrait sculpture in general. Mr. Conkey's relief is a small and tentative work, hardly to be compared with the more scientific modelling of Powers's busts; but he has thrown a simple energy into it which promises well, provided he does not lose this in acquiring the nicer skill he needs. Powers, on his part, possesses a trained eye and obedient hand; but with greater energy he would merit higher praise. These faces are doubtless correct; but they are approached too much from without. We do not say it would be easy to convey more than one side of a man, through a countenance necessarily bearing predominantly the

impress of special characteristics which yet do not constitute all his strength; but it is the sculptor's office to meet this difficulty, and to bring out hidden meanings through the very lines that hide them. What is the reason that our modern modellers so often fail in this? Examine the reproductions of famous marbles in foreign museums, and observe the comprehensive grasp with which the sculptor has seized the leading—and not only the leading, but the *unconsciously* revealing—traits of the face, in the Augustus, the Antoninus Pius, or the Julia Pia of the Vatican. Solid form was to them a natural means of expressing ideas and observations. But our moderns feel form more artificially, apparently; and, relying too much upon the mechanically exact tracing of lines (forgetting that poetic feeling is as important as accuracy), are misled by superficialities. They worry themselves incredibly over the hair and beard, where a master of the old mettle would be content to indicate by a symbol, and even then would tell much more than we. The typical modern sculptor is wanting in imaginative analysis. If this be so important in portraits in color, how much more necessary that a sympathetic conception should abide in the snowy core of the marble, before it can bloom into a sufficient life of its own. For ourselves, we are unwilling to write the obituary of sculpture as yet. There are signs enough of a potential rejuvenescence in the art. We miss the Greek type, of course; but the Romans were obliged to put up with a type of their own; and a very little observation will convince us that American physiognomies bear a strong resemblance to those of the Romans, who worked up into pretty fair statues, on the whole. And as for *physique*, there is assuredly enough still in the human race to employ the sculptor amply once more, if he could only find out how to occupy himself with it to the best advantage. Meantime, while we wait for some one who shall apply himself to representation in sculpture with something of the spirit of the discoverer, we may welcome in Mr. Powers a patient and faithful laborer, and may from Mr. Conkey hope for something of a larger scope as sincere as his profile of Collyer.

MUSIC.

FOREMOST among the "attractions" of the Marcetzk opera troupe, of which we have lately had a two weeks' "season" in Boston, stands, of course, Madame Lucca, in public esteem, as perhaps also in real merit. The more we hear and see of this wonderful woman, the more are we struck by the unmistakable, genuine power and versatility of her genius. That her genius is of a realistic type, and that other artists have the power of carrying us along with them into a higher ideal atmosphere, is undeniable. Her idealizing faculty is comparatively small. She seems to conceive the characters she impersonates as concrete individuals rather than as artistic abstractions, or the embodiments of a moral or æsthetic principle. Her individuality is very decided, and in all her various parts she is distinctly herself, though never obtrusively or egotistically so, for self-consciousness never makes itself felt in her. We are not forced to feel that she is Lucca *and not* Margherita, Zerlina, or Leonora; neither do we feel that the person before us on the stage is Margherita, Zerlina, or Leonora viewed through and brought to a focus by Madame Lucca's æsthetic spectacles. She has the peculiar power of placing *herself* in the position of the characters she impersonates; and although all her actions evidently spring spontaneously from the instinctive promptings of her own nature, yet her genius has that convincing power which makes us unhesitatingly accept them as appropriate to the character and situation in which she stands before us. Thus her great versatility, her power of being so entirely different in different characters, seems to arise less from voluntary objectivity of conception than from a large and spherically developed nature. Some one has said that, as charity covers a multitude of sins, so could genius almost be gauged by the number and gravity of defects it could make bearable. There is surely some inkling of truth in this as in other apparent paradoxes. The defects that Madame Lucca's genius is called upon to excuse are by no means few or small, and sometimes, as, for instance, at the words, "*I ceppi, la morte istessa non mi dan terror,*" in the prison scene in *Faust*, where she most unaccountably runs four beats into two, her genius is hard put to it. But in spite of the imperfections of her vocal method, despite her

defective elocution, which (apart from a natural lisp that we would not take into account) is often bad, she has yet the heaven-sent and world-compelling power of placing before us a great reality in all its convincing force. Her greatness lies not in the purely artistic faculty of delighting the æsthetic sense by perfect finish and harmony of outline, and light and shade, nor in that simian power of mimicry that proves, as Browning says, "The histrionic truth is in the natural lie,"* but in the indescribable power she has of bringing us face to face with something that is stronger and more real than ourselves, something that, criticise and cavil at as we may, we must bow before and reverence and acknowledge as divine in its essence. "Qu'est-ce que le génie?" cries bombast out of the mouth of M. Montlucar, "n'est-ce pas l'étincelle électrique qu'on ne peut saisir, bien qu'elle parcourt l'immensité?" Every fool seems somehow to have the faculty of putting, at least, one truth into a nutshell. For a more detailed notice of the peculiar excellences of her various impersonations we would refer the reader to what we wrote about her last year.† Our opinions have only been intensified by time.

Mademoiselle Ilma di Murska stands in strong contrast to Madame Lucca in almost every point. To a beautiful, fine-drawn voice of the highest and purest soprano quality she unites a degree of vocal training that is positively marvellous. Her voice, although the traditional "tear" is perhaps wanting in it, is of a peculiarly fine, light quality, reminding one in delicacy and flexibility of the tones of Wieniawski's violin; a perfect *voir blanche*, as the French have it, elastic, sweet, and without breaks throughout the scale. A deficiency of resonance in the lower register tends to make all but the highest soprano rôles not entirely repaying to her, but the graceful ease with which she soars to the higher limits of the human voice fits her for realizing the composer's ideal (a thing, by the way, not often done nowadays) in the florid, light soprano parts of the Mozart, Bellini, and Rossini operas, as well as such rôles as Meyerbeer's Dinorah, and the Queen in *Les Huguenots*, that of Eudoxie in Halévy's *Juice*, or Gounod's Juliet.

* Fifine at the Fair. Boston ed., p. 102.

† Atlantic for March, 1873.

Donna Elvira in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* seems as a whole not well suited to her voice, especially in the concerted numbers, where the want of force in her lower register is too often painfully felt. We must, however, emphatically except from this stricture her singing of *Mi tradi quell' alma*. Her rendering of this superb and almost unreasonably difficult song was worthy of being noted down in the brightest of red letters in the diaries of all who heard her. Such perfect phrasing, such judgment in taking breath, such absolute purity of intonation even in the most trying and adventurous modulations, together with such passionate intensity of expression, and perfection of artistic good taste, are very, very rarely brought to bear upon any song, least of all upon such a song as this. And all this in a perfectly light and elastic *timbre clair*, instead of the sombre tones of despair and jealousy in which some singers give voice to the lament of poor love-stricken Elvira, as if she were a foiled Medea at the very least.

In *La Sonnambula*, Mademoiselle di Murska's Amina is the most perfect impersonation we have heard since we heard Miss Kellogg in the part in 1864. Miss Kellogg had, even then, the advantage of a more tear-provoking voice and more marked dramatic capacity; for Mademoiselle di Murska's distinct histrionic power, apart from a certain weird intensity of expression which is an integral part of her physiognomy, is not of any very high order. But a superiority in phrasing, a general vocal facility, remains on Mademoiselle di Murska's side (it must be remembered that the performance of Miss Kellogg's that we refer to was ten years ago, when she was almost a novice). Certainly, Mademoiselle di Murska's rendering of *Come per me sereno, Sopra il sen la man mi posa*, and *Ah, non credea*, was such as to satisfy all artistic demands and win all hearts. In the last-named song we must confess to preferring the original simple melody to Madame Malibran's florid version of the phrase "*Potria novel vigore il pianto mio recarti*," but we suppose that it would be too great a piece of self-abnegation to ask from any singer to stick to Bellini's text in this famous passage.

In the final *Ah, non giunge*, precisely the air that the New York papers had most raved about and had led us to expect the greatest things from, we were disappointed. Not that there was too much ornamentation, for the song will bear any amount of florid vocal embroidery; but that the manner in which Mademoiselle di Murska sang the ornaments took

away from the spirit and *élan* of the piece. It was delicately and gracefully done, but there was a want of breadth of phrasing, and especially of the proper subordination of the separate phrases to the whole melody; each separate phrase, sometimes even each separate ornament, stood out too plainly and independently by itself. The Germans have a good name for this sort of thing, — *Schablonenmusik*, sample music. In the duets, as well as in most of the concerted music, Mademoiselle di Murska had a grievous millstone round her neck in the shape of her well-intentioned but vocally unwieldy lover. In all the concerted music in the opera, the tenor has the first, and the soprano the second part. The tenor is the voice that is to lead and bear up the soprano. There is an old story of a little bird who wanted to fly higher than all other birds, so he fastened upon the eagle's head and thus soared above all his astonished comrades. But if the eagle's wings had been clipped, the little bird's flight would have been somewhat labored. Mademoiselle di Murska was in much the same predicament. We did not hear her in the *Trovatore*, neither can we very well imagine her in the part; certainly her assumption of it was a bit of daring after Madame Rudersdorff's performance of it a few evenings before.

Madame Rudersdorff's impersonation of Leonora in this opera was indeed a surprise, even to those who, like ourselves, expected great things from her. What of humanity can by any means be thrown into the part of Leonora, Madame Rudersdorff triumphantly threw into it. We had never before imagined Leonora as anything more than a mere insensible bone of contention between a raging tenor and baritone, with the additional misfortune of having very disagreeable music to sing; but Madame Rudersdorff suddenly revealed her as a woman with a will of her own, and with considerable strong womanly feeling and passion too. Her acting in the garden scene of the second act, when, about to be carried off by the Count and his followers, she sees Maurizio coming to her aid, and her enunciation of the phrase, "*E deggio . . . e posso crederlo? Ti veggio a me d' accanto!*" was sublimely conceived, and the conception wonderfully realized. The same may be said of her acting and singing in the prison scene. It was one of the very few really powerful and affecting "hard deaths" that we have ever seen on the operatic stage. And withal it never overstepped "the modesty of

nature" or the bounds of artistic good taste. Her performance of the more ferocious parts of the *rôle* was invariably fine and strong; we would particularly notice her delivery with Signor Tamberlik of that crushing denunciation in the duel scene of the first act. Only hear this passage as given by the two artists, and, to slightly change Browning's line, "Who wants *fury*, has it!" As Pamina in the *Magic Flute*, Madame Rudersdorff was one of the few redeeming traits of that remarkable performance, in spite of her evident unfamiliarity with her part. We only regret that she was not the Donna Anna in the Friday evening's performance of *Don Giovanni*. Madame Lichtmay's performance of this *rôle* was strong, healthy, and free from all tricks or affectation both in conception and execution, but it lacked delicacy and artistic refinement. It also suffered from being in German.

In Signor Tamberlik we have a thorough artist, which term means a good deal. His voice, to be sure, is much worn, — let us admit that at once; but it is still of a beautiful tenor quality, and seems to have lost nothing of its original compass. His delivery is grand and noble, his phrasing perfect, and he sings with a depth of expression that we have never heard surpassed. His elocution is so fine that every word he utters has its full effect. His dramatic power both in singing and acting is unusually great. Sometimes, in the ardor of the moment, he seems to forget that his voice is not what it once was, and is tempted to put a strain upon it that the noble organ, rendered delicate by long use, will hardly bear. Thus in some passages of passionate intensity, such as the famous "*Bel! alma innamorata*," in *Lucia*, he almost loses command over his tones. Almost, but never quite. But how long is it since we have had such a tenor on our stage? The dissatisfaction with his singing that we have, to our great astonishment, heard expressed in many quarters, even among quite musical people, only goes to prove that our public in general greatly lack discrimination in the matter of musical performance. As a rule our musical public does not show such cultivated judgment of the manner in which compositions are performed as they often do of the quality of the compositions themselves. The Italians, who are as a nation rather poor judges of music (though be it said to their honor that Offenbach opera made a most gigantic fiasco in Naples), are yet most excellent judges of singing. The Germans, on the other hand, although much better judges

of music than the Italians, know comparatively little about singing. We think that our public is rather more like the Germans than the Italians in this respect. To take one instance from among many, the manner in which Tamberlik enunciated the word *cielo* in the terzetto of maskers in *Don Giovanni* was something so incomparably finer than anything that we have heard from other tenors on our stage, as to be beyond comparison. Theodor Wachtel can throw out a high C that will electrify any audience, — a Howard Athenæum audience even more, if possible, than a Music Hall one. Can Signor Tamberlik give out such a note? Decidedly not. Something very near it, to be sure, in volume and power, and fully up to it in intensity; but yet not quite such a note. Give any chorus singer, however uneducated, Wachtel's physical means and his knowledge of how to produce a tone (*pose de voix*), and he will give you just such a note as Wachtel's. But all the vocal power and *pose de voir* in the world will not enable him to turn a phrase as Signor Tamberlik does. In the stronger passages he is equally superb, and his singing of *Di quella pira* was the most thrilling rendering of that bloodthirsty song that we have yet heard. His perfection of style and inexhaustible *verve* add a new and peculiar charm to everything he takes hold of. Even that worn-out old star-company-concert hack *Solo, profugo*, in *Martha* became quite worth listening to in his and Monsieur Jamet's hands, while his singing of *Il mio tesoro* in *Don Giovanni* was a musical treat of the very highest order. He made by far the best, we had almost said the only very good Don Ottavio we have ever seen. M. Jamet grows steadily in popular favor, and shows himself in all that he does a painstaking artist of a very high rank. His Leporello was particularly fine, and he performed the difficult feat of singing *Madamina, il catalogo e questo* with abundant humor and piquancy, and without the faintest taint of coarseness. His Sarastro in the *Magic Flute* was also extremely good, although a rather heavier and larger calibre of voice is associated with the part.

It seems as if we had succeeded in finding some merits in Mr. Maretzek's singers. Of the defects of his company we will not speak. The performances were as a rule bad, extremely bad. And the general faultfinding that they have met with shows that our public want something that is good. But if the public expect thoroughly good performances from a troupe in which there is such a galaxy of stars

as Madame Lucca, Mademoiselle di Murska, and Signor Tamberlik, they expect what is simply impossible. We already grumble about prices. We want Italian opera as it is given in the first opera-houses in Europe, and are not in the least willing to pay the price for it. Probably the only first-class opera-houses in the world that — we will not say make money but — pay their own expenses are the Covent Garden and Drury Lane houses in London. At these houses Italian opera is given with superb scenery, efficient chorus and orchestra, and stars enough to glut the most astronomical appetite. The price of a stall ticket is one guinea. But we must bear in mind that this is in a city in easy reach of all the star-producing parts of Europe; that the troupe, when once formed, stays in one place for the whole season; and that the expense of keeping such a troupe in London is much less than in any large city in America. Our opera troupes have to bring their stars some thousand miles to start with, and then have to travel about the country like an itinerant circus, with travelling expenses that are positively appalling; have to give operas with very little rehearsing, and set the price of orchestra tickets at four dollars. Their expenses are vastly larger in proportion to their excellence than those of the London companies, while their receipts are much less. The quality must necessarily be far inferior, and if managers find that opera cannot subsist without almost ruinously expensive stars, of course they will cut down the accessories. If our public would be content to have operatic performances such as are given at, say the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, or the Royal Opera in Dresden (both of which theatres, by the way, look to a government subvention to pay part of their expenses), in which none of the singers are positively *great*, but in which the whole company are about equally and satisfactorily *good*, we might have operas given in a thoroughly enjoyable manner, — not so perfectly to be sure as they are at the above-mentioned theatres, for the necessary preparatory rehearsals are impossible with an itinerant troupe, but still superior to anything that we habitually see in this country. One may travel from one end of Germany to the other without hearing anything so artistically fine in its way as Mademoiselle di Murska's singing of *Mi tradi quell' alma or Come per me sereno*; and one may search all Germany, and France into the bargain, without finding a finer quartette of singers than appeared this season in *Martha*; but one would have to look very far among

the respectable opera-houses in Europe before hearing a concerted piece so abominably sung — simply through want of rehearsals and the absurd inefficiency of the conductor — as were the quartet *In mia fè son strani invero* in *Martha*, and the sextet in *Don Giovanni* (not to mention some other things), at the Boston Theatre by artists some of whom stand in the very first rank among the great singers of the world. Of the deficiencies of orchestra and chorus we will not speak. But let it be said emphatically, that if we want operatic performances with good chorus and orchestra and respectable *mise-en-scène* we must either pay exorbitant prices or else give up the world-renowned stars; and inversely, that if we insist upon turning up our noses at any company that does not boast two or three stars of the first magnitude, we must be content with execrable performances.

In new sheet-music* we gladly welcome some new American reprints of two of Robert Franz's songs. Of all the German song-writers, Franz seems to us to have brought the *Lied* to its highest perfection. His natural genius, his poet's sensibility for everything that is beautiful, his generous and genial progressiveness, which prompts him to accept and make his own all the modern enlargements of musical form and to shun pedantry as something unworthy, yet is kept in check by his sense of artistic fitness, refined and cultivated to the highest degree by long and thor-

* *For Somebody*. Song. By ROBERT FRANZ. Op. 1, No. 8. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Whither, O Bird, your flight? Song. Words by E. GIBBEL (English version by J. F. CLARKE). Music by R. FRANZ. Op. 1, No. 11. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

The Sparrow and the Thrasher, The Boy after Birds, Dream of the Shepherd-Boy. Three songs by WILHELM TAUBERT, Op. 79, with an English version by JOHN S. DWIGHT. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

A Night in Venice. Duet for Soprano and Tenor. By G. LUCANTONI. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Gine. Song. Words by A. A. PROCTOR. Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Love's Requital. Song. By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

The Little Gypsy. Song. By FABIO CAMPANA. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Sing, Sweet Bird. Song. By WILHELM GANZ. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

So the Story goes. Song. By JAMES L. MOLLOY. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

When the Tide comes in. Descriptive song for Mezzo-soprano or Baritone. Words by H. ASHLAND KEAN. Music by HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Dreaming. Song. By H. MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Jesus, I my Cross have taken. Solo, Duet, and Quartet. Theme from SPONER. By E. W. FOSTER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

ough studies in Bach and Händel, all fit him to occupy the almost unique position he does among living song composers. His songs can almost already during his own lifetime claim to be regarded as classics; certainly as models of poetic sensibility and finished style. Compared with the works in the same form, even of the greatest classic composers, with the songs of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, his songs do not suffer in such august neighborhood. Such gems as *Horch, wie still*, and *Wie des Mondes Abbild*, will bear comparison with all that is most perfect in music. Of the latest republications of his songs we notice especially *For Somebody*, originally written to Pertz's quite fascinating translation of Burns's words, but now published, we believe for the first time, with both English and German text, and *Vöglein, wohin so schnell*, with a very neat translation of Geibel's words, by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. We hardly know what to say of these songs, except that we can scarcely imagine anything more perfect in their way, and that we can wish a musician no greater pleasure than that of becoming acquainted with them.

We have before us reprints (with a capital translation of the original German words, by John S. Dwight) of three of Wilhelm Taubert's children's songs. However clumsy a failure Taubert has made in some of his larger works, these little songs are thoroughly charming and artistic. The Sparrow and the Thrasher, The Boy after Birds, and The Dream of the Shepherd-Boy, are as much nursery songs as Elliot's fascinating settings of Mother Goose's Melodies, but, as with Thackeray's Rose and the Ring and some other things that have been written for the little folks, we should begrudge the nursery an exclusive right to them.

We are also glad to see a new republication of Lucantoni's easily flowing, melodious duet for soprano and tenor, *A Night in Venice*.

Arthur Sullivan's *Glee*, in spite of a rather too apparent (perhaps only apparent) straining after originality, is a song of considerable power, though rather difficult to sing well on account of the unexpected strangeness of some of the modulations. The song is rather of the Blumenthal type, and has some strong climaxes in it, such as will recommend it to sing-

ers. But there is some, to us, very harsh harmony in it.

Love's Requitel, by Virginia Gabriel, has also some exceedingly queer modulations, and is rather vague in melody into the bargain. The song has, however, merit enough to deserve better poetry than the doggerel it is set to.

Campana's *Little Gypsy*, and Ganz's *Sing, sweet Bird*, might be considered taking by those to whom better things are unpalatable, but have no distinct merit beyond a certain easily caught singsonginess of melody.

Molloy's *So the Story goes* is absolutely drivelling, besides being badly written.

When the *Tide comes in*, and *Dreaming*, are among the best things that Harrison Millard has given us, especially the former; but we have yet to see a song of his that comes up to the standard of *Waiting*.

Concerning Mr. Foster's solo, duet, and quartet, on a theme of Spohr's, to the words *Jesus, I my Cross have taken*, we can only say that it is really too bad. Not the music, which is exquisite, but its being set to such words. When will the heavenly and the earthly in music be separated by a more marked barrier?

In piano-forte music,* we would recommend Sidney Smith's transcription of Rossini's *Soirée-Musicales* Tarantella to all those to whom Liszt's formidable transcription of the same piece presents too many difficulties, as brilliant, playable, and pianist-like.

Teresa Carreño's Polonaise in B $\flat$ minor is not by any means without considerable merit, and is defaced by fewer Gottschalky mannerisms than some other of the young pianist's compositions. It is quite brilliant, and seems to have been written soundly in earnest, showing thorough command over the resources of the key-board.

W. Kaffenberger's Nocturne is a very eccentric little piece in the Tyrolicenne or Styrienne vein; quite broadly put upon the instrument and rather fascinating in parts, but excessively odd in some of its little quirks and quips.

* *La Danza. Tarantella Napolitana* de Rossini. Transcribed by SIDNEY SMITH. Op. 104. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Polonaise for Piano-forte. By TERESA CARREÑO. Op. 35. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Nocturne. By W. KAFFENBERGER. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.